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THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

London Review:

Containing the

Literature HISTORY Politics,

Arts, Manners & Amusements of the Age.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ

BY THE

Philological Society of London.

VOL. XII. for 1787.

LONDON.

Printed for J. Sewell, Cornhill, 1787.

Academiæ Cantabrigiensis
Liber

European Magazine,

AND

LONDON REVIEW;

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE;

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of *LONDON*;

For JULY, 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. An Emblematical FRONTISPIECE, exhibiting a Scene from SUMMER. 2. An engraved TITLE-PAGE and VIGNETTE: 3. A Portrait of Sir WILLIAM JONES, Knt. And 4. VIEW of Mr. AKERMAN'S HOUSE at CLAPHAM.]

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LONDON:

Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;

And J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Memoirs of Dr. Houlston* in our next.

S. S. has our thanks for the preference he gives our Magazine, but we cannot accept his offer.

The *Trial of Fashion and Taste*—*A Constant Reader*—*Hercules*—*Anti-Adulator*—*Phocion*—*A Fragment of Leo*, and some others, are received.

Mr. *Grose's Reply* in our next.

ERRATA in our last. Page 416. col. 2. line 2. for *emboldening*, read *embolning*.

By a mistake of the Compositor, the Christian name of Dr. Johnson is put at full length; a way he was not used to write it in; therefore for SAMUEL, read SAM.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from July 16, to July 21, 1787.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	5	5	3	4	3	0	2	2	3	6
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middlesex	5	10	0	0	3	1	2	8	4	0
Surry	5	9	2	9	0	0	2	5	4	4
Hertford	5	6	0	0	3	6	2	4	3	11
Bedford	5	5	0	0	3	2	2	3	3	9
Cambridge	5	7	3	2	0	0	1	11	3	4
Huntingdon	5	5	0	0	0	0	2	0	3	7
Northampton	5	5	2	10	2	10	2	2	3	11
Rutland	6	1	0	0	3	7	0	0	4	6
Leicester	5	5	3	0	3	1	2	2	4	4
Nottingham	5	8	3	8	0	0	2	3	4	2
Derby	6	0	0	0	0	0	2	8	5	0
Stafford	5	4	0	0	0	0	2	7	4	3
Salop	5	3	3	8	3	1	2	3	0	0
Hereford	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Worcester	4	9	0	0	0	0	2	5	3	9
Warwick	4	9	0	0	0	0	2	2	3	11
Gloucester	4	6	0	0	2	7	2	1	4	4
Wilts	5	4	0	0	2	10	2	3	4	1
Berks	5	5	0	0	3	0	2	4	3	8
Oxford	4	8	0	0	3	0	2	4	3	10
Bucks	5	3	0	0	2	11	2	5	3	9

COUNTIES upon the COAST.	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Essex	5	5	0	0	2	9	2	4	3	6
Suffolk	4	11	3	2	2	7	2	1	3	2
Norfolk	4	9	3	1	2	6	2	2	0	0
Lincoln	5	2	3	3	2	8	2	0	3	6
York	5	9	3	8	3	2	2	5	4	5
Durham	5	9	0	0	0	0	2	5	4	9
Northumberl.	5	1	3	11	3	2	2	4	4	5
Cumberland	5	8	3	8	2	6	2	3	4	4
Westmorld.	5	8	4	4	2	9	2	4	0	0
Lancashire	5	11	0	0	0	0	2	5	4	8
Cheshire	5	11	0	0	2	11	2	4	0	0
Monmouth	5	5	0	0	0	0	2	4	0	0
Somerset	5	3	3	11	3	4	2	5	4	3
Devon	5	7	0	0	3	2	1	11	0	0
Cornwall	5	9	0	0	3	2	1	8	0	0
Dorset	5	5	0	0	2	8	2	2	4	3
Hants	5	3	0	0	2	8	2	1	3	11
Suffex	5	4	0	0	0	0	2	3	0	0
Kent	5	1	0	0	2	11	2	4	3	3
WALES, July 9, to July 14, 1787.										
North Wales	5	5	4	6	2	10	1	10	4	1
South Wales	4	10	4	9	2	8	1	7	4	4

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

JUNE.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
17—29 — 50	66	S. S. W.
28—29 — 78	60	N.
29—29 — 85	64	N.
30—29 — 95	65	W.

JULY.

1—30 — 22	67	E.
2—30 — 35	65	E. S. E.
3—30 — 34	69	N. N. W.
4—30 — 34	71	N.
5—30 — 23	69	S.
6—29 — 88	74	W.
7—29 — 76	64	W.
8—29 — 68	65	W.
9—29 — 90	63	W.
10—29 — 68	63	W. S. W.
11—29 — 94	59	N. N. W.
12—29 — 67	63	W.
13—29 — 60	65	S. S. W.
14—29 — 49	56	N. N. E.
15—29 — 78	58	S.
16—29 — 62	63	W.
17—29 — 69	60	S. S. W.
18—29 — 90	69	W.
19—29 — 99	59	S. S. W.
20—29 — 84	61	S. S. W.
21—29 — 44	63	W.
22—29 — 47	64	S. W.
23—29 — 45	60	S.
24—29 — 34	58	S. S. W.
25—29 — 49	61	S. S. W.
26—29 — 71	63	W.
27—29 — 90	62	W.

PRICE of STOCKS,

July 28, 1787.

Bank Stock, —

New 4 per Cent. 1777, 90 ¼ ⅛ ⅞

5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 109 ¼ ⅛

3 per Cent. red. 72 ¼ 72

3 per Cent. Cons. 71 ½ ⅝ ¼

3 per Cent. 1726, —

3 per Cent. 1751, —

3 per Ct. Ind. An. —

South Sea Stock, —

Old S. S. Ann. —

New S. S. Ann. —

India Stock, —

India Bonds, —

New Navy and Vict. Bills —

Long Ann. 21 3-8ths

30 yrs. Ann. 1778, —

Exchequer Bills, —

Lottery Tickets 15l. 17s. 6d.

Prizes —

Consols for —

PREFACE.

IN the Preface to our laſt Volume it was obſerved, that of late an importance has been annexed to Magazines which has exalted them to a very reſpectable rank in the literature of the Nation; and were it neceſſary to exemplify the truth of this obſervation, we might refer to the contents of the volume. Our readers will there perceive the hands of writers who, when ſome years (we hope many) are elapſed, will be eſteemed the ornaments of the preſent age; whoſe works will exalt the fame of Engliſh literature; and whoſe names, when time ſhall diſcloſe them, will confer honour on the moſt reſpectable publication.

The ſanction of publick approbation renders the repetition of promiſes of diligence, on our parts, unneceſſary. We claim no favour when we relax our attention; we know we ſhall not be entitled to it; and what we do not take pains to deſerve, we ſhall not be ridiculous enough to look for. It has been by gradual and continually increaſing ſteps we have obtained the object we have laboured for, and we will take care not to ſubject ourſelves to the diſgrace attendant on indolence.

Were there any circumſtance reſpecting our publication which we could wiſh altered, it would be the practice of the printers of diurnal and other publications, who inſtantly ſeize the original pieces printed in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, without the ſlighteſt notice from whence they were copied. The prediction of our correſpondent who tranſmitted us Doctor Johnſon's Letter to Mr. Baretti, has been amply verified. Though that excellent ſpecimen of the epiſtolary correſpondence of that great writer has been transferred into every paper, we believe, printed in any part of the kingdom—one only * has had the decency to acknowledge the ſource of their obligation. We have no objection to the world being benefited by our labours; but it ſeems to us far from unreaſonable to deſire that the world ſhould be informed from what quarter is derived whatever may afford them either inſtruction or entertainment.

We ſhall detain the reader no longer than to obſerve, that we are already in poſſeſſion of ſuch materials as we can confidently promiſe the volume we are now entering upon will be equally valuable, equally entertaining, and equally inſtructive with any of the preceding. With the aſſiſtance we are favoured with, we will purſue our undertaking with diligence and alacrity, and with ſuch aſſiſtance we cannot, for a moment, entertain any doubt of ſucceſs.

* The WHITEHALL EVENING POST.

EXPLANATION of the FRONTISPIECE.

AS ſubjects for the preceding three volumes, we had recourſe to the SEASONS. For this purpoſe, pictureſque ſcenes have already been given from SPRING, AUTUMN, and WINTER. Finiſhing the circuit, we now, as the Frontiſpiece of the preſent volume, exhibit a ſcene from SUMMER;—a ſcene leſs illuſtrative, it muſt be confeſſed, of the ſeaſon itſelf, than it is pathetically deſcriptive of an incident of rural calamity, artfully connected with the ſubject by the pen of a Poet of refined ſenſibility, and ſkilfully delineated by the pencil of an Artiſt, poſſeſſed of an imagination not leſs vivid and brilliant than that of his Author.

In order to elucidate the nature and origin of the unhappy incident alluded to, it may not be improper to obſerve, that the ſcene it exhibits is expreſsly calculated to hold forth to general ſcorn and abhorrence the inſolence of *ruſtic Grandees*, rendered more intolerable ſtill by the *barbarity*, added to the *inſolence*, of the ſubaltern minions they are apt to cheriſh about their perſons, as inſtruments devoted to ſuperintend, right or wrong, the execution of their lordly commands.—Powerfully does it alſo illuſtrate two melancholy truths, more generally felt, perhaps, than acknowledged—namely, that in the breaſt of man the SPIRIT *of tyranny* is hardly ſeparable from the POWER *of being a tyrant*; and that, with all the flattering ideas we are apt to form of *rural innocence*, and *rural felicity*, the inferior claſſes of mankind are in fact victims, more or leſs, of OPPRESSION every where; nor allowed to know more real happineſs and tranquility in the country than they confeſſedly do in town.

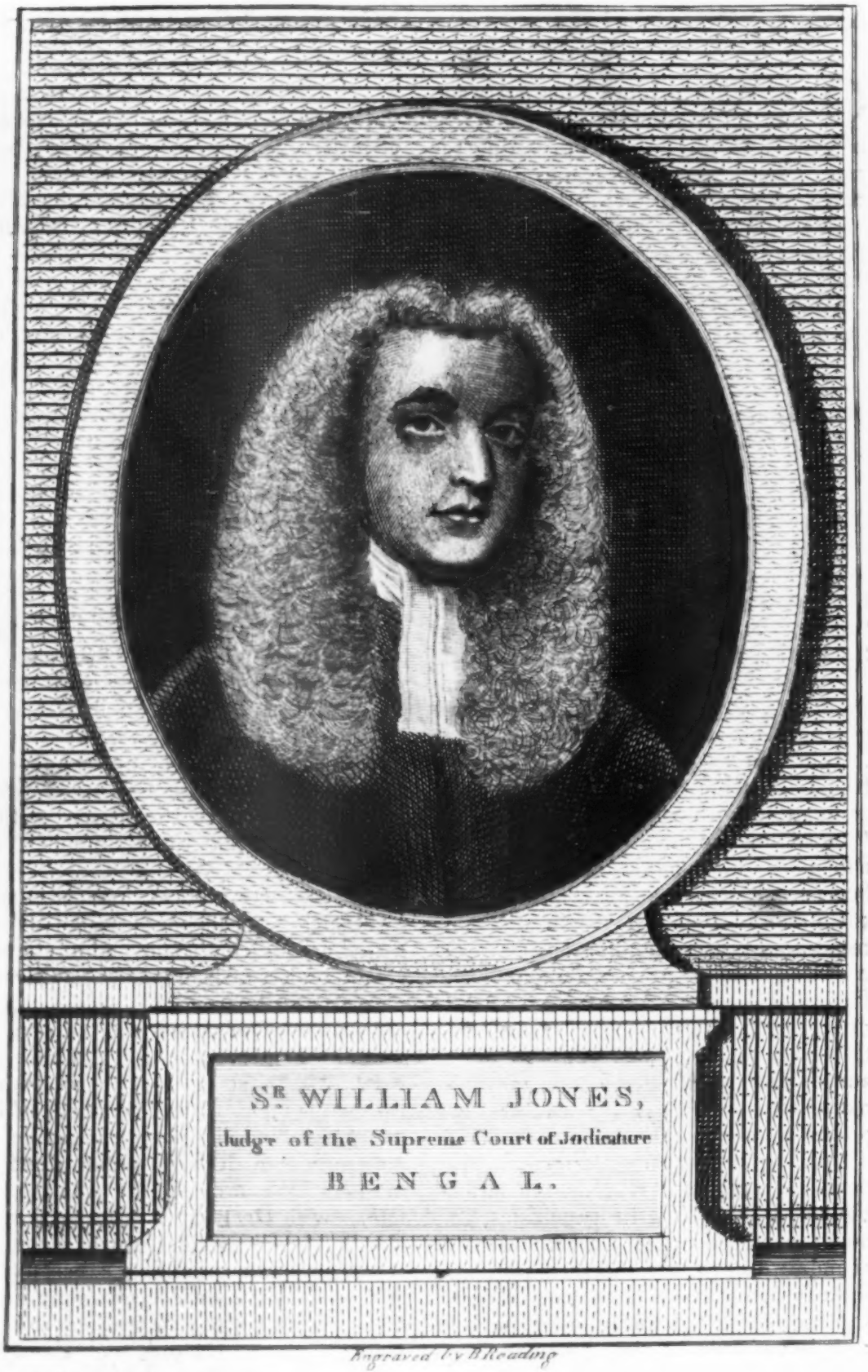
In giving to thoſe truths ſomething like an *embodied ſhape and form*, we behold in our preſent Frontiſpiece a fair peaſant (not long united in wedlock with the youth of her heart, and but recently become a mother) torn, with the beautiful innocent at her breaſt, from her wretched hovel, and commanded into the fields to work: notwithſtanding every entreaty which parental love can ſuggeſt, that yet a little longer ſhe may be permitted to recover her ſtrength—a little longer be permitted to pay thoſe duties of affection to a helpleſs infant which Nature dictates, and of which none but a Mother can ever feel the neceſſity, or taſte the ſweets.

Vain, however, are all her ſolicitations—vain are all her tears.—The mandate had been iſſued by a proud Lord, "the ſavage tyrant of the plain," of whom, as it is the misfortune of her huſband, it becomes her own misfortune alſo to be the abject vaſſal; and, with all the ruſtic "inſolence of office," which a boor may be ſuppoſed capable of exhibiting, rigorouſly is it enforced by the wretch appointed to carry his orders into execution.

In the mean time, worn out with fatigue, and denied that ſuſtenance which her condition requires, inſenſibly is the ſource dried up of that nouriſhment from within herſelf which bountiful Nature had provided for her child.—Almoſt famiſhed herſelf, whither, with an infant almoſt famiſhed alſo—whither ſhall ſhe fly for relief?—One day, recollecting that in a neighbouring thicket there were ſome wild berries, which were highly grateful to the palate, and which might for a little time, ſhe thought, allay the hunger of the crying babe, ſhe gave him of them to eat. Nor was ſhe allowed to finiſh this little—as it proved, too, this laſt—act of maternal attention to the devoted fruit of her womb, without hearing the voice of her unrelenting taſk-maſter ſternly recalling her to her labour. In haſte was ſhe forced to return; and, the very minute, as it were, after—alarmed by the ſhrieks of the child, ſuch ſhrieks as ſhe had never heard from him before—on the wings of diſtraction ſhe flew back to the thicket; where, ere ſhe could reach it, the hapleſs babe lay ſtretched a lifeleſs corpſe.

It is at this criſis that the agony of the mother, with the dead child upon her lap, is delineated; and not a little is the awful ſolemnity of the ſcene heightened by the ſtriking manner in which, ſtruck with horror at the calamity that had happened, her fellow-labourers are repreſented to have flocked, and to be flocking ſtill, to the fatal ſpot; where, equally enſlaved as herſelf, and hardly leſs wretched, all the conſolation they can afford to her is, to mingle their tears with hers, and to join in her appeal to Heaven for its juſt vengeance on the relentleſs author of their woes.

Happy England! do thou rejoice, that from thy favoured ſoil VASSALAGE being aboliſhed, no ſuch ſcene of oppreſſion and cruelty as that here diſplayed, is longer *permitted* to exiſt! But, alas! aboliſhed though it be here, with all its attendant horrors, painful is it to think, that there are countries, where, unextirpated ſtill, one petty deſpot has the power of lording it over Heaven knows how many ſlaves, and of conſidering them to every intent and purpoſe as much his property, and as much at his devotion, as the very cattle employed in the tillage of his grounds!



Sr WILLIAM JONES,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature
BENGAL.

Engraved by B. Reading

Published by J. Sewell, Cornhill.

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

For JULY, 1787.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of SIR WILLIAM JONES, Knt.

[With a PORTRAIT of HIM.]

OF Sir William Jones it has lately and very juſtly been obſerved, that "if inſtead of delighting and inſtructing the preſent age, he had long ſince been reduced to the ſituation of thoſe writers, whoſe names and characters only have ſurvived the deſtruction of their works, the portrait of Sir William Jones might have found, perhaps, inſpectors as ſceptical as that of *the admirable Crichton*. In the gay ſpring of life, that ſeaſon which the idle waſte in diſſipation, and the diligent employ in elementary ſtudies, diſtinguiſhed by that elegant conviviality which too frequently proves the bane of its poſſeſſor, the author of the Oriental Commentaries aſſumed the triple character of a Linguiſt, a Poet, and a Critic. With powers too vigorous and comprehenſive to be ſhackled by the vulgar trammels of education, he commenced his literary career, where veterans of no common reputation have been content to finiſh theirs. To an intuitive perception of the ſublime and beautiful, and an imagination at once bold and luxuriant, he added, what Mr. Pope thought incompatible with theſe faculties, the diſtinguiſhing judgment of Ariſtotle, and a memory quick and tenacious as that of Seneca, or Carneades. Nothing leſs than the union of theſe powers in the ſame mind could have produced ſuch pregnancy of thought, and ſuch elegance and facility of compoſition, in languages ſo difficult and diſſimilar. Yet this fancy, this elegance, and this facility, did our author poſſeſs, in ſpite of his early deſtination to a profeſſion, of which even the preparatory exerciſes exhauſt the midnight lamp of the moſt perſevering ſtudent. To the pen, whoſe more ſerious buſineſs it was to collect the caſes, and note the precedents of an Engliſh court of judicature, we are indebted not only for a ſpeech of Iſæus in an Engliſh dreſs, and for an exact delineation of the moſt complicated part of the Athenian laws, but for verſes, which echo the language, as well as the ſentiments of Sophocles, Theocritus, and Menander. To him who might have been ſuppoſed to conſult the pages of Cicero as the models only of legal argument, or popular declamation, we owe the peruſal of ſuch Latin proſe as Tully might have read without diſguſt; and of Latin poetry, which breathes the ſpirit of the beſt writers of the beſt age of Rome. He who was more profeſſionally employed in diſcuſſing the legal mode of ſuppreſſing riots, and the laws of his native country on the ſubject of *bailments*, cultivated the oriental languages, not only to illuſtrate the Mahometan laws of ſucceſſion to the property of inteſtates, but to develope the grammatical conſtruction of the Perſian language, and to woo the Aſiatic Muſes from the ſpicy groves of Arabia to the more chilly climate of Britain. Let it be remembered alſo, that the man of whom all this and much more might be ſaid, is now only in the bloom of manhood; poſſeſſed of integrity unimpeached, and of manners the moſt attracting; in his judicial capacity, the glory of the Britiſh name in India; and as a ſcholar, ſtill indefatigable in thoſe purſuits, which render him at once the patron and example of the poet, the philoſopher, and the critic."

Sir WILLIAM JONES is the ſon of William Jones, Eſq. one of the laſt of thoſe genuine mathematicians, admirers and cotemporaries of Newton, who cultivated and improved the ſciences in the preſent century *. Our author was born on the 28th of September 1746, and received his education at Harrow School, under the care of Dr. Robert Sumner, whom his grateful pupil has celebrated in an eulogium which will outlaſt ſtone or marble. We are told he was a claſs-fellow with Dr. Parr, and at a very early age diſplayed talents which gave his tutor the moſt promiſing expectations, and which have ſince been amply juſtified. From Harrow he was ſent to Univerſity College, Oxford, and about the year 1769 made the tour of France, and reſided ſome time at Nice †.

His firſt publication was a tranſlation

* See an account of Mr. Jones in Nichols's Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer, p. 73.

† See Preface to his Poems, and to Poeſeos Aſiaticæ Commentariorum Libri ſex, cum Appendice.

into

into French of a Perſian manuſcript, and entitled "Hiſtoire de Nadir Shah, connu "ſous le nom de Thahmas Kuli Khan, "Empereur de Perſe," in two vols. 4to. the hiſtory of which performance we ſhall give in his own words: "A great Northern Monarch, who viſited this country a few years ago, under the name of the Prince of Travendal, brought with him an Eaſtern manuſcript, containing the Life of Nadir Shah, the late Sovereign of Perſia, which he was deſirous of having tranſlated in England. The Secretary of State, with whom the Daniſh Miniſter had converſed upon the ſubject, ſent the volume to me, requeſting me to give a literal tranſlation of it in the French language; but I wholly declined the taſk, alledging for my excuſe the length of the book, the dryneſs of the ſubject, the difficulty of the ſtyle, and chiefly my want both of leiſure and ability to enter upon an undertaking ſo fruitleſs and ſo laborious. I mentioned, however, a gentleman, with whom I had not then the pleaſure of being acquainted, but who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a tranſlation of a Perſian hiſtory, and was far abler than myſelf to ſatisfy the King of Denmark's expectations. The learned writer, who had other works upon his hands, excuſed himſelf on the account of his many engagements; and the application to me was renewed. It was hinted that my compliance would be of no ſmall advantage to me at my entrance into life, that it would procure me ſome mark of diſtinction which might be pleaſing to me, and above all, that it would be a reflection upon this country if the King ſhould be obliged to carry the manuſcript into France. Incited by theſe motives, and principally by the laſt of them, unwilling to be thought churliſh or moroſe, and eager for the bubble reputation, I undertook the work, and ſent a ſpecimen of it to his Daniſh Majeſty; who returned his approbation of the ſtyle and method, but deſired that the whole tranſlation might be perfectly literal, and the oriental images accurately preſerved. The taſk would have been far eaſier to me, had I been directed to finiſh it in Latin, for the acquiſition of a French ſtyle was infinitely more tedious; and it was neceſſary to have every chapter corrected by a native of France, before it could be offered to the diſcerning eye of the public, ſince in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice ſhades of meaning, which a foreigner can never learn to perfection. But the work, how arduous and unpleaſing ſoever, was completed in a year, not without repeated hints from the Secretary's office that it was expected with great impatience by the Court of Denmark." The tranſlation of the Hiſtory of NADIR SHAH was publiſhed in the ſummer of the year 1770, at the expence of the tranſlator; and forty copies upon large paper were ſent to Copenhagen; one of them bound with uncommon elegance for the King himſelf, and the others as preſents to his courtiers *.

What marks of diſtinction our author received, or what fruits he reaped for his labour, he has not thought proper to diſcloſe; but if any dependence is to be placed on common fame, the reward beſtowed upon him for this laborious taſk conſiſted only in the thanks of his Daniſh Majeſty, and the honour of being enrolled in the Royal Society of Copenhagen.

(To be Continued.)

An ACCOUNT of ISRAEL MAUDUIT, Eſq.

(Concluded from Vol. XI. p. 384.)

THE reputation Mr. Mauduit obtained by his "Conſiderations on the German War," raiſed his character greatly in the eſtimation of politicians. From this time conjecture aſcribed to him many performances which their authors had put forth anonymouſly, and which, from their excellence, required the name of a writer of character. When Mr. Wilkes publiſhed his "Obſervations on the Spaniſh Papers," in 1762, he appears to have been very deſirous that his performance ſhould be miſtaken for one of Mr. Mauduit's compoſitions. In a letter to Dr. Douglas, dated April 6, 1762, he ſays, "When I was laſt in the fooliſh circle at the Smyrna, the Obſervations on the Spaniſh Papers were talked of; and as you know the ſages there pretend to infinite ſagacity, they were generally given to you, though a few aſcribed them to Mauduit, the author of the famous Conſiderations."—In this manner Mr. Wilkes endeavoured to miſlead his correſpondent from diſcovering the real author of his pamphlet.

In a ſhort time afterwards, Mr. Mauduit obtained the appointment of Agent for the province of Maſſachuſetts, and from that period took a very active part in the diſputes which aroſe between the colonies and the mother-country. He

* Preface to the Hiſtory of Nadir Shah, 8vo. 1773.

was

was one of thoſe to whom Mr. Grenville communicated his intention of impoſing a ſtamp-duty in America, at the ſame time declaring, that he was not ſet upon the tax; but that if the Americans diſliked it, and preferred any other method of raiſing the money themſelves, he ſhould be content, as he only deſired that the money ſhould be raiſed. This important fact was afterwards denied, and Mr. Mauduit was under the neceſſity of minutely ſtating the whole tranſaction to the public *.

In 1769 he publiſhed his "Short View "of the Hiſtory of the New England Co-"lonies," 8vo. and in 1774 wrote a very maſterly performance, entitled, "The "Caſe of the Diſſenting Miniſters; ad-"dreſſed to the Lords Spiritual and Tem-"poral," 8vo. This was written and printed without the knowledge of any one of the Diſſenting Miniſters concerned in the then application to parliament. In that year, the Houſe of Repreſentatives of the Colony of Maſſachuſetts-Bay having preſented an addreſs to the King by Dr. Franklin, praying the removal of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor; Mr. Mauduit, in behalf of theſe gentlemen, prayed to be heard by counſel, before any report was made on the ſaid addreſs. The ground for this application was the ſtolen letters written to Mr. Whately, which had been obtained by Dr. Franklin. The hearing of this memorable complaint came on the 29th of January, 1774; when the Lords of the Committee reported their opinion to be, that the petition was founded upon reſolutions formed upon falſe and erroneous allegations, and that the ſame was groundleſs, vexatious, and ſcandalous, and calculated only for the ſeditious purpoſes of keeping up a ſpirit of clamour and diſcontent in the province. They alſo reported, that nothing had been laid before them which did or could, in their opinion, in any manner, or in any degree, impeach the honour, integrity, or conduct of the ſaid Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and therefore that the ſaid petition ought to be diſmiſſed. Accordingly, on the 7th of February following, his Majeſty approved of the ſaid report, diſmiſſed the ſaid petition as groundleſs, vexatious, and ſcandalous, and calculated only for the ſeditious purpoſe of keeping up a ſpirit of clamour and diſcontent. At the ſame period Mr. Mauduit publiſhed "Letters of Gover-"nor Hutchinſon, and Lieutenant-Go-"vernor Oliver, &c. (printed at Boſton) "and Remarks thereon. With the As-"ſembly's Addreſs, and the Proceedings "of the Lords Committee of Council. "Together with the Subſtance of Mr. "Wedderburne's Speech relating to thoſe "Letters; and the Report of the Lords "Committee to his Majeſty in Council," 8vo. Theſe papers are exceedingly valuable for the information they contain, and will furniſh moſt authentic information for future hiſtorians.

The conſequence of the determination before mentioned, and the Philippic pronounced againſt Dr. Franklin at that time, haſtened on the fatal recourſe to the ſword, which has ſince ended in the diſmemberment of the Empire. On the conduct of the war Mr. Mauduit bent a vigilant eye of obſervation, and his opinion was by no means favourable to thoſe who were appointed by Government to manage this important concern. His firſt performance was, "Remarks upon Ge-"neral Howe's Account of his Proceed-"ings on Long-Iſland, in the extraordi-"nary Gazette of Oct. 10, 1776," 8vo. 1778; ſeverely arraigning the negligence of that General. This was followed by "Strictures on the Philadelphia Miſchi-"anza, or, Triumph upon leaving Ame-"rica unconquered. With Extracts: "Containing the principal Part of a Let-"ter publiſhed in the 'American Criſis;' "in order to ſhew how far the King's "Enemies think his General deſerving of "Public Honours," 8vo. 1779; and this by "Obſervations upon the Conduct "of Sir W——m H——e at the White "Plains, as related in the Gazette of "Dec. 30, 1776," 8vo. 1779. In each of theſe performances he produced arguments to which the common ſenſe of mankind, in ſpite of ſophiſtry, could not but aſſent.

Theſe were not the only attacks Mr. Mauduit made on the two brothers, whoſe conduct he conſidered as highly cenſurable for at leaſt negligence, if not for a higher offence. In 1781, he publiſhed "Three Letters to Lieutenant-General "Sir William Howe. With an Appen-"dix," 8vo. and theſe were followed by "Three Letters to Lord Viſcount "Howe. With Remarks on the Attack "at Bunker's Hill. To which is added, "a comparative View of the Conduct of "Lord Cornwallis and General Howe," 8vo. We apprehend it is now only a

* See the 4th edition of "A Short View of the Hiſtory of the New England "Colonies, with Reſpect to their Charters and Conſtitution," 8vo. 1776.

matter

matter of curiofity to conſider the merits or demerits of theſe officers. The opinions of the public cannot vary until the whole management of the late war is diſcloſed, and that can hardly be expected for half a century to come.

On the deceaſe of Richard Jackſon, Eſq. in May laſt, Mr. Mauduit was choſen Governor of the Society eſtabliſhed among the Diſſenters for the propagation of the Goſpel in foreign parts, but attended no more than one board. His health had not ſo viſibly declined, but that he might have been expected to have lived ſome time longer, and continued his uſefulneſs to the public. This, however, did not happen: he died at his houſe in Clement's-Lane, Lombard-ſtreet, on the 14th of June, 1787, aged 70 years. Mr. Mauduit was a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, a truly conſcientious man, and beloved by all ranks of people. His love of liberty, civil and religious, was tempered with that moderation which Chriſtianity inculcates in every branch of conduct. His acquaintance with mankind taught him that impartiality was the beſt rule of conduct. In the conteſt for civil liberty, he diſtinguiſhed the intemperate zeal of the Americans. In like manner he tempered the application of his brethren in England for toleration. Mr. Mauduit died a bachelor, and poſſeſſed of an ample fortune. He is ſaid to have received a penſion of 600l. per ann. from Government. From an anecdote we have received from very reſpectable authority it appears, that he entertained no ſlight opinion of the profeſſion of a merchant. Being at the houſe of Sir Matthew Fetherſtonhaugh, at Up-park, with a great deal of company, many of them noble, the converſation turned upon the default of a contractor for cloth to the Eaſt-India Company. Several perſons preſent giving their ſentiments rather illiberally on the character of a merchant, Mr. Mauduit obſerved, that were a millſtone to fall from Heaven, and kill ten of the honourable deſcription of thoſe preſent, they would be little miſſed in the world: on the contrary, were it to kill only one of the merchants they were ſo deſpiſing, it would cauſe a great loſs to ſociety; the good he does flowing through ſo many channels.

ACCOUNT of CLAPHAM and its ENVIRONS.

(With a View of Mr. AKERMAN'S HOUSE.)

THE diſtreſſes of individuals frequently contribute to public good, and this truth is perhaps no where more exemplified than in the neighbourhood of Clapham, Wandſworth, Batterſea, &c. At all theſe places the improvidence of a late noble Lord, which occaſioned him to alinate ſuch part of his property as he had the dominion over, has been the means of creating ſome of the moſt elegant villas in the environs of the metropolis. Whoever recollects Clapham Common thirty years ago, will ſubſcribe to the truth of this aſſertion. This delightful ſpot is ſituated on a high gravelly ſoil provided with good water, and is ſix miles from London. It is, in the opinion of the faculty, one of the moſt healthy places in the vicinity of London. Of thoſe who have contributed to ornament it may be named Mr. Akerman and Mr. Baldwin; the former of whom has enlarged a cottage to an excellent houſe on the ſouth ſide of the Common, with plantations both before and behind. He has alſo built two houſes on the north ſide, preſerving a view between them, which reaches as far as the eye can diſtinguiſh, over Chelſea to Hampſtead. The latter gentleman, who is Deputy to the Lady of the Manor, has aſſiſted in rendering the place more convenient, by excellent roads in every direction that can contribute to uſe or pleaſure. By the proper diſpoſition of clumps and fences, the face of the country has rather the appearance of a Park than a Common. Since theſe improvements have been introduced, the inhabitants have increaſed in great numbers, and a new church has been built, beſides other places of publick worſhip. Meſſrs. Dent, Cole, &c. have alſo decorated Wandſworth Common by new buildings; and ſo much deſired is the ſituation, that the rate of ground for ſixty-one years leaſe to build upon, has been 5s. per foot in front. Fourteen acres of land have been ſold for 8000l. and ſo rapidly has the rage of building ſpread, that were it to continue ſeven years at the ſame rate as at preſent, ſcarce a field would be left unbuilt upon between London and this place, on the weſt extremity. Mr. Bennet has alſo made a road which unites Clapham and Wandſworth roads; and intends ſhortly to erect eight houſes in the form of a creſcent. Theſe improvements are not the only ones propoſed, and ſhould they be carried into effect will render Clapham, Wandſworth, and Batterſea, equal if not ſuperior, in point of beauty and convenience, to any other part of the kingdom.

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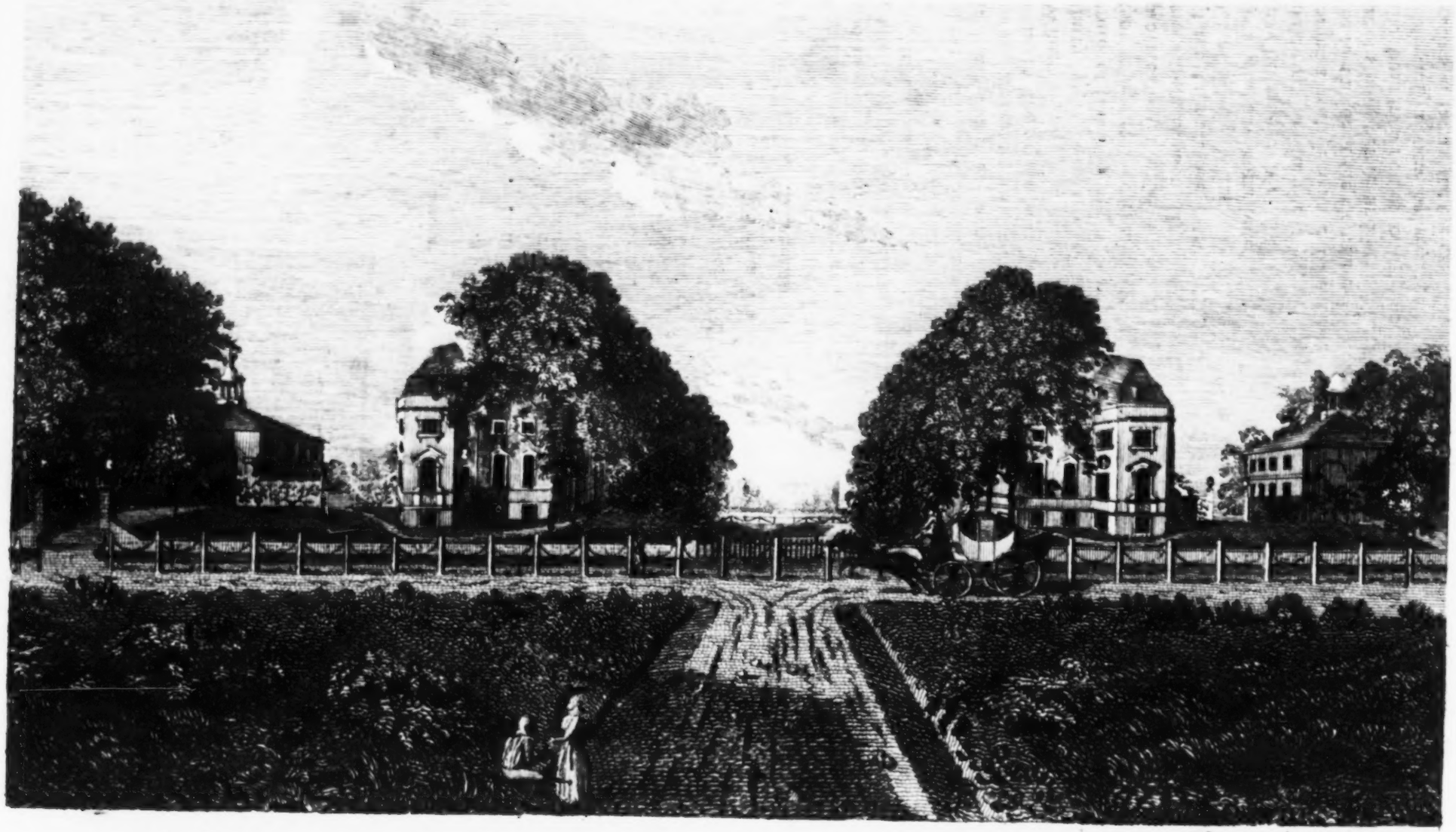

Ravenhill Del. et Sculp.

View from Mr. Akerman's House Clapham Common.

Published by J. Sewell Cornhill.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ATOMS of INFORMATION.

Junctarum diſcordia ſemina rerum.

MR. Addiſon, in N°. 518 of the Spectator, concludes a letter on the ſubject of ſepulchral inſcriptions, with the following remark. "I will not diſmiſs you, without ſending a ſhort Epitaph which I once met with, though I cannot poſſibly recollect the place. The thought of it is ſerious, and, in my opinion, the fineſt that I ever met with on this occaſion. You know, ſir, it is uſual, after having told us the name of the perſon who lies interred, to launch out into his praiſes. This Epitaph takes quite a different turn, having been made by the perſon himſelf ſome time before his death.

Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diei ſupremi. Qualis erat, dies iſte indicabit. i. e. Here lieth R. C. in expectation of the laſt day. What ſort of a man he was, that day will diſcover."

Mr. Walpole (ſee his collection of Fugitive Pieces) concludes his verſes in memory of King Henry VI. with the following couplet:

"And Henry's praiſe refer to that great day,
"Which, what he was, ſhall, when it comes, diſplay;"

and ſays in a note, "The thought of the laſt line alludes to an epitaph in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, which, &c. *Hic ſitus eſt N. N. Qualis eram, &c.*" which being a monkiſh verſe, Mr. Addiſon has changed the laſt word *ſcies* into *indicabit*."

To the foregoing remarks, &c. I beg leave to add a *more exact* copy of this epitaph on Thomas Crouch, who died in 1679, than has hitherto appeared.

Aperiet Deus Tumulos et educet
Nos de Sepulchris.
Qualis eram, Dies iſthæc cum
Venerit, ſcies.

So much for the accuracy of Addiſon and Walpole's quotations!

IN a copy of the third volume of the Archæologia, publiſhed by our Society of Antiquaries, I find the following remarks by the late Mr. Cole, of Milton, near Cambridge, whoſe manuſcript collections, by his own order, are to remain locked up in the Britiſh Muſeum till the term of twenty years, from the day of his death, has been completed. To theſe manuſcripts his encloſed obſervations have more than a ſingle reference.

See an account of Charter Horns in the Cathedral of Carliſle, by Biſhop Lyttelton, p. 22.

"I am apt to ſuſpect (ſays Mr. Cole), that theſe fiſh teeth, now preſerved at Carliſle, are not the preſent made to the Priory by King Henry I. for theſe reaſons. In the firſt place, the horn given by the King is called *quoddam cornu eburneum*, a certain horn of ivory, which appears to indicate one, like Ulphus's horn at York, made of ivory and ornamented, and not this great jaw of a fiſh, which ſeems to have never had any poliſh or ornament about it. But what ought to put this matter out of all doubt, is the following extract, which I made many years ago, from an original MS. Viſitation of the North, by Thomas Tong, alias Norroy King at Arms, in 1530; which MS. or a copy thereof, is now in the Britiſh Muſeum, No. 1499, article 12; in which MS. at p. 23, is this entry.

"Be yt noted, that the Monaſter of Carlyle was ffirſt ſſounded by Kinge Henry the ſſirſt, in the ſeconde yeare of his reigne: and the ſaide Kinge ſent for the Pryor of Sent Oſwald's in Yorkſhire to be Pryor of the ſaide Monaſter of Carlile, whoſe name was Adelwalde, was after Byſhoppe of the Dioces of Carliſle, & continued Pryor withall. And the ſaide Kinge Henry gave unto the ſaide Monaſter a greate Horne veney, havynge certayne Bandes of Sylver & Golde, & the verſes followinge graved uppon.

Henricus primus noſter Fundator
Hoc dedit in Teſte Carte pro jure Foreſte.

And by the ſaide Horne he gave to the ſaide Monaſter Libertys within the Foreſt of Englewood And reſteth Founder of the ſaid Monaſter our Sovereigne Lorde the Kinge." Argent a Croſſe Sable, enſigned with a Croſier.—Vide my Vol. of MS. Collections xviii. p. 216. W. C.

"By its being called a great Horne veney, which I ſuppoſe means *venoury*, and may ſignify hunting, or a hunting horn, it points out an ornamented horn of ivory, adorned with ſilver and gold ringlets about it, as uſual with other horns of the ſame ſort, and ſeems a preſent of great propriety to the deſign of giving liberties

within a chace or foreſt. Whereas the great branching horns or teeth of the other clearly ſhews it to be of no ſuch uſe. A horn of the ſame ſort at Utkinton, as Forreſter of Delamere. Vide my Vol. xxix. p. 16. 20. W. C. March 24, 1776.

"On the death of Biſhop Lyttelton, who probably had brought theſe reliques from Carliſle, to ſhew them to the Society of which he was Preſident, they were carried by his Lordſhip's ſtrict dying order to the new Biſhop of Carliſle, with a verbal meſſage, requeſting that they might be ſent to Carliſle, and always go with the Biſhop; meaning, that they might always go with the effects of the See. This meſſage was accordingly delivered to Biſhop Law's ſervant, who, not well underſtanding the purport of it, thought that his maſter was to go no where without them, in his epiſcopal character; and therefore when his Lordſhip, for the firſt time, went to the Houſe of Lords, they were packed up in the bag that contained the lawn ſleeves, rochet, &c. The production of this noble pair of horns in the chamber where the Biſhops robed themſelves, afforded no ſmall entertainment to the reverend Bench, who thought that his Lordſhip was out of his ſenſes to bring ſuch a piece of furniture into that Houſe, where, though he himſelf might be free from any ſuppoſition of having deſerved them, it was well known that many of his Peers might conſider it as a reflection on themſelves. However that might be, it was much talked of at the time, by thoſe who were willing to make a jeſt of Biſhop Law's abſences.

"On Tueſday, Feb. 13, 1776, Mr. Alderman Bentham, who had been long acquainted with the Biſhop, called upon me at Milton with a meſſage from his Lordſhip, who, it ſeems, had been informed of the above-written account, to aſſure me that it was void of truth, and could have no other foundation than from the ignorance of his ſervant, who actually, on the Biſhop's preparing to go out, had propoſed taking the horns with him, from a miſunderſtanding of their deſignation; at which his Lordſhip had been much entertained, and had occaſionally laughed at the miſtake among thoſe to whom he had related it, a circumſtance which might have given riſe to the miſrepreſentation. The Biſhop deſired that I would draw my pen over what I had written about it, as it was totally a miſtake. I deſired Mr. Bentham to preſent my compliments to his Lordſhip, that I was ſorry I had been impoſed on, and that I would do as his Lordſhip deſired.—I remember I lent this book to my godſon John Ward, of Qu Hall, Eſq. who viſits Mr. Luſhington, of Boteſham, ſon-in-law to the Biſhop, and Curate of Qui; and in October 1775, to Mr. David Hughs, Preſident of Queen's College, who is often viſited by the Biſhop. I ſuſpect that the latter ſhewed it or mentioned it to his Lordſhip. The ſtory was ſo common, I had heard it in twenty different places; but that is no proof of its authenticity."

Thus far Mr. Cole, who moſt religiouſly obſerved his promiſe, ſome lines, denoting a cancel of the reprobated narrative, being drawn over it in his manuſcript.

That his intent has been defeated by the preſent publication, may ſeem to require apology, nor is it difficult to be found; for the contributor of this article *(pace Benthami, eximii Aldermanni)* is aſſured that the whole ſtory, as at firſt related, has wandered very little, if at all, from the truth.

Should the minute accuracy of Mr. Cole's record excite a ſmile, let it be checked by a remembrance of his candour; and ſhould ridicule (if any there be that can approach him) perch on his Lordſhip's ſhoulders, may he recollect that it would have been ſtifled in its birth, had he prudently forborne to recount the miſtake of his ſervant! The tale is at once too probable, too pleaſant, and perhaps too genuine, to deſerve that oblivion in which the politeneſs of its chronicler would have precipitately ſunk it. This article, however, cannot well conclude without a wiſh that our amiable prelate, to whom length of days has been already granted, may find his life ſtill comfortably prolonged; and that, ſhould this morſel of Antiquarian goſſip ever reach his notice, he may, if it be authentic, enjoy a ſecond laugh at the blunder about the Horns, and, if it be fabulous, allow himſelf a little ſalutary mirth at the expence of our credulity.

A FEW of the MS. remarks by Mr. Cole on Mr. Maſon's Life of Gray, the Poet. 4to. edit. p. 171.

"—— ſtraitneſs of his circumſtances"—"ſmall library."——

"Mr. Gray's library could not be called, with truth, a ſmall one for a private man. He had not only a large collection in a room on the ſame floor with his

his chamber, but hired a room or two above his apartments, which were completely filled with books. I have reaſon, and his Biographer more, to mention this truth, as he left him his valuable and large collection, and as he was continually lending me whatever I ſent for, from his own ſtore. His loſs to me was irreparable: the article alone of his library was moſt uſeful and entertaining: for he purchaſed all books of curioſity, eſpecially in French and Italian.—His calling him poor, in another place, is as improper: for a man's private property, eſpecially ſuch a one as Mr. Gray, who lived abſtemiouſly, and much by himſelf, amounting at his death to 7000l. can never, with propriety, be called poverty."

Again on p. 343, line 3.

"He has frequently played upon the harpſichord, and ſung to it formerly, and as often latterly upon the forte-piano to me, though not without much ſolicitation. His forte-piano had been a preſent to him from his friend Mr. Stonhewer, which at his death he bequeathed to him again: and ſo nicely ſcrupulous was he in reſpect to preſents of any kind, that when Mr. Jernegan the Poet, out of regard to his merit, ſent him an elegant antique ſeal, which he could not refuſe, without ill-manners, yet he accepted it with great reluctance, and took particular care that it ſhould be returned to him again at his deceaſe."

Again on p. 156.——"So little was the amiable youth then aware of the ſhort time that he himſelf would be numbered among the living."

"This reflection by Mr. Maſon puts me in mind of a ſimilar caſe in reſpect to poor Mr. Gray. The laſt time I ſaw him was at the funeral of Dr. Long, Maſter of his College, in December 1770. The day after I had occaſion to write to him; and in my letter, partly in jeſt and partly in earneſt, I took notice of the ſlovenlineſs and want of proper decency and ſolemnity on ſuch an occaſion. His anſwer, dated Saturday, Dec. 22, 1770, was as below. Little did he or I ſuſpect that the next funeral from that college would be for him. Yet ſo it was; for he died in July following: a period very diſtant from forty years! Happy had it been for his friends, had the term been abridged for only half."

"To the Rev. Mr. COLE, Milton.

"How did we know, pray? Nobody here remembered another burying of this kind. Shall be proud of your advice the next opportunity, which (we hope) will be ſome forty years hence. I am ſorry you would not ſend for me laſt night. I ſhall not be able to wait on you *chez vous*, ſo ſoon as I would wiſh, for I go in a few days to town, where I ſhall ſee Mr. Walpole. Adieu! at my return we ſhall meet. Saturday, Dec. 22, 1770."

Mr. Cole, p. 404, concludes his annotations with the following words. "I am by no means ſatisfied with this Life: it has too much the affectation of claſſical ſhortneſs to pleaſe me. More circumſtances would have ſuited my taſte better. Beſides, I think, the Biographer had a mind to revenge himſelf of the ſneerings Mr. Gray put upon him; though he left him, I gueſs, above 10000l. which is ſlightly hinted at only. Yet Mr. Walpole was quite contented with the work, when I made my objections.

"See Mr. Gray's Will in my Vol. xii. p. 119, 120.

"See many letters from Mr. Walpole at Paris to me, when he firſt heard of Mr. Gray's death, and his concern at it, in my Vol. xxxii. p. 12 to 15, 21 to 25."

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES of Mr. PHILIDOR:

COMMUNICATED BY HIMSELF.

[From "CHESS," 8vo. lately publiſhed by Meſſ. Robinſons.]

ANDRE DANICAN PHILIDOR was born at Dreux, near Paris, in 1726. His grandfather was a hautboy-player at the Court of Lewis XIII. An Italian muſician, named Philidor, was admired at that Court for his performance on the ſame inſtrument; and after his departure, the King gave Mr. Danican the *ſobriquet* or nick-name of Philidor, which has ſtill remained in the family. His father, and ſeveral of his brothers, belonged to the band of Lewis XIV. and Lewis XV.

At ſix years of age he was admitted among the children of the Chapel Royal of Verſailles, where, being obliged to attend daily, he had an opportunity of learning Cheſs from the muſicians in waiting, of whom there were about eighty. Cards not being allowed ſo near the Chapel, they had a long table with ſix Cheſs-boards inlaid.

At the age of eleven, a motet, or pſalm with choruſſes, of his compoſition, was performed, which pleaſed Lewis XV. ſo much, that he gave the compoſer five louis: this encouraged the lad to compoſe four more. When he had attained his fourteenth year, he left the Chapel, and was then reputed he moſt ſkilful Chefs-player of the band. This was in 1740, when ſeveral *motets* of his compoſition were performed at Paris, at the *Concert Spirituel*, which were favourably received by the public, as the productions of a child who was already a maſter and teacher of muſic. At this time Chefs was played at in almoſt every coffee-houſe in Paris, and he applied ſo cloſely to the game, that he neglected his ſcholars, and they conſequently took another maſter. This induced him rather to purſue the ſtudy of Chefs than of Muſic. *M. de Kermur, Sire de Legalle*, who is ſtill living, and was then near forty years of age, was eſteemed the beſt Chefs-player in France, and young Philidor ſought every opportunity of receiving his inſtructions; by which he improved ſo eſſentially, that three years after, M. de Legalle, though ſtill his maſter, was not able to allow him any advantage.

M. de Legalle once aſked him, Whether he had never tried to play by memory, without ſeeing the board?—Philidor replied, That as he had calculated moves, and even whole games at night in bed, he thought he could do it, and immediately played a game with the Abbé Chenard, which he won without ſeeing the board, and without heſitating upon any of the moves: this was a circumſtance much ſpoken of in Paris, and in conſequence he often repeated this method of playing.

Philidor then finding he could readily play a ſingle game, offered to play two games at the ſame time, which he did at a coffee-houſe; and of this party the following account is given in the French *Encyclopedie*.

"We had at Paris a young man of eighteen, who played at the ſame time two games at Chefs, without ſeeing the boards, beating two antagoniſts, to either of whom he, though a firſt-rate player, could only give the advantage of a *knight*, when ſeeing the board. We ſhall add to this account a circumſtance of which we were eye-witneſſes: In the middle of one of his games, a falſe move was deſignedly made, which, after a great number of moves, he diſcovered, and placed the piece where it ought to have been at firſt. This young man is named M. Philidor, the ſon of a muſician of repute; he himſelf is a great muſician, and, perhaps, the beſt player at Poliſh Draughts there ever was, or ever will be. This is among the moſt extraordinary examples of ſtrength of memory, and of imagination."

Forty years after this he played two different times in London, three games at once. Of ſome of theſe exertions the following account appeared in the London newſpapers, in May 1783.

"Yeſterday at the Chefs-club in St. James's-ſtreet, Mr. Philidor performed one of thoſe wonderful exhibitions for which he is ſo much celebrated. He played at the ſame time three different games, without ſeeing either of the tables. His opponents were Count Bruhl, Mr. Bowdler, (the two beſt players in London) and Mr. Maſeres. He defeated Count Bruhl in an hour and twenty minutes, and Mr. Maſeres in two hours. Mr. Bowdler reduced his game to a drawn battle in an hour and three quarters. To thoſe who underſtand Chefs, this exertion of Mr. Philidor's abilities muſt appear one of the greateſt of which the human memory is ſuſceptible. He goes through it with aſtoniſhing accuracy, and often corrects miſtakes in thoſe who have the board before them. Mr. Philidor ſits with his back to the tables, and ſome gentleman preſent, who takes his part, informs him of the move of his antagoniſt, and then by his direction plays his pieces as he dictates.

"The other match was with Count Bruhl, Mr. Jennings, and Mr. Erſkine, to the laſt of whom he gave a pawn and the move; the Count made a drawn game, and both the other gentlemen loſt their games."

But to return: In 1745 he became acquainted with an Italian named *Lanza*, whoſe daughter was looked on as a prodigy for her talents on the harpſichord, tho' but thirteen years of age. This man engaged Philidor to go with him to Holland, to meet Geminiani, who had promiſed his aſſiſtance in giving twelve ſubſcription concerts, at which the girl was to perform. She being indiſpoſed, was left with her mother at Paris, and at Rotterdam her father received the news of her death.

Thus Philidor found himſelf in a foreign country pennyleſs, and bereft of all his hopes of advantage from the propoſed concerts. His ſkill at Draughts was now a great reſource to him at Rotterdam and Amſterdam: he remained a twelvemonth in Holland, reſiding chiefly at the Hague, where

where he became acquainted with Colonel la Devès, a relation of the late Lord Ligonier, and with the Prince of Waldeck, who then commanded the Dutch army, both Chefs-players: the former was so skilful, that Philidor could only give him a *knight*: the Prince rewarded him nobly for his inſtructions.

In 1747 he viſited England, where Sir Abraham Janſſen introduced him to all the celebrated players of the time. Sir Abraham was not only the beſt Chefs-player in England, but likewiſe the beſt player he ever met with, after his maſter M. de Legalle, as the Baronet was able to win one game in four of him *even*: and M. de Legalle, with whom Sir Abraham afterwards played in Paris, was of the ſame opinion with regard to his ſkill.

Sir Abraham, beſides the common game, delighted in playing at a more complicated one, invented by the late Duke of Rutland. At this game the board is 14 ſquares in breadth, and 10 in height, which make 140 houſes; 14 pieces, and 14 pawns, on a ſide: the pawns might move either one, two, or three ſquares the firſt time.

The pieces were, the *king*, the *queen*; then two *biſhops*, two *knights*, a *crowned caſtle*, uniting the move of the king and caſtle, and a common *caſtle*.

On the other ſide of the king was a *concubine*, whoſe move was that of the caſtle and the knight united, two *biſhops*, a ſingle *knight*, a *crowned caſtle*, and a *common* one. The beſt players at this game after Sir Abraham, were Stamma, Dr. Cowper, and Mr. Salvador. Philidor, in leſs than two months, was able to give a knight to each of theſe gentlemen at this game. It may be obſerved, that the pawns are here of very little uſe; and that by the extent of the board, the knights loſe much of their value, which of courſe renders the game more defective and leſs intereſting than the common one; and ſince the death of Sir Abraham in 1763, it is forgotten, or at leaſt diſuſed.

In 1748 Philidor returned to Holland, where he compoſed his Treatiſe on Chefs, At Aix la Chapelle he was adviſed by Lord Sandwich to go to Eyndhoven, a village between Bois le Duc and Maeſtricht, where the Engliſh army was encamped. He had there the honour of playing with the late Duke of Cumberland, who ſubſcribed liberally himſelf, and procured a great number of other ſubſcribers to his work on Chefs, which was publiſhed in London in 1749.

In 1750 he frequented the houſe of the French Ambaſſador, the Duke of Mirepoix, who gave a weekly dinner to the lovers of Chefs, at which game he was himſelf very expert.

Philidor remained another year in England, and learning that the King of Pruſſia was fond of Chefs, he ſet off for Berlin in 1751. The King ſaw him play ſeveral times at Potſdam, but did not play with him. There was a Marquis de Varennes, and a certain Jew, who played *even* with the King, and to each of theſe Philidor gave a knight, and beat them.

The following year he left Berlin, ſtaid eight months at the Prince of Waldeck's at Aroliſen, and three weeks at the Court of the Landgrave of Heſſe Caſſel, and then returned to England, where he remained till 1755. His paſſion for Chefs did not make him neglect his muſical talents; for in 1753 he ſet Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia to muſic, which was performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket*. Handel commended it.

He returned to France in 1755, with a

* Mr. Philidor probably miſtakes the performance he ſet to muſic at this time. From the following advertiſement, publiſhed in the Public Advertiſer, and dated December 29, 1753, we apprehend it to have been not Dryden's but Congreve's Ode. "Mr. Philidor begs leave to acquaint the public, that in order to juſtify himſelf of the calumny ſpread about town, that he was not the author of the Latin Muſic he gave laſt year, as likewiſe to convince the world that the Art of Muſic has been at all times his conſtant ſtudy and application, and Chefs only his diverſion, he has undertaken to ſet an Ode to muſic in praiſe of harmony, wrote by the celebrated Mr. Congreve. He is far from being ſo vain (as ſome of his enemies have ſuggeſted, without either reaſon or foundation, on ſome other occaſion) to flatter himſelf of having ſucceeded in the attempt, ſo as to deſerve any applauſe from his audience; but, however, if he ſhould have the misfortune to meet with the fate of Phaeton, his comfort will be, that even malice itſelf will not be able to inſinuate that this Ode is not of his own compoſition; it being well known that Muſic is only the ſervant of Poetry, and conſequently impoſſible for any man living to find out old Muſic that will agree (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) with new words: and ſuppoſing it might be done even to a ſyllable, ſuch Muſic would certainly never agree with all the different expreſſions and paſſions

ſo

ſerious intention of devoting himſelf to muſic; and ſoon after he ſolicited the appointment of Maſter of the Chapel Royal, where two new *motets* of his compoſition were performed; but as the late Queen and the whole Court were uſed to ancient muſic, he was unſucceſsful in his application. He conſoled himſelf, however, with the compliments he received from the amateurs of the ſcience.

In 1759, his firſt Muſical Drama, entitled *Blaiſe le Savetier*, was performed at the Theatre of the Comic Opera; which had ſuch a run, that he abandoned church muſic, and applied himſelf wholly to the ſtage; and in the ſame year he compoſed *L'Huitre et les Plaideurs*; in 1760 the *Soldat Magicien*, and the *Qui pro Quo*; and in 1761, *Le Jardinier et ſon Seigneur*, and *Le Marechal Ferrant*.

In conſequence of the ſucceſs of theſe pieces, the Italian Comedy was deſerted; and in 1762 the two Theatres were united, and ſtill form the preſent Italian Comedy. This ſeaſon (1762) he produced *Sancho Panca*; in 1763, the *Bucheron*, and *Les Fetes de la Paix*; and in 1764, the *Sorcier*. This was followed in 1765, by *Tom Jones*, which was damned the firſt night; but the following year it was repeated with great ſucceſs. In 1766, emboldened by his increaſing popularity, he aimed at an entire change of the national taſte for the French Muſic, and accordingly compoſed a Tragic Opera, entitled, *Ernelinda, Princeſs of Norway*, without mythology, and with recitative, after the Italian manner, intermixed with airs. This was repreſented at the French Opera, and notwithſtanding the cabals of the nobility, who were bigotted to the old muſic, the bad ſinging of the actors and actreſſes, and the indifferent execution of the orcheſtra; notwithſtanding the obſtacles thrown by the dancers in the way of a performance, which formed a new and intereſting ſpectacle; this piece was played eight ſucceſſive nights, and then dropt. Lewis XV. was however ſo well pleaſed with it, that he privately rewarded the compoſer with a penſion of twenty-five louis from his privy purſe. This Opera was again performed with better ſingers, and a better band, in 1776 and 1777, with great ſucceſs.

In 1769, he brought out *Abdolonimus*, or, the *Gardener of Sidon*; in 1770, *Le Jardinier Suppoſé*, and *La Nouvelle Ecole des Femmes*; and in 1772, *Le Bon Fils*: this year he came to England for the fourth time, and paſſed a month with his friends.

In 1773, a new Opera of his compoſition, called *Le Premier Navigateur*, was performed at Fontainbleau before the Court; and his Opera of Ernelinda was repeated at Verſailles among the entertainments given on account of the marriage of the Count d'Artois.

In 1775, he produced *Les Femmes Vengees*, and in the winter returned to London to the Cheſs-club, and repeated his annual viſits the four following years, 1776, 77, 78, and 79.

In 1776, he publiſhed a new edition of his Cheſs-Book.

In 1779, at London, he ſet to muſic the Carmen Seculare of Horace *, which was performed three nights with great ſucceſs at Freemaſons-Hall, and afterwards at Paris. The Empreſs of Ruſſia required and obtained a copy in ſcore from the author, for which ſhe generouſly rewarded him.

The preſent King of Pruſſia, when Prince Royal, was likewiſe very liberal to the author, who had ſent him a copy of this piece of muſic.

It is now in the preſs at Paris, and will be ſpeedily publiſhed, dedicated to the Empreſs, with an engraven title-page, repreſenting the arms of Ruſſia.

In 1780, he compoſeda Lyric Tragedy, called *Perſeus*, which was performed at the French Opera.

He was again in England during the winters of 1781, 1782, and 1783. In 1785, he brought out at Fontainbleau, *Themiſtocles*, a Lyric Tragedy, which was afterwards performed at Paris; and *Proſper et Vincent*, or, *L'Amitie au Village*, repreſented both at Fontainbleau and at the Italian Comedy.

ſo requiſite in a good compoſition. Words muſt be painted with a ſort of Chiaro Obſcuro, and not put under any note, as perhaps ignorant people in that art may imagine.

"This Ode will be performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, on Thurſday the 31ſt of January next." EDITOR.

* See Dr. Johnſon's Verſes in our laſt Magazine, p. 451.

To

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following Letter will ſerve to ſhew how much and how ſoon a tranſaction of public notoriety may be miſtaken and miſrepreſented. The work here complained of obtained abroad ſome degree of popularity, though abounding in falſhoods and inaccuracies without number. The preſent remonſtrance had its proper weight with the Author, who confeſſed his miſtakes; but as ſome perſons may hereafter become poſſeſſed of the firſt edition of the haſty performance here cenſured, the following Letter cannot be too much known.

I am Yours, &c.

W. W.

To Mr. GROSSLEY.

SIR,

HAMPTON, *September* 24, 1770.

I DID not receive the favour of your letter till yeſterday, or I ſhould have anſwered it directly. I hope you will excuſe my anſwering you in my own language, as the ſubject requires great preciſion, and as I imagine you muſt be a maſter of Engliſh, from your publication of the three volumes in queſtion. You have indeed, Sir, flattered me in my profeſſion; but had you given me ſtill higher encomiums, and afterwards repreſented me aſking pardon upon my knees, I could not poſſibly have enjoyed the compliment at the expence of my manhood.

I own to you, when I read that paſſage (for the book was put into my hands at the French Ambaſſador's) I was moſt ſeriouſly hurt to be repreſented as a man capable of ſo mean an action. I made my complaints to my friends in Paris, and begged of them not to let my name be publiſhed throughout France with ſuch an ill-founded ſtory tacked to it. There is a miſtake runs through the whole of that account. You are pleaſed to ſay, that upon my being director of the King's Theatre, I wanted to put it upon the footing of that at Paris. The fact is thus:—I never wanted to receive the full price as they do at Paris, but only for new plays, and for thoſe we revived with new ſcenes and habits, which my predeceſſors always received. We had performed our beſt plays to what we call half-price, which is, taking the half-price at the end of the third act for the two laſt acts and the petite-piece. It was no innovation on our part. There certainly was a great riot in the theatre—and the money was returned without finiſhing the play: but giving up the diſpute on the ſecond night, I was received with great applauſe, without the leaſt murmur or even hint of aſking pardon; nor did I diſcontinue playing till my health obliged me to go abroad in the year Sixty-three for two winters; and at my return to England, I returned to the ſtage, and am ſtill upon it. This contention about the half-price happened many years after I was a director of the Theatre. Thus you ſee that every particular of this affair is miſrepreſented in the firſt volume of *Londres*. I ſhall ſay nothing of the miſtake of a Leopard for a Lion in the King's Arms, and the throwing it among the actors, for it was not pulled down till the actors had left the ſtage, and the curtain had been dropt ſome time. May I be permitted to tell you, that the whole account of the Hay-Market riot immediately following is totally miſunderſtood? There was no Italian named Calagorri concerned in the affair you mention. A certain perſon of quality remarkable for his great pleaſantry, advertiſed a man to get into a quart-bottle by way of joke, which proved a very ſerious matter to the owner of the houſe, for it was within the walls almoſt deſtroyed. Indeed, Sir, the Engliſh who have read *Londres* complain of the many miſtakes and miſrepreſentations in it. Mr. Cambridge, a neighbour of mine, and a gentleman of fortune and learning, ſhewed me a letter laſt week, in which Lord Temple denies the facts attributed to him in that book. I am not prepared, having read ſo little of the book, to ſay more upon the general accuſation of want of correctneſs throughout in the deſcription of us, or our country. I only meant to ſhew the miſtakes in my own affair, and to anſwer your letter as plainly and truly as the ſubject requires.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

D. GARRICK.

I have ſent twice to Mr. Nugent, but he is gone from home, and has left nobody at his chambers to give any account of him. When he returns I will certainly deliver your meſſage.

THE LONDON REVIEW; AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

Quid ſit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

History of Mexico; collected from Spaniſh and Mexican Hiſtorians, &c. Tranſlated from the Italian of L'Abbé De Franceſco Saverio Clavigero. By Charles Cullen, Eſq. 2 vols. 4to. 2l. 2s. Robinſon. 1787.

THE earlier part of the hiſtory of all Nations, even of thoſe which have in their turns lorded it over the univerſe, has ever been looked on as a ſubject for inveſtigation more curious than uſeful.—The great purpoſe of Hiſtory is, by compariſon of paſt events with preſent, to regulate our conduct in difficulties, to teach us to avoid the errors and emulate the wiſdom of our anteceſſors, and to trace out with accurate diſcernment the cauſes of the riſe, proſperity, and decay of flouriſhing ſtates and mighty empires. Of our own Hiſtory, the early part has ever by judicious writers, and in particular by Hume, been paſſed over with no more notice than was neceſſary to preſerve the thread of the narration, partly becauſe the records and documents were few and uncertain, and partly becauſe, if ever ſo well authenticated, accuracy would be uſeleſs. The policy of Barbarians can afford us few leſſons of wiſdom, and the recital of facts from which no inference can be drawn, is of little ſervice. The mighty genius and immenſe learning of Milton ſunk under the weight of the annals of the Heptarchy; and on his authority we may aſſert, that the wars, the treaties, the inſurrections, and the tumults of a barbarous and uncivilized people are to us of no more importance than the battles of kites and crows.

If then ſuch be our ſentiments with reſpect to our own earlier Hiſtory, what can we ſay of the Hiſtory of Mexico?—a nation in whoſe welfare or downfal we never had the ſmalleſt intereſt;—a nation which, from circumſtances, could never have arrived at any eminent degree of civilization, notwithſtanding the ridiculous hyperboles of the Abbé Clavigero;—a nation, in one word, ignorant of the uſes of paper and of iron, and whoſe ſole records were pictures either painted or wrought with party-coloured feathers. Yet with no better records, and on no better foundation, for the evidence of the Spaniſh hiſtorians reſolves itſelf into this, does the learned Abbé build the enormous ſtructure of two ſolid quartos, ſtuffed with impoſſible facts, abſurd exaggerations, and ſuch a barbarous jargon of uncouth names, as to be within one degree of abſolute unintelligibility.

What were the reaſons which induced the tranſlator to clothe this Mexican hiſtorian in an Engliſh dreſs, we cannot pretend to determine. The elegant and accurate Robertſon had given us a noble account of the diſcovery and conqueſt of America, the only part of the hiſtory in which we are concerned, extracted from the moſt authentic Spaniſh hiſtorians. It is needleſs at this day to extol his work, but it ſeems it is not ſufficiently accurate. Doctor Robertſon is not perfectly *au fait* in the Mexican orthography, and has in more places than one miſ-ſpelled, according to the Abbé Clavigero, the names of officers of diſtinction; a fault which the good Abbé is careful to correct in his notes. Speaking of two Mexican noblemen, whoſe names were Teuhtile and Cuitlalpitoc, he ſays at the bottom of the page, "Bernal Diaz writes *Teudili*, inſtead of *Teuhtile*, and *Pitalpitoqui* in place of *Cuitlalpitoc*. Herrera calls it *Pitalpitoc*; and Solis and Robertſon, *who thought to amend it, Pilpatoc.*" We tremble for the Doctor's hiſtoric fame, when he is thus convicted of ſuch a palpable error! What! to falſify a record, and miſ-ſpell the name of a Mexican nobleman!—Unpardonable—and in a point of ſuch moment too! Surely he will in his next edition kiſs the rod, and with many thanks ſubmit to the correction of this Mexican orthographer.

For our part, if Robertſon be wrong, we

we are fully content to be wrong with him; and highly as we eſteem truth, we hold it too dear, if bought at the expence of peruſing the Hiſtory of the Abbé Clavigero.

Some men think upon a ſubject till it becomes their weakneſs. The good Abbé is ſo enthuſiaſtic in the cauſe of Mexico, that he is perſuaded he has traced them authentically, at leaſt one tribe, from the year of the Chriſtian Æra 596. To offer a ſerious proof of the impoſſibility, without writing, of preſerving an accurate chain of events for ſo long a time, would be an abſurdity equal to that of the hiſtorian. What was our own Hiſtory during that period? Yet we had at leaſt ſome who could write. Notwithſtanding this, we have preſented to us by the Abbé a regular ſucceſſion of monarchs, their marriages, treaties, wars, and conqueſts; nay, for ſeveral we have very wiſe ſpeeches handed down. If we could ſuppoſe facts might be preſerved as long by tradition aſſiſted by painting, it is ſurely not too much to aſſert that long ſpeeches never could. All the hiſtory, therefore, anterior to the conqueſt by Cortez, the Abbé muſt forgive us if we receive with very great diſtruſt, or at leaſt much the greateſt part of it. It is only ſince the year that we properly can be ſaid to proceed on tangible matter; all beyond is at beſt but probable conjecture.

But admitting the authenticity of it, ſo much accuracy is uſeleſs in a caſe of this kind; and little claim has that Hiſtory to our attention, which is at once unintereſting and uninſtructing. As a ſpecimen, we ſhall give a ſhort extract from the firſt volume, which brings the narrative down to the invaſion of Cortes; premiſing, that from the immenſe number of barbarous names, it is almoſt impoſſible to preſerve any thing like a connected remembrance of facts.

"At that time, in Acolhuacan, reigned *Techotlala*, ſon of king Quinatzin. The firſt thirty years of his reign were peaceful; but afterwards *Tzompan*, prince of Xaltocan, revolted, and finding his own force inſufficient to oppoſe his ſovereign, he called to his aſſiſtance the ſtates of Otompan, Meztitlan, Quahuacan, Tecomic, Quauhtitlan, and Tepezotlan. The king promiſed him pardon, provided he would lay down his arms and ſubmit; which clemency probably proceeded from reſpect to the noble extraction of the rebel, who was the laſt deſcendant of Chiconquauhtli, one of the three Acolhuan princes. But Tzompan confiding in the number of his troops, rejected the offer with contempt; when the king ſent an army againſt him, which was joined by the Mexicans and Tepanecas, whoſe ſervice he had demanded. The war was obſtinate, and laſted for two months; but at length, victory declaring for the king, Tzompan, with all the chiefs of the revolted cities, was put to death, and in him was extinguiſhed the illuſtrious race of Chiconquauhtli. This war, in which the Mexicans ſerved as auxiliaries to the king of Acolhuacan againſt Xaltocan and the other confederated ſtates, is repreſented in the third picture of Mendoza's collection; but the interpreter of thoſe pictures was miſtaken, when he imagined that thoſe cities were ſubjected to the Mexican crown."

The whole narrative is of a piece with this, and we ſhall therefore trouble our readers with no more of it, but proceed to give ſome extracts deſcriptive of the laws, cuſtoms, &c. of the natives of Mexico, from which they may derive more entertainment. Before, however, we attempt this, we ſubmit the following account of the ſplendour, power, and wiſe regulations of Neza Hualcojotl, monarch of the mighty empire of Acolhuacan.

"Nezahualcojotl, who, beſides the attachment which he had to his nation, was gifted with uncommon prudence, made ſuch regulations and changes in the ſtate, that in a little time it became more flouriſhing than it had ever been under any of his predeceſſors. He gave a new form to the councils which had been eſtabliſhed by his grandfather. He conferred offices on perſons the fitteſt for them. One council determined cauſes purely civil, in which, among others, five lords who had proved conſtantly faithful to him in his adverſity, aſſiſted. Another council judged of criminal cauſes, at which the two princes his brothers, men of high integrity, preſided. The council of war was compoſed of the moſt diſtinguiſhed military characters, among whom Icotihuacan, ſon-in-law to the king, and alſo one of the thirteen nobles of the kingdom, had the firſt rank. The treaſury-board conſiſted of the king's major-domos, and the firſt merchants of the court. The principal major-domos who took charge of the tributes, and other parts of the royal income, were three in number. Societies ſimilar to academies were inſtituted for poetry, aſtronomy, muſic, painting, hiſtory, and the art of divination, and he invited the moſt celebrated profeſſors of his kingdom to his court, who met on certain

days to communicate their diſcoveries and inventions; and for each of theſe arts and ſciences, although little advanced, ſchools were appropriated. To accommodate the mechanic branches, he divided the city of Tezuco into thirty odd diviſions, and to every branch aſſigned a diſtrict; ſo that the goldſmiths inhabited one diviſion, the ſculptors another, the weavers another, &c. To cheriſh religion he raiſed new temples, created miniſters for the worſhip of their gods, gave them houſes, and appointed them revenues for their ſupport, and the expences which were neceſſary at feſtivals and ſacrifices. To augment the ſplendour of his court, he conſtructed noble edifices both within and without the city, and planted new gardens and woods, which were in preſervation many years after the conqueſt, and ſhew ſtill ſome traces of former magnificence."

Who would imagine, from the pomp and gravity of this account, that the author was ſpeaking of a parcel of illiterate ſavages? We queſtion whether a man ſpeaking of the times of a Trajan, a Marcus Aurelius, or a Frederick, could uſe more dignified expreſſions—Courts civil and criminal, a council of war, a treaſury-board, royal ſocieties, academies for arts and ſciences, and celebrated profeſſors. But can the Abbé ſeriouſly think the underſtandings of men ſo very eaſily impoſed on by names? He may himſelf be deceived; and if ſo, he is to be pitied and forgiven. Indeed by his tales of giants, ghoſts, and prodigies, and even on a ſimple matter of fact, by his account of a human ſacrifice, where the victims were above ſeventy thouſand, and the ſpectators ſix millions, he has given proof abundant of his credulity: yet this is a man who preſumes to cenſure Robertſon for miſrepreſentation!

[*To be continued.*]

Myſtical Initiations; or, Hymns of Orpheus, tranſlated from the original Greek: with a preliminary Diſſertation on the Life and Theology of Orpheus. By Thomas Taylor. Small Octavo. Price 5s. T. Payne and Son.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

"PROCUL, O procul eſte, profani!" might well have been the motto to this elaborate production. The multitude indeed, though unforbidden, will keep at an awful diſtance from the ſcene of theſe "*Myſtical Initiations.*" They are only for the favoured few! In the preſent work Mr. Taylor hath diſplayed no common erudition. His "Preliminary Diſſertation" and notes are the moſt valuable part of it. Of the former we ſhall ſelect the following ſpecimen, as a proof of an imagination highly elevated and refined by the ſublime philoſophy of the Platoniſts.

"The Deity is an immenſe and perpetually exuberant fountain, whoſe ſtreams originally filled, and continually repleniſh the world with life. Hence the univerſe contains in its ample boſom all general natures;—divinities viſible and inviſible; the race of Demons; the noble army of exalted ſouls, and men rendered happy by wiſdom and virtue. According to this theology, the power of univerſal ſoul does not alone diffuſe itſelf to the ſea, and become bounded by its circumfluent waters, while the wide expanſe of air and æther is deſtitute of life and ſoul; but the celeſtial places are filled with ſouls, ſupplying life to the ſtars, and directing their revolutions in everlaſting order."—"That it is poſſible to know, more (ſays Mr. Taylor) of ſuch exalted natures than is generally believed by the aſſiſtance of the ancient philoſophy accompanied with a ſuitable life, is, I am perſuaded, true; and I would recommend the glorious inveſtigation to every liberal mind."

We warmly recommend the "Diſſertation," &c. (though not this phantom-hunting) to the attention of the Literati.

In reſpect to the *Hymns*, we have little to ſay. The merits of the original are not ſtriking. That our readers may judge of the tranſlation, we ſhall preſent them with a part of the *ſeventh hymn*, which is in the ſame ſtrain with all the reſt. 'Tis addreſſed to the ſun.

"HEAR, golden Titan, whoſe eternal eye
With broad ſurvey illumines all the ſky:
Self-born, unwearied in diffuſing light,
And to all eyes the mirrour of delight:
Lord of the ſeaſons, with *thy* fiery car,
And leaping courſers, beaming light from far;
Agile and vigorous, venerable Sun,
Fiery and bright around the Heavens *you* run.

Foe

Foe to the wicked, but the good man's guide,
O'er all his ſteps propitious *you* preſide:
With various-ſounding golden lyre, 'tis *thine*
To fill the world with harmony divine.
Father of ages, guide of proſperous deeds,
The world's commander, borne by lucid ſteeds;
Immortal Jove, all-ſearching, bearing light,
Source of exiſtence, pure and fiery bright;
Bearer of fruit, Almighty Lord of years,
Agile and warm, whom every power reveres;
Great eye of nature and the ſtarry ſkies,
Doom'd with immortal flames to ſet and riſe;
Diſpenſing juſtice, lover of the ſtream,
The world's great deſpot, and o'er all ſupreme.

Of the pieces which have been attributed to Orpheus, perhaps what have been generally called his *Fragments*, are the moſt intereſting. We find a verſion of the beſt of them in the notes to Mr. *Polwhele*'s elegant Tranſlation of Theocritus, &c. For the ſatisfaction of our readers (who may wiſh to ſee the manner in which Orpheus hath been rendered by another hand) we ſhall extract a part of the *firſt Fragment*, as tranſlated by Mr. *Polwhele*, who hath introduced it by a long account of Orpheus. But "let us "now draw aſide (ſays Mr. P. with all the "enthuſiaſm of Mr. *Taylor*)—let us "draw aſide the veil! Let us approach "with reverence!—Behold the venerable "figure! Liſten to the ſolemn preludes "of his harp! And hark! he addreſſes "*Muſæus*, who ſtands foremoſt in the "groupe of the initiated:

CLOSE—cloſe the doors! Away profaner crew!
My ſtrain flows only for the choſen few!
Yet thou, Muſæus, lend a liſtening ear!
Son of the ſilver moon, in ſilence hear!
Nor * while unveil'd the oracles of light,
Graſp airy forms, to ſink thy ſoul in night.
O come, and with attention's ſteadfaſt eye,
Thro' the dark lore intuitively pry;
Ope to the holy leſſons I impart,
The ſecret foldings of thy inmoſt heart:
Thy ſteps aſcending, the ſtrait path be trod,
And lo! the world's ſole ſovereign—the One God!

ATTEND, my ſon, attend while I unfold
The God, whoſe wide-ſpread glories I behold!
For tho' his ſpirit far eludes my ſight,
I ſee his footſteps, and his arm of might!
But round his form a veiling cloud he throws;
To mortals, ten deep curtains interpoſe!
Tho' all bend trembling to his awful law,
The Almighty Monarch no man ever ſaw——
But he, the ſole begotten, whoſe high race
From Chaldee's antient progeny we trace;
He, who the courſes of the planets knew,
And ev'n deſcrib'd the rolling circle true;
Who of the ſphere the central motion found,
And mark'd it on its axis wheeling round.
He rules the ſtormy deep—the troubled air;
Graſps the wing'd lightning, and expands the glare!
Behold the Sovereign of the unbounded ſkies
(While proſtrate earth beneath his foot-ſtool lies)
With arm outſtretch'd o'er ocean's utmoſt wave,
The deep rock ſhatter'd, and the mountain-cave,
Firm roots his golden throne, tho' rent the poles,
And, daſhing at its baſe, creation rolls!

All this is truly ſublime; and 'tis in the manner of the *Hymns* of Orpheus; though (as we have already hinted) the *Fragments* muſt be more pleaſing to people in general, who, unintereſted in mythological invocation and deſcription, may yet be ſtruck with a delightful awe by theſe myſterious leſſons, inculcating the doctrines of the One true God.

We cannot conclude this article without obſerving, that though Mr. Taylor may not be ranked very high as a poetical tranſlator, he may be placed in no inferior ſtation among the proficients in abſtruſer literature.

* Quære, Is this the meaning of the original? The paſſage, it muſt be confeſſed, is very obſcure.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. By Sir John Hawkins, Knt. 8vo, 7s. 6d. Buckland.

(*Continued from Vol.* XI. *page* 323.)

IT is not many years ago since that aged and patriotic divine Dr. Wilson, in his *then* enthusiastic regard and veneration for Mrs. Macaulay, had that patriotic lady seated on a throne and crowned with laurel, amid a brilliant company, who in their turns presented her with sprigs of bays, and copies of adulatory verses. This foolery, at which all present, except the Lady and the Doctor, were *laughing in their sleeves*, is borrowed from Italy, where at the revival of learning different Popes encouraged the coronation of poets. But till informed by Sir John Hawkins, we did not suspect that the grave and *important* Dr. Johnson had been the author and conductor of a frolic of this kind. The paragraph in Sir John is a very master-piece of gossiping, and is a real curiosity; we therefore beg leave to give it in his own words. Having already described the Club instituted by Johnson, to divert his melancholy, as Sir John will have it, our Knight thus relates the coronation of Mrs. Lenox:—"One evening "at the Club, Johnson proposed to us the "celebrating the birth of Mrs. Lenox's "first literary child, as he called her "book, (*the Life of Harriot Stuart*) "by a whole night spent in festivity. "Upon his mentioning it to me, I told "him I had never sat up a whole night "in my life-time; but he continuing to "press me, and saying that I should find "great delight in it, I, as did all the rest "of our company, consented. The place "appointed was the Devil Tavern; and "there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. "Lenox and her husband, and a Lady of "her acquaintance now living, as also "the Club, and friends to the number of "near twenty, assembled. Our supper was "elegant, and Johnson desired that a mag-"nificent hot apple-pye should make a "part of it; and this he would have stuck "with bay-leaves, because, forsooth, "Mrs. Lenox was an authoress, and had "written verses; and further he had "prepared for her a crown of laurel, "with which, but not till he had invoked "the muses by some ceremonies of his "own invention, he encircled her brows. "The night passed, as must be imagined, "in pleasant conversation and harmless "mirth, intermingled at different periods "with the refreshments of coffee and tea. "About five, Johnson's face shone with "meridian splendor, though his drink "had been only lemonade; but the far "greater part of us had deserted the co-"lours of Bacchus, and were with diffi-"culty rallied to partake of a second re-"freshment of coffee, which was scarcely "ended when the day began to dawn. "This phenomenon began to put us in "mind of our reckoning; but the waiters "were all so overcome with sleep, that it "was two hours before we could get a "bill; and it was not till near eight that "the creaking of the street-door gave the "signal for our departure.

"My mirth had been considerably "abated by a severe fit of the tooth-ach, "which had troubled me the greater part "of the night, and which Bathurst endea-"voured to alleviate by all the topical re-"medies and palliatives he could think "of; and I well remember, at the instant "of my going out of the tavern-door, the "sensation of shame that affected me, "occasioned not by reflection on any "thing evil that had passed in the course "of the night's entertainment, but on "the resemblance it bore to a debauch. "However, a few turns in the Temple, "and a breakfast at a neighbouring "Coffee-house, enabled me to overcome "it."

We have given the above citation at length, both on account of the frolic it relates, which we should not have expected from the important gravity of a Johnson, and that our readers may be able to judge for themselves of the style and manner of Sir John Hawkins. Other periodical publications have already remarked the extreme silliness and absurd self-importance of Sir John, in obtruding on the public a dull tale of his tooth-ach; his sensation of shame on being at an entertainment that was *like* a debauch; and his turns in the Temple, and breakfast at a Coffee-house, which set him to rights again: As these, we say, have been already remarked on by others, we forbear adding any thing, farther than that Sir John must have a strange cast of understanding, if he thought his tooth-ach, and his breakfasting at a Coffee-house, could be any way interesting to his reader. And if not interesting, why obtrude such wretched *gossiping* on the public?

The

The intelligent reader will perceive that the ſtyle is the very diction of dulneſs and inſipidity. Alas, poor Johnſon! into the hands of what Biographers haſt thou fallen!

It is certain that Johnſon always ſpoke of his deceaſed wife with the deepeſt affection, and his concern for her future ſtate, his Prayers and Meditations evince in a very uncommon degree. But Sir John takes it upon him to tell us, that he was "often inclined to think, that if this "fondneſs for his wife was not diſſembled, it was a leſſon he had learned by "rote; and that when he practiſed it, he "knew not where to ſtop till he became "ridiculous." What reader of delicacy or feeling but muſt be ſcandalized at the impertinence and even brutality of the above remark? The reaſons on which Sir John would ſupport his moſt uncharitable and coarſe cenſure are theſe: "Their mar-"riage was not one of thoſe which incon-"ſiderate young people call love-match-"es." It is a fact almoſt univerſally known, that *inconſiderate love-matches* generally turn out moſt miſerably. That affection which is founded upon no eſteem, but has merely for its ſource the giddy inconſiderate paſſion of boys and girls, is ſure to vaniſh in a very few years. But the ſincerity of Johnſon's affection for his deceaſed wife muſt be doubted, becauſe his was NOT an *inconſiderate love-match!* A ſtrange ſpecimen of logic indeed! Nor are the following much better: "She was more than old enough to "be his mother; their union was pro-"ductive of no children; her inattention "to ſome, at leaſt, of the duties of a "wife were evident in the perſon of her "huſband, whoſe negligence of dreſs "ſeemed never to have received the leaſt "correction from her; and who in the "ſordidneſs of his apparel, and the com-"plexion of his linnen, even ſhamed her." All this in his wife's time *might* have been true; but it would be injuſtice in the writer of this article not to ſay, who was acquainted with Johnſon the laſt ſixteen years of his life, and was often in his company, that his appearance when he dined from home, had always much of that neatneſs and decency which we generally find in a ſubſtantial Quaker. It is alſo a ſtrange argument, that becauſe a man *will* be a ſlo-ven, he cannot have a real affection for his wife. Our ſagacious Knight proceeds with his reaſons: "Proofs are wanting, "ſays he, that Johnſon was at any period "of his life ſuſceptible of amorous emo-"tions." This is taking for granted, with a vengeance, what no man can know; and true it is that thoſe who moſt pretend to *amorous emotions*, as Sir John *delicately words* it, have often the leaſt of that which is real and genuine. But Sir John has ſtill more reaſons. Though Johnſon has "celebrated her perſon in the "word *formoſa*," he was too blind to have been a witneſs of her beauty; and Garrick, Hawkeſworth, and others, told him, "that there was ſomewhat crazy in "the behaviour of them both; profound "reſpect on his part," (a pretty reaſon indeed, to prove that his affection was diſſembled, or that he was crazy!) "and "the airs of an antiquated beauty on "her's." And that the reader might not be at a loſs to account for this *profound reſpect*, Sir John tells us that Johnſon thought it "neceſſary, that he ſhould "practiſe his beſt manners to one whom, "as ſhe was deſcended from an ancient "family, and had brought him a fortune, "he thought his ſuperior." This is another of Sir John's pretty proofs of a huſband's crazineſs! But, in a word, we do not believe there is an inſtance in the Engliſh language of more futile arguments brought in ſupport of that moſt infamous preſumption, that Johnſon's affection for the memory of his deceaſed wife was hypocriſy, affectation, and at laſt ſelf-deluſion. Nor can there be groſſer ignorance of human nature than to aſſert, that becauſe Johnſon was an incorrigible ſlo-ven in his dreſs; becauſe he was too blind to ſee his wife's beauty (though, as a brother Critic has obſerved, he certainly had been near enough to her); that becauſe ſhe was almoſt old enough to be his mother; and that becauſe Garrick and Hawkeſworth and others told our author that there was ſomewhat crazy in the behaviour of them both; the affection of Johnſon muſt therefore have been affected and diſſembled. A very ſmall knowledge of human nature will convince us, and daily obſervation will tell us, that one man's affection is not governed or formed by another man's taſte or opinion. How can he or ſhe love ſuch a one, are daily exclamations; but the love or affection of the party who is the ſubject of the wonder, remains undiminiſhed by the opinion of impertinent meddlers. The truth is, affection is an emotion of the ſoul, independent of cold reaſoning, and in a great degree independent of our own wills or choice. Beauty, harſhneſs of features, and even deformity, loſe their firſt effect by long familiarity; and there is a nameleſs ſomething in the look, the voice, the manner

manner and way of a perſon that will overcome and cover every defect ſeen by others, and lay faſt hold on the affections of a particular individual. This caprice, or name it as you will, is human nature; and the man who ſtudies life, ſees it before him every day. Fixing our thoughts therefore on theſe truths, how groſs, fallacious, and impertinent, muſt the ſurmiſes and reflections of Sir John Hawkins appear to the liberal-minded philoſopher; and how ſcandalous in the eyes of the *real* friends and admirers of the genuine worth of the much-injured Johnſon, muſt that temper of ſoul and heart diſplay itſelf;—that temper, which, not contented with placing every foible and conſtitutional weakneſs in the broadeſt light, muſt alſo indulge itſelf in the moſt ungenerous ſuppoſitions, and upbraid as hypocritical diſſimulation, thoſe workings of the heart which are tied to no rule, which are nature in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, and never to be meaſured by the ſtandard of the opinions, taſte, or feelings of another perſon. According to Sir John's miſerable logic,—what marriage can poſſibly eſcape cenſure and ridicule? But we now take leave of this execrable and treacherous part of our Knight's moſt unfriendly and unphiloſophical reveries, and illiberal and unfounded ſuppoſitions.

Our author next enters into a diſplay of Johnſon's natural infirmities. "By the unhappineſs of his bodily conſtitution," ſays Sir John, "and the defect of his organs of ſenſe, he was rendered unſuſceptible of almoſt all thoſe delights which we term pleaſures of the imagination." But this unbluſhing aſſertion, from our own knowledge of Johnſon, we deny. Who but an idiot could ſuppoſe that the author of Raſſelas, and the many allegorical tales in the eaſtern manner which are ſcattered through his works, and are the genuine effuſions of a moſt luxuriant fancy, was incapable of the pleaſures of imagination? or that becauſe his ſight was defective, that he could not ſee "the various delightful proſpects which the face of nature affords, the beautiful and the grand," the mind of Johnſon was therefore, as our Knight roundly aſſerts it, "preſented with an univerſal blank."—This is too contemptible to deſerve refutation or remark. Yet we muſt follow Sir John a little farther. "This melancholy truth," ſays he, (viz. Johnſon's unſuſceptibility of the pleaſures of the imagination) "I ſhall attempt to illuſtrate by the following obſervations." Theſe are, that "he was near-ſighted," that "diſeaſe had "deprived him of the uſe of one eye;" that "to him a ſtatue was an unſhapen maſs, and a ſumptuous edifice a quarry of ſtone.—Of the beauties of painting he had not the leaſt conception.——To the delights of muſic he was equally inſenſible: neither voice nor inſtrument, nor the harmony of concordant ſounds, had power over his affections, or even to engage his attention."—Such are the wonderful proofs, that Johnſon was incapable of the pleaſures of the imagination, and that his undeniably great and vigorous mind preſented him "with an univerſal blank. —But our miſerable logician ſufficiently refutes himſelf. Muſic, he ſays, could not engage his attention. His attention therefore muſt have been engaged by the pleaſure of his own thoughts or reveries, *alias* imagination; for we cannot ſuppoſe that the *waking* mind of Johnſon was ever loſt in unthinking ſtupor or *blank* idiotiſm. And this our Knight inadvertently, and to the deſtruction of his hypotheſis, confirms. "Of muſic in general," ſays Sir John, "he has been heard to "ſay, *it excites in my mind no ideas*, "*and hinders me from* contemplating "*my own*."—So the Doctor was ſuſceptible of the pleaſures of contemplation, but not of the imagination! Alas, Sir John!

We have now the hiſtory of Mrs. Williams, the blind lady whoſe converſation beguiled and ſoothed many of his melancholy hours. By the produce of a benefit play given her by Garrick, and the profits of a quarto volume of Miſcellanies in proſe and verſe, publiſhed by ſubſcription, ſhe acquired three hundred pounds; which "little fund," ſays Sir John, "being prudently inveſted, yielded an "income, that under ſuch protection as "ſhe experienced from Doctor Johnſon, "was ſufficient for her ſupport."

Mrs. Williams was poſſeſſed of uncommon endowments; was ſkilled in the French and Italian languages; and had made conſiderable advances in literature before ſhe had the misfortune to loſe her ſight; which, ſays Sir John, "made but "a ſmall abatement of her cheerfulneſs, "and was ſcarce any interruption of her "ſtudies."—For at proper hours ſhe always had ſome one to read to her. And here we cannot paſs over our Knight's perverſeneſs. A deficiency of ſight "preſented Johnſon's mind with an univerſal blank;——but total loſs of ſight had no ſuch effect on that of Mrs. Williams! And indeed our Knight has

been ſomehow inclined to do her juſtice. Johnſon's wife, ſays Sir John, "a ſhort "time before her death, had conſigned "to his care a friend of her own ſex, a "perſon of very extraordinary endow-"ments." This lady was then afflicted with a cataract in her eyes;—was a conſtant companion of Johnſon's wife, after whoſe deceaſe ſhe was adviſed to try what could be done for her by the hand of an operating Surgeon; and "for the con-"venience of performing the intended "operation, Johnſon took her home, "and upon the failure of that, kept her "as the partner of his dwelling, till he "removed into chambers, firſt in Gray's "Inn, and next in the Temple. After-"wards, in 1766, upon taking a houſe "in Johnſon's Court in Fleet-ſtreet, he "invited her thither, and in that, and "his laſt houſe in Bolt-Court, ſhe ſuc-"ceſſively dwelt for the remainder of her "life."

"She was a woman," ſays Sir John, "of an enlightened underſtanding; plain, "as the women call it, in her perſon, "and eaſily provoked to anger; but poſ-"ſeſſing nevertheleſs ſome excellent mo-"ral qualities, among which no one "was more conſpicuous than her de-"ſire to promote the welfare and happi-"neſs of others: and of this ſhe gave a "ſignal proof, by her ſolicitude in fa-"vour of an inſtitution for the mainte-"nance and education of poor deſerted "females in the pariſh of St. Sepulchre." —"To this inſtitution ſhe bequeathed "her little fund abovementioned.—To "the endowments and qualities here "aſcribed to her may be added a larger "ſhare of experimental prudence than is "the lot of moſt of her ſex. Johnſon, "in many exigencies, found her an able "counſellor, and ſeldom ſhewed his "wiſdom more than when he hearkened "to her advice. In return, ſhe received "from his converſation the advantages "of religious and moral improvement, "which ſhe cultivated ſo, as in a great "meaſure to ſmooth the conſtitutional aſ-"perity of her temper. When theſe "particulars are known, this intimacy, "which began with compaſſion, and ter-"minated in a friendſhip that ſubſiſted "till death diſſolved it, will be eaſily ac-"counted for."

No one of the many hiſtories of Johnſon's acquaintances, and *no acquaintances*, with which Sir John has moſt enormouſly ſwelled out his book, is more properly a part of the Hiſtory of Johnſon's Life than the Anecdotes of this ſenſible, learned, and virtuous woman, who was long a member of his family. Her converſation, we ſpeak from knowledge, was ingenious without oſtentation, and accompliſhed in polite literature without affectation or pedantry, thoſe weakneſſes by which our female *literati* often render themſelves tireſome and diſagreeable. In a word, it was ſuited to the mind of a Johnſon, whoſe greateſt comfort, as Sir John often tells us, was rational converſation; and his humanity was gratified by the reflection, that his circumſtances at laſt enabled him to alleviate the diſtreſſes of blindneſs, and to retain under his roof one whoſe company he eſteemed for her moral and literary accompliſhments, and who, without ſuch a friend as he proved, muſt have been greatly diſtreſſed.

Sir John now proceeds to an account of the Doctor's negro-ſervant; but as he reſumes this ſubject near the concluſion of his book, we reſerve our remarks on it till nearer ours. After the negro-ſervant Mr. Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, is introduced. This perſon, who, ſays Sir John, "affected to be the "character of a patron of learned and "ingenious men," offered his friendſhip to Johnſon, who declined his acquaintance; and no wonder, if his adherents were ſuch as Sir John deſcribes them, men without principle or probity, and who delighted in profanity. On Paul Whitehead he is particularly ſevere; accuſing him of ſwearing and profanity. In the group of Doddington's adherents we find Hogarth, Ware the architect, Geo. Lambert and Hayman the painters, and Havard the player; men who, according to Sir John, "had ſpent all their lives in "and about Covent-Garden, and looked "upon it as the ſchool of manners, and an "epitome of the world." Sir John, who takes every opportunity to expoſe Dr. Johnſon's want of prudence, owns that it was an act of great prudence in him to decline Mr. Doddington's friendſhip, on account of the perſons which it was likely to introduce him to. But we now come to an important period of Johnſon's Life, the Hiſtory of his Dictionary, and the circumſtances that attended it.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

The Lounger: A Periodical Paper, publiſhed at Edinburgh in the Years 1785 and 1786. 3 Vols. 12mo. 9s. Cadell, London; Creech, Edinburgh.

IN literature, as in all the other purſuits of man, there is a certain *faſhionable* fluctuation, which, to a contemplative mind, cannot but appear to the full as abſurd as in itſelf, philoſophically conſidered, it is inevitable.

Thus,

Thus, at the beginning of the preſent century—the Auguſtan æra of claſſical genius in this country, as ſtill with an emphatic pride we are apt fondly to ſtyle it—no perſon who wiſhed to be thought profeſſed of either taſte or breeding, could ſit down to breakfaſt without having the Tatler, the Spectator, or the Guardian of the morning before him; and at the coffee-houſe in the evening, the queſtion was not, "What is the *news* of the day?" but, "How do you like the laſt *Lucubration* of Iſaac Bickerſtaff?" or (when thoſe Lucubrations ceaſed) "What do you think of the laſt Anecdote of Sir Roger de Coverley?"—If on topics like theſe even a *lounger* over his tea or coffee was not prepared to give a *ſmart* reply, though it might not be altogether a *ſatisfactory* one, in no leſs contempt would he have been held then than at preſent he would be, if, joining in a circle of *Quidnuncs*, he could not gravely expatiate on the contents of a newly-arrived Dutch mail, and, with more gravity ſtill, predict from thoſe contents the conſequences that muſt unavoidably follow, to the total deſtruction—Heaven protect us!——*the total deſtruction of the political balance of Europe.*

In effuſions of wit and fancy, however, and even in diſcuſſions of a moral and philoſophical nature, England, far from having degenerated, ſeems ſtill to maintain that pre-eminence which heretofore ſhe attained, through the exertions of an Addiſon and a Steele—a Swift and an Arbuthnot, &c.——In the mode of communicating them, however, eſſentially has ſhe varied. The rage for politics is now ſuffered to carry every thing before it. Literary objects form, as it were, but the back-ground of the picture of the times; and with reſpect to the diurnal delineations of living men and manners, we muſt either remain in a ſtate of ignorance, or be at the trouble of exploring the columns of a heterogeneous, and perhaps proſtituted news-paper;——a ſpecies of publication which has long ſince become the vortex of every ſubject, laudable or illaudable, that can poſſibly intereſt the feelings or command the attention of mankind.

In London, ſince Johnſon produced his Idler, we hardly recollect a periodical Eſſayiſt of the *Addiſonian School* who has ſurvived, or who indeed has deſerved to ſurvive, the day of his exiſtence; and even *he*, with all the powers of a literary Coloſſus, could not, at the firſt appearance of that paper, command the public attention to it, without ſtooping to mingle his own ſterling ore with the droſs of a common political print.

For ſeveral years before that period, whether from a poverty of genius in authors, or—what is more probable—a want of encouragement in their Mecænaſes, the bookſellers, moral wit and humour (*unſpiced* with the altercations of political *Outs* and *Ins*, and thoſe of their reſpective partizans) had ceaſed to poſſeſs charms ſufficient to attract either of them *per ſe* any degree of general notice; inſomuch, that even of the Rambler (the firſt, and by much the beſt periodical work of Johnſon) the number ſold on each day, if we may believe Sir John Hawkins, *hardly amounted to ſeve hundred.*

That *faſhion* of literary publication, however, which England ſeems ſo long to have rejected, Scotland (now, it would appear, arrived at the Auguſtan æra of *her* literature) has, for ſome years, ſucceſsfully adopted; and to Mr. Mackenzie (author of thoſe admired novels—The Man of Feeling, The Man of the World, &c.) with the aſſiſtance, it appears, of the ſame gentlemen who were his colleagues in the "Mirror," we are now, under the title of the "Lounger *," indebted for an aſſemblage of papers conducted on the ſame principle as the preceding ones from the ſame quarter, but penned with more elegance, more *acumen*, and more of that enlarged knowledge of the follies and foibles of human nature, which can never be illuſtrated with accuracy but by men, who (truſting not to mere *book information*) poſſeſs opportunities of mixing even as *Loungers* in the various ſcenes of buſy life, with talents to give to ſuch ſcenes animation, whether with the pen or the pencil.

* It is a circumſtance unknown, perhaps, even to the authors of the Mirror and Lounger, that about ſixty years ago a paper ſimilar to their own was publiſhed at Edinburgh, under the title of *The Revour*. Some years ago, we ſaw two or three numbers of it, which, in our opinion, exhibited, even at that period, a very favourable picture of Caledonian wit and humour; the only branches of literature in which our brethren of the North have hitherto been ſuppoſed deficient.——*The Révour* was printed in the form of a ſmall folio or quarto, we recollect not diſtinctly which; and the late Reverend Doctor Wallace of Edinburgh (a gentleman well known in the republic of letters) was, according to our information, one of the principal authors of it.—As a literary curioſity, we have repeatedly, but in vain, endeavoured to obtain a copy of it. This hint we ſuggeſt, merely that gentlemen poſſeſſed of more favourable opportunities than ourſelves may be induced to enquire for *The Révour*. Among the *virtuoſi* of the *Belles Lettres*, it could not fail to have admirers even now.

Obſervations on the Landed Revenues of the Crown. 4to. Debrett.

FOR theſe judicious obſervations the public is indebted to the diligence and public ſpirit of the Honourable Mr. St. John, whoſe ſituation as Surveyor-General of the Crown Lands, has given him opportunities of information to which ordinary men are precluded acceſs; and he has availed himſelf of them with ſingular judgment, through the whole of his work. He gives very ſufficient proof of his ability as an Hiſtorian, an Antiquarian, and a Lawyer. His motives for undertaking it are beſt explained in his own words: "Hitherto a peculiar ignorance ſeems to have prevailed, reſpecting the nature of the Crown Lands. Some perſons conceive the object to be more conſiderable, and others think it leſs ſo, than it really is. While ſome are flattering themſelves with the deluſive hopes of great relief from national burdens, by the ſale of the Crown Lands; others as ignorantly ſuppoſe that they are ſo totally and irretrievably alienated, that the remaining intereſt is too inſignificant to deſerve any attention. If the following obſervations ſhall at all contribute to the ſervice of the public, by throwing any light on objects which have not as yet been brought into one point of view; the author will attain his ſole purpoſe, and will contentedly ſubmit to the cenſure which he may deſerve for the many defects in the execution of this attempt."

Mr. St. John has arranged his materials under five different heads: Of the origin and ſources of the Landed Revenue of England; of the various acceſſions and alienations to and from this Revenue; of its preſent ſtate; of its management; and, laſtly, of different projects for its improvement.

By the Landed Revenue, we do not at preſent underſtand that the exigencies of the ſtate are to be anſwered by rents of lands appropriated to that purpoſe. Whatever might have been, as ſuch certainly was the proceſs in the earlier periods of our hiſtory, it has by the change of manners, and a thouſand concurring circumſtances, become now impoſſible. If therefore Government is to be ſupplied from lands allotted to the public ſervice, it muſt be by one of two ways, according to Sir W. Petty; "either by cutting out and appropriating as much land in ſpecie as would by the rack rent be ſufficient, or elſe by *exciſing* a proper part of the rent of the whole, and applying it to the uſe of Government;" of which ways he prefers the latter: but Mr. St. John very juſtly obſerves, that if he means that the *exciſed* rent ſhould be at firſt ample and ſufficient for Government, although what he ſays be true and incontrovertible, yet in practice it would be found impoſſible to proportion the revenue of the country ſo to its wants as to guard againſt contingent exigencies; and if he means it would be advantageous to any country to receive its revenue by taking a certain ſhare of the rents, it is evident that ſuch a mode, from the expence and trouble of collection, would be utterly impracticable.

In examining the antient Landed Revenue of the Crown, Mr. St. John very properly takes up the ſubject at the great diſtribution of property by William the Conqueror. Without pretending to determine a point on which our firſt legal Antiquaries have differed, whether feuds did or did not exiſt before the Conqueſt, he aſſumes it as ſufficient, that all the land in the kingdom was in William's reign determined to be held mediately or immediately from the King, who was *de jure* proprietor of every acre in the kingdom, though he did not, *de facto*, take actual poſſeſſion. Of the land of England, it is known that William made diſtribution into 60,000 feoda, or knights fees, which were divided amongſt his adherents; but by this diſtribution it is not to be underſtood that the whole landed property was changed, as it is highly probable that no Engliſhman was diſpoſſeſſed, unleſs he had been a ſupporter of the late King Harold. It remains now to be ſeen of what lands William became actually poſſeſſed; which were, according to Lord Hale, "all the demeſne lands which appertained to the Crown in the time of Edward the Confeſſor, avoiding and rendering null all the grants made by Harold during his ſhort reign:" to determine which he made that noble ſurvey Domeſday Book, which contains a very accurate deſcription of all the lands of England, except the four northern counties, which were waſte. According to this ſurvey, the demeſne lands of the Crown were immenſe. According to Davenant, the King was poſſeſſed of 1442 manors or lordſhips, beſides lands and farms in Middleſex, Rutland, and Shropſhire; over and above quit rents from ſeveral manors, amounting in the whole to no leſs than 1061l. 10s. 1½d. per diem;

diem; an enormous ſum, conſidering the value of money in thoſe days. Theſe demeſnes were, according to Spelman, *ſacrum patrimonium*, an unalienable inheritance; not the demeſne of the King, but the demeſne of the Crown; and from which he was to maintain only his houſehold and kingly dignity; the landholders being by their tenures obliged, at their own expence, to attend him in the field, with horſe, harneſs, and other knightly habiliments; as well for defence of the realm, as for expeditions againſt the enemy. But the King's own proper tenants were excuſed from this:—they were ſolely dedicated to huſbandry, and the cultivation of the ſoil deſtined for the King's ſupport; at firſt merely as his agricultural ſervants, but afterwards their ſervices becoming determinate and their rents fixed; what the law calls *Villein Socmen*. Theſe rents were paid originally in kind, and ſo continued till the reign of Henry the Firſt; when, according to Lord Lyttelton, the rents in kind were commuted for pecuniary payments, in conſequence of grievous complaints from the tenants, of the hardſhips they ſuffered in bringing victuals and neceſſaries for the King's houſhold, from their own dwellings to different parts of the kingdom. This pecuniary payment was aſſeſſed by the Juſtices itinerant in proportion to the value of the lands, and the neceſſities of the Crown, and was called Tallage; to which not only the antient demeſnes were ſubject, but alſo all eſcheats and wardſhips, and in ſhort *omnes terræ quæ erant in manu regis*. This mode however by tallage, was ſoon found to be oppreſſive and impolitic: oppreſſive, becauſe arbitrarily fixed by the King's Juſtices; and impolitic, becauſe it prevented the improvement of eſtates; the tallage riſing in proportion, perhaps above it, to the value of the land. The mode was therefore finally changed for a fixed annual pecuniary rent, payable into the Exchequer; and antient demeſne lands were no longer taxable by Parliament, but for the tenths and fifteenths of perſonal property.

The whole revenue of the Crown under our early Monarchs, was derived either mediately or immediately from land, and is arranged by Madox, in his Hiſtory of the Exchequer, under the following heads: 1ſt. The antient demeſnes of the Crown, of which we have juſt ſpoke: 2d. Eſcheats, or lands which reverted to the Crown for default of heirs: 3d. Feudal profits, or wardſhips, reliefs, marriages, &c.: 4th. The yearly farms of counties, towns, and boroughs: 5th. Fines and amercements, particularly for tranſgreſſions againſt the foreſt laws: 6th. Aids, ſcutages, tallages, and cuſtoms: 7th. Caſual profits of different kinds; as treaſure trove, waifs and eſtrays, wreck, goods of felons, fugitives and outlaws. Of theſe it is evident the principal part reſults from land, but the preciſe value of them it is now from the lapſe of time utterly impoſſible to diſcover.

Beſides the royal demeſnes, there have been at all times frequent acceſſions to the landed property of the Crown: Some temporary; as the great article of the revenues of vacant Biſhoprics, and ſuch Monaſteries as were of royal foundation, which were during the vacancy in the hands of the King. This right was frequently much abuſed by the Crown, and the complaints on the ſubject are frequent and notorious. Wardſhip was another temporary acceſſion, the King being hereditary guardian of ſuch children of his tenants as were minors at the time of their fathers death; an immenſe power, particularly in the caſe of female orphans, and, as Lord Lyttelton well obſerves, greater and more dangerous to the public than any the Crown poſſeſſes now; as there certainly could not be a more irreſiſtible bribe to avarice, ambition, or love, than the hand of a rich, a noble, or a beautiful heireſs; which the King, as feudal Lord, was often able to grant. Another ſource from which lands were added to the Crown, was the King's prerogative as Lord of the Sea, and his conſequent right to the *maritima incrementa*; which are of three kinds: iſlands which riſe ſuddenly in the ſea, lands gained from it by ſudden alluvion, and lands gained from it by dereliction. So lately as the year 1667, a grant was made by the Crown of land in the Humber which was overflowed by every ſpring tide, but which has been ſo ſucceſsfully improved, as to produce at preſent a rent of 900l. per annum. A ſimilar circumſtance happened in 1664. Both theſe eſtates are held by leaſe from the Crown. Another ſource of revenue ariſing from land, is the King's right to all mines royal, or gold and ſilver mines; and, laſtly, the Crown may receive acceſſions to its landed property, by the ordinary method of conveyance or purchaſe, as between ſubject and ſubject. Such are the principal modes of acceſſion of landed property to the Crown.

After this account, Mr. St. John proceeds to give a general view hiſtorically, it being impoſſible to ſtate a particular one, of the different acceſſions and

and diminutions of the landed property of the Crown, under our reſpective Monarchs, from William the Conqueror downwards. For this he very candidly acknowledges his obligations to Davenant, who appears to have taken uncommon pains on the ſubject. The King has always had a right, though ſometimes conteſted, of alienating the Royal demeſnes; which alienation, they being his ſole ſupport, reduced him to apply to his people for aids. The people were by a ſhort-ſighted policy ever enemies to alienation in the King; not foreſeeing that unleſs ſuch power were admitted, by eſcheats, forfeitures, &c. in time the King muſt become abſolute Lord, and actual poſſeſſior of all the lands in the kingdom. An act of reſumption was always therefore a popular meaſure, and oftentimes extorted from the Monarch by force. Time has however opened the people's eyes to their true intereſts, and nothing can now be more unpopular than the idea of reſumption. In every reign from the Conqueror to Richard I. there were reſumptions. In the reigns of John, and Henry III. his ſon, there were none; and in conſequence, by the prodigal grants of the Crown, the King was almoſt beggared, ſo as that Henry complained he could not pay his baker; on which the Barons at once reſumed for the Crown all grants to foreigners, which, together with their own ſubſequent forfeitures, on their defeat at Eveſham, conſiderably retrieved the royal property; ſo that no reſumption took place under Edward I. Once indeed he attempted, under colour of law, to enquire into the titles of ſeveral of his Barons; but was ſoon ſtopped by Earl Warren, who nobly drew his ſword and told the Judges, "This is my title, and with this I will defend it." The King had magnanimity and wiſdom enough to deſiſt from the attempt. The prodigality of Edward II. again reducing the Crown to poverty, the Parliament ſtripped Gaveſton, the King's favourite, of immenſe grants which he had made him, and paſſed a law, that the crown lands ſhould not be alienated: but this law was ſoon repealed, and a freſh torrent of profuſion broke out in favour of the Spencers, which terminated at length in the death of the King; not however before the forfeitures of the Earl of Lancaſter and his adherents had in ſome degree reſtored the royal revenues. In the glorious and long reign of Edward III. there was neither grant nor reſumption; but his ſucceſſor Richard II. trod exactly in the ſteps of Edward II. which led him to the ſame unhappy fate. The conduct of Scrope, then Chancellor, deſerves to be recorded; who boldly and honeſtly refuſed to ſet the ſeal to the royal grants, nor would ſurrender it to any but the King's own hand; who accordingly came in perſon, and deprived him of his office. In the reign of Henry IV. whoſe weak title obliged him to ſtudy popularity, there were ſeveral reſumptions. Henry V. made no reſumption, but bullied the clergy out of all the alien priories, being in number one hundred and ten, which very much increaſed his revenues. In the reign of Henry VI. there were obtained by the people ſeveral large reſumptions; in Edward IV.'s reign, one, originating with himſelf; in Richard III.'s none, he having made no grants. Under Henry VII. every poſſible mode was tried, ſucceſsfully, to increaſe the wealth of the crown, landed and otherwiſe; ſo that, according to Lord Bacon, he died worth 1,800,000l. but according to Sir Robert Cotton, 4,500,000l. beſides plate and rich attire. This immenſe wealth was ſoon diſſipated by Henry VIII. but in return, the Crown obtained under him the greateſt acceſſion of property that had ever been known. By the ſuppreſſion of ſix hundred and forty-five monaſteries, ninety colleges, two thouſand three hundred and ſeventy-four chantries and free chapels, and one hundred and ten hoſpitals, he obtained, according to Rapin, a yearly revenue of 161,000l. ſterling; but as the abbots and priors took fines on granting leaſes, and ſo let the lands at a rent below the value, it has been computed that the real acceſſion to the Crown was not leſs than 1,600,000l. per annum; which at twenty years purchaſe would make no leſs a ſum than 32,000,000l. Yet notwithſtanding this immenſe acceſſion Henry died neceſſitous. How he could have ſquandered it is not eaſy to ſay. Great ſums, according to Davenant, were ſpent on fortifying the ports in the Channel; much in ſupporting his conſequence in Europe; much in large and numerous grants to the nobility; much in erecting new Biſhoprics. During the reigns of Edward VI. Mary and Elizabeth, no remarkable change took place in the landed revenue; which in the reign of James I. on an actual ſurvey, amounted to but 66,870l. 3s. 1d. whereas at the time of William the Conqueror's ſurvey, the annual revenue, drawn principally from the Crown lands, was 387,442l. 13s. 7½d.

an enormous diſproportion, eſpecially when the relative value of money is taken into the account. During the reign of James, crown lands were diſpoſed of to the amount of 775,000l. and his debts were computed at 700,000l. His ſon and ſucceſſor Charles I. was by his neceſſities compelled to a ſtill further dilapidation of the Royal revenues; ſo as that in 1626, a commiſſion was iſſued to the Lord Treaſurer and others, to ſell all or any part of the land revenue except the Dutchy of Cornwall; in conſequence of which, very conſiderable quantities of land were granted away, until at length, after the King's decapitation, the Parliament gave the *coup de grace* to the expiring landed revenue, by voting a ſale of the crown lands to the amount of 600,000l. in order to pay their army. At the Reſtoration, Parliament endeavoured by ſeveral votes to reſtore the property thus alienated to the Crown; but a very great part of it was irrecoverably gone, being partly ſold for *bona fide* valuable conſiderations, partly concealed and connived at, and partly granted away to thoſe who had been inſtrumental in bringing back the King. At this time, by a commutation for 100,000l. per ann. of Exciſe duties, the Crown loſt the court of Wards and Liveries, which was one branch of the antient land revenue.

Upon an enquiry by a committee of the Houſe of Commons, immediately on the Reſtoration, 1660, the annual land revenue was 221,000l. Three years after, on a ſimilar enquiry, it had fallen to 100,000l. So rapid a declenſion alarmed the Commons; and they, in conſequence, addreſſed the King to grant no leaſe for more than three lives, or thirty-one years; and a bill was ordered to be brought in to avoid all grants ſince 1660, except thoſe to the Duke of Albemarle and Earl of Sandwich. But theſe regulations took no effect, and the prodigality of Charles continued unbounded; ſo that at length an act was paſſed, under which he ſold at once almoſt the whole of the fee farm rents of the Crown. What the ſale produced cannot now be aſcertained. Under William III. the remnant of the landed revenue became again the ſubject of the diſcuſſion of Parliament, alarmed by his profuſe grants, particularly to the Earl of Portland. The King had granted him nearly four-fifths of Denbighſhire, at a rent of 6s. 8d. but the grant was oppoſed with ſuch ſpirit by the gentlemen of Wales, and particularly by a Mr. Price, a Member of the Houſe of Commons, that the King found himſelf obliged to drop his intention. In the laſt year of his reign the Parliament again took up the ſubject of the land revenue; and on an accurate ſurvey the total preſent produce was found to be, after deducting the expence, only 4,840l. 17s. 6d. with a remote contingent increaſe of 10,598l. which *modicum* would, in all probability, have been granted away, had not Parliament put a ſtop to any further ſale of the Crown lands, by an act paſſed in the firſt year of Queen Ann's reign, commonly called the Civil Liſt Act; by which all grants of lands are avoided, being for a longer term than three lives or thirty-one years. Had ſuch an act been paſſed at the Reſtoration, the land revenue might now produce 500,000l. per ann. but the remedy was not applied till the diſeaſe became incurable. Had all ſubſequent forfeitures and eſcheats been included in this act, the land revenue might have recovered its ancient value and importance, but they were not; and in conſequence the forfeited eſtates in 1715 were ſold, amounting to 40,000l. per ann. together with other lands which have reverted to the Crown. Still, however, the beneficial effects of the Civil Liſt Act have appeared in the increaſing value of the ſmall remainder of the antient land revenue. In our next Number we ſhall abſtract Mr. St. John's account of the preſent ſtate, management, and probable means of improving it.

The Rural Economy of Norfolk: Compriſing the Management of Landed Eſtates, and the Preſent Practice of Huſbandry in that County. By Mr. Marſhall, (Author of Minutes of Agriculture, &c.) reſident upwards of two Years in Norfolk. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. Cadell.

(*Concluded from* Vol. XI. *page* 326)

HAVING in a former Number given a general view of Mr. Marſhall's plan, we ſhall now proceed to examine analytically, but with as much brevity as poſſible, in what manner, and with what ſucceſs, he has executed it.

Conſidering the county as a ſubject of "*rural economy*," our author thinks it aptly diviſible into Eaſt, Weſt, and South Norfolk. On the merits and properties of each of theſe diſtricts he briefly animadverts.

verts. To East-Norfolk, however, he gives the preference; insomuch, that, there alone, he says, "we are to look for that regular and long-established system of practice which has raised, deservedly, the name of Norfolk husbandmen." Thus prepossessed in favour of East-Norfolk, he particularly describes its *climature*—the *surface* of the district—its *rivers*—its *inland navigations*—its *roads*—its *inclosures*, &c.

Confining himself still to East-Norfolk, he next assigns reasons for the degeneracy of the yeomanry from their former independence and respectability, and for the consequent predominance of *copyhold* over *freehold* tenures.

These considerations lead our author to take a general view of the farms, and of the peculiarities of soil in the district immediately before him. In the latter, he observes, a singular uniformity prevails; namely, that there is not, perhaps, an acre in it which does not come under the idea of a SANDY LOAM, though varying widely in its quality, both as to texture and productiveness.

Among its "partial evils," Mr. Marshall particularly complains of the SCALDS*. These he represents to be as pernicious in Norfolk, as quick-sands and springy patches are in cold-soiled countries, and, what is worse, perhaps incurable; nor has he failed in assigning causes for them, which, as being grounded on reason, and confirmed by experience, appear to be undeniable.

In describing the different species of manure used in the county, our author discovers a degree of *chemical* knowledge, rarely possessed, or, if possessed, reduced to useful practice, by gentlemen of an agricultural turn.—"The grand fossil manure of Norfolk," he says, "is MARL; through whose fertilising quality, *judiciously applied*, lands, which seem by Nature to have been intended as a scanty maintenance for sheep and rabbits, are rendered capable of fattening bullocks of the largest size, and of finishing them in the highest manner."

Before he left Norfolk, he collected a variety of specimens of marls, clays, and soils of different parts of it. These, he tells us, with a still greater variety collected by him in other parts of the kingdom, he hopes (and, with no compliment to the author, but what is literally due to truth, we hope also) he will find leisure, at some future period, so to analyse as to draw some general inferences.

In the present publication, Mr. Marshall confines himself to the chalk-marl of Thorp-market, in the Hundred of North-Erpingham; the clay marl of Hemsby, in the Hundred of East-Flegg; the soft chalk of Thorp-next-Norwich, commonly called Norwich marl; and the hard chalk of Swaffham; of each of which he gives an analysis, with inferences from it, not less useful to the practical farmer than interesting to the speculative chemist. Nor are his remarks less valuable, though they are, of course, neither so diffuse nor so scientific, on the particular uses which the Norfolk husbandmen make of mould, lime, ashes, dung†, compost, teathe*,

* For an explanation of this term, we are indebted to a copious alphabetical list of PROVINCIALISMS annexed to the work; from which list we learn, that "SCALDS" mean in Norfolk "*patches* of land which are more liable to be *scorched*, *burned*, or SCALDED in a hot season, than the remainder of the piece they are situated in."

By no means, however, are all the provincialisms quoted by our author *peculiar* to Norfolk, though most of them may doubtless be, as he observes, "*pertaining* to the rural economy of it." Many of the number we know to be frequent in various other counties of England; nor are some of them uncommon even in the agricultural dialect of Scotland.

Be this as it may, the list alluded to may be considered as a curious, as well as useful glossary; and if the explanations of the words be correct, which none who know Mr. Marshall's accuracy in other respects can possibly doubt, they not only form an appendage to the work without which, to the generality of readers, various passages would have been involved in obscurity, but possess this farther merit (of which, at the time he was collecting and arranging them, the ingenious author was not himself, perhaps, aware) that they tend in no mean degree to ascertain the *primitive* and *simple* acceptation of many phrases that, to the utter disgrace of *learned commentatorship*, fill with perplexity, to this hour, many of the pages of our old poets and historians.

† The fact which Mr. Marshall relates concerning the muck produced from Yarmouth, will to many of our readers appear a novel peculiarity.—"Yarmouth," says he, "is in a manner surrounded by marshes and the sea; straw, of course, becomes there a dear article. This, and the vicinity of the sea-shore, has established a practice, which I believe has been in

teathe*, ſheepfold, ſoot, and other manures.

Having diſcuſſed theſe ſubjects, our author gives a ſlight ſketch of the general character of the farmers of Norfolk, whom, he ſays, he does not mean to hold out as a ſeparate order of men, but as men ſtrongly marked by a liberality of thinking, and in conſequence, by an openneſs in their manner and converſation, added to a certain *complacency* and *good breeding*; by which, as he archly deſires to be underſtood, he does not mean *complaiſance* or *politeneſs*. The lower claſs, however, he deſcribes as the ſame plain men that farmers in general are in every other country; living in a great meaſure with their ſervants; riſing early; breakfaſting early; and dining univerſally at twelve o'clock.

Of the workmen he ſays, that here, as in other places, they are diviſible into yearly ſervants and day-labourers. At the public hiring of yearly ſervants, he mentions an excellent cuſtom which ſubſiſts; namely, that "the High Conſtable of the Hundred in which a Statute is held, holds, at the ſame time and place, what is called a *Petty Seſſions*; at which the hiring and its attendant circumſtances are or may be regiſtered; *which regiſter becomes, in caſes of diſpute, either between maſter and ſervant, or between pariſh and pariſh, a uſeful record.*" In reſpect to day-labourers, he obſerves, "two remarkable circumſtances are united; namely, *hard work* and *low wages*." Theſe, however, are circumſtances which, far from being *remarkable*, are, we apprehend, common in many other counties; and if ſo unuſually prevalent in Norfolk, the greater ſeems to be the diſgrace of the maſter, the more unjuſtifiable the injury done to the ſervant, when (as our author immediately after obſerves) "there is an honeſty, I had almoſt," adds he, "ſaid an *honour* about the Norfolk farm-labourers, when working by the day, which I have not been able to diſcover in the day-labourers of any other county."

Having thus, with a freedom due to oppreſſed induſtry, expreſſed his ſentiments reſpecting the day-labourers, our author proceeds to take a view of "the beaſts of labour made uſe of in the Norfolk huſbandry." Of theſe, as he obſerves, horſes are the only ones; there not being, perhaps, one ox worked in the county. Of the paſt and preſent breeds of the farm-horſe, and of the particular methods obſerved in the "*keep*" of that moſt ſerviceable animal, as well as in the uſes to which he is put, we have a full and ſatisfactory account.

In deſcribing the implements belonging to the rural economy of the county, he begins with the waggons and carts; and to ſupply the general want of the latter in getting in harveſt (ſurpriſing enough, it will be acknowledged, when the *levelneſs* of the country is conſidered) he mentions a ſingular expedient of the farmers—that of forming a carriage from a common dung-cart and a pair of old waggon-ſhafts and fore-wheels, which, partaking both of a cart and a waggon, is called a *'maphrodite*; and which, in Mr. Marſhall's opinion, would be found extremely convenient in a *hilly country*, where carts are in a manner uſeleſs in harveſt. The implements noticed next by our author are, the plough, the roller, the ſnow-ſledge, &c. of all which he deſcribes the various conſtructions, properties, and uſes, with his uſual accuracy, and attention to ſuggeſt improvements, where improvements can poſſibly be admitted.

Of the taxes he likewiſe takes ſome notice, claſſing them under the ſeveral heads of land-tax, tithe, and poor's rate.

We now come to the ſecond grand diviſion of the ſubject before us, namely, "the general management of eſtates;" which, our author remarks, is in this diſtrict conducted on a plan not generally known, and ſeldom, if ever, executed in other parts of the kingdom; *where*," he adds, "*receiving twice a year, by a plain rent-roll, is frequently the* SUM OF MANAGEMENT."

After a deſcription of the old ſyſtem of management, which, with ſome few alterations, prevails to the preſent time, Mr. Marſhall proceeds to conſider, as he expreſſes it, "ſuch general matter only as neceſſarily occurs upon every leaſed

uſe time immemorial, of *littering* ſtables with ſea-ſand, inſtead of ſtraw. As the bed becomes ſoiled or wet, freſh ſand is ſcattered on, until the whole is in a degree ſaturated with dung and urine: the ſtall is then cleared, and a freſh bed of ſand laid in. *By this means muck of a quality ſingularly excellent is produced.*"

* A provincial term, ſignifying the dung, &c. of cattle.

eſtate."

eſtate." The variations in the duration of leaſes*, and in the amount of rents†, occupy accordingly his firſt attention. In ſpeaking of the covenants of leaſes, he ſays, they "are in Norfolk as in other diſtricts, various as leaſes themſelves;" nor does he omit to mention the important advantages accruing from an improvement that has lately taken place in the county, with reſpect to the *repairs* of buildings and fences; the tenant now covenanting to pay half the workmen's wages.

In farther diſcuſſing the ſubject of repairs, as connected with buildings merely, he ſays, the "*farmeries*" of Norfolk are, in general, large and convenient; many of them having been the reſidences of that yeomanry which he had before obſerved to be now nearly extinct. Of the "dwelling houſe" he ſays little more than that, in general, it is "commodious;" but the barns he deſcribes as "ſuperior to thoſe of every other county." He next ſets forth the peculiarities (and thoſe peculiarities ſeem, for the moſt part, to be improvements) that ſtruck him in the formation of the barn floors, the ſtables, the cow-houſes, the bullock-ſheds, the hog-ſtyes, the granaries, the waggon-ſheds, the rick-yards, the fold-yards, and the drinking-pits.

To theſe illuſtrations ſucceeds a deſcription of the building materials of the county; the principal of which (except in the buildings of a barn, which are generally of red brick) is an admirable white brick, that, except on a near view, has all the effect of a well-coloured ſtone; and ſo expert are the moulders of this excellent material, that cornices, and even columns, with their pedeſtals and capitals, are formed of it.

According to our author, however, this ſuperiority in brick-making is one of thoſe efforts of *neceſſity* which are frequently productive of excellency in invention ‡; there not being, generally ſpeaking, a *ſtone* in the county, excepting a few *flints*, and the *ſea-ſtone*, which, near the coaſt, is uſed inſtead of bricks; but which, from the cauſes aſſigned by Mr. Marſhall, is undeniably a dangerous material to build with in unſkilful hands.

The materials of the houſe-carpenter next occupy the attention of our author; as alſo the coverings or roofs, which are principally of *pan-tile*, or of *reed*. The latter, he ſays, is, at preſent, the favourite roof; and is of all others (good ſlate excepted) the moſt eligible for farm-buildings. After ſome pertinent and really important obſervations on the article of *reed* and *reed-roofs*, he conſiders the flooring-materials; deſcribes the method of making lime; and explains certain particularities that ſubſiſt between landlords and tenants reſpecting gates, dead fences, and even ſtiles, on which he had briefly touched before.

He then enters upon a more extenſive branch of his ſubject—that of live-hedges. Here, amidſt a variety of other particulars, the reſult of the author's perſonal obſervation, we are preſented with the Norfolk method of valuing hedge-wood, of treating old hedges, of planting and raiſing new hedges, of re-planting worn-out hedges, and of grubbing the borders of old hedges; together with a general idea of the principles on which the *incloſures* of the county are conducted.

On the ſubject of PLANTING, Mr. Marſhall is more conciſe in his remarks than we could have wiſhed; but for this brevity he candidly apologiſes, by obſerving, that his mind being ſufficiently employed on the ſubjects of *eſtate-agency* and *huſbandry*, he did not attempt, in Norfolk, to digeſt his ideas upon planting. Undigeſted, however, as he modeſtly repreſents thoſe ideas, they convey ſome

* In order to place the general management of a Norfolk eſtate in a clear and comprehenſive point of view, our author likewiſe preſents the "heads of a leaſe," according to the peculiar practice of the county; from which ſome uſeful hints may doubtleſs be derived by country landlords and tenants in general.

† Under this head, in alluding to the high rents that generally prevail, he pays the following compliment to the agricultural induſtry and ſkill of the county. "There are lands," obſerves Mr. Marſhall, "in the kingdom—I will venture to ſay within twenty miles of the metropolis—which let at eight ſhillings an acre, yet are, in their nature, equally fertile as thoſe of Norfolk, which let currently for ten to twelve ſhillings. Nothing can account for this but the ſuperiority of the Norfolk huſbandry, and the quick diſpatch which prevails in every department of the Norfolk ſyſtem of management."

‡ This remark is certainly likewiſe applicable, though not altogether in the ſame degree, perhaps, to Middleſex, and various other counties in England; yet it does not appear, that the art of brick-making has any where attained that perfection which Mr. Marſhall aſcribes to it in Norfolk.

hints

hints that may not be unworthy the attention of the proprietors of landed eſtates in Eaſt Norfolk; which it may be neceſſary to remind the reader, forms, through the whole of this work, the grand ſcene of our author's obſervations.

In treating of the general management of farms, he repreſents the principal objects of huſbandry in that diſtrict to be, bullocks, barley, and wheat; the other productions being in a great meaſure ſubordinate to theſe three; from which, chiefly, the farmer expects to pay his rent, and to ſupport his family.

After ſome other general obſervations, applicable to the diſtrict immediately before him, our author takes a general view of the prevailing method of *laying out farms* in Norfolk; of the *ſucceſſion of arable crops*, or courſe of cultivation in Eaſt-Norfolk; of the *ſoil-proceſs*, or Norfolk method of putting the ſoil into a proper ſtate of cultivation; of the *manure-proceſs*, or general application, and method of applying manures in Norfolk; of the *ſeed-proceſs*, or different modes of ſowing; of the *vegetating proceſs*, or ſummer-care, protection, and management of crops in general, from ſeed-time to harveſt; of the *harveſt-proceſs*—not the proceſs of harveſting any one particular crop, but the general buſineſs of harveſt; of the *farm-yard management*—not a detail of the barn-management, and conſumption of one ſeparate ſpecies of crop, nor the winter-treatment of any one particular ſpecies of live-ſtock; but a deſcription of ſuch general buſineſs of the barn and farm-yard as cannot with the ſmalleſt degree of propriety be given under any one ſpecies either of ſtock or crop.

From moſt of his remarks on theſe important topics (through which, were we to follow Mr. Marſhall minutely, we ſhould treſpaſs far beyond our uſual bounds) the ſuperiority of Norfolk in the practice of huſbandry ſtands confeſſed. Nor is the county leſs indebted to him for the handſome manner in which (though an object of rather inferior moment) he mentions the propriety of conduct generally to be remarked in the markets. In theſe one ſingular rule is obſerved, that they are never opened till three or four o'clock in the afternoon; the market of Norwich excepted, which (with perhaps a few others) is a forenoon-market.

The conveniencies and advantages that accrue to the farmer from afternoon-markets, are, indeed, ſelf-evident.—"He has," as our author obſerves, "all the morning to himſelf: he dines with his family, and ſees his men at work; and his teams out for their afternoon-journey before he ſets off for market. His market-expences are curtailed, and a habit of lounging out a whole day idly prevented. The only inconvenience incurred by afternoon-markets to a farmer, is the *neceſſity* of returning home in the dark of winter's evenings: this, however, is an inconvenience which farmers in general who go to market at ten o'clock in the morning *voluntarily* diſpenſe with. The inn-keepers may be ſaid to be the only ſufferers by afternoon-markets."—As for the fairs, they are not ſo conſiderable, he ſays, as in ſome other counties—the fair of St. Faith excepted—which he repreſents as one of the largeſt in the kingdom.

Mr. Marſhall proceeds next to take a ſyſtematic view of the culture of various crops. That of wheat, as being the moſt important, attracts his notice firſt; and, with his uſual methodical accuracy, he conſiders, 1. The ſpecies of wheat uſually cultivated in Norfolk;—2. The ſoils on which it is uſually grown;—3. The ſucceſſion, or the crop, &c. which wheat uſually ſucceeds in the management of Eaſt-Norfolk;—4. The ſoil-proceſs;—5, The manure-proceſs;—6. The ſeed-proceſs;—7. The vegetating-proceſs;—8. The harveſt-proceſs;—9. The farm-yard proceſs;—and, laſtly, the markets for wheat.

In the ſame manner, and under heads as nearly ſimilar as the different ſubjects would permit, he conſiders the crops of barley, oats, peas, vetches, buck*, turneps †, cultivated graſſes, and natural graſſes.

To theſe diſcuſſions ſucceed deſcriptions of, and animadverſions upon, the various ſpecies of *live-ſtock*. Of the cat-

* *Polygonum fagopyrum*—*buck-wheat*, as it is uſually called, and *brank*, as it is termed in the Southern Hundreds of Eaſt-Norfolk. We perfectly agree with our author, that the addition of *wheat* to the word *buck* is a manifeſt abſurdity; wheat being, as Mr. Marſhall juſtly alleges, neither more nor leſs than a corruption of the Dutch *weit*.

† On the *turnep-crop*, as being the grand baſis of the preſent ſyſtem of Norfolk huſbandry, Mr. Marſhall is particularly copious, and, in our opinion, particularly happy alſo in his remarks.

tle of Norfolk, our author takes an enlarged, but a comprehenſive view, deſcribing, 1. The ſpecies or breeds;—2. Explaining the prime intention of the farmers in keeping cows, and illuſtrating the general management of the dairy;—3. Pointing out the general practice in the rearing of cattle;—and 4. Shewing the different ſpecies of cattle, particularly bullocks fatted in the county; the method by which they are fatted; the method by which they are obtained; and the method alſo by which they are diſpoſed of.

Under the ſucceeding article—that of *ſheep*—a circumſtance is mentioned, which it would be needleſs to ſay ſurpriſed us, when the reader is told that nothing in the Norfolk huſbandry ſurpriſed our author more. The circumſtance alluded to is, that of his *finding the country in a manner deſtitute of ſheep*.—"In one of my journeys to Gunton," ſays Mr. Marſhall, "I purpoſely rode on horſeback through the centre of the county—by Thetford, Watton, Dereham, Reepham, &c. in order that I might catch a general idea of its rural economy. From the nature of the ſoil, and from the prevalence of the *turnep-huſbandry*, I had conceived it to be *the land of ſheep*. But from the time I croſſed the river at Thetford until I arrived within a few miles of the end of my journey, I DID NOT SEE ONE SHEEP *."

This remark, however, he ſeems to direct chiefly to the Eaſt-Norfolk farms, which, in general, he humorouſly obſerves, "are in the months of July, Auguſt, and September, as free from *ſheep* as *elephants*:" nor does he ſcruple to add, that "the breed of Norfolk-horſes was not formerly, nor its breed of cattle at preſent, more ſingular than is its *breed of ſheep* †; the principal characteriſtics of which he deſcribes to be a carcaſe long and ſlender, a fleece ſhort and fine, legs long, and black or mottled, a face black or mottled, horns (of the ewes and wedders) middle-ſized, and ſomewhat ſtraight (of the rams) very large, long, and ſpiral.

To the conſideration of the ſheep ſucceed a few obſervations on the rabbits of Norfolk; the ſoil of which, viewed at large, might, he thinks, be termed a "*rabbit-ſoil*;" nor does he think it at all improbable that "before its preſent ſyſtem of huſbandry took place, a conſiderable part of it was occupied by this ſpecies of live-ſtock."

Of the ſwine and poultry, famous as Norfolk is for both, our author ſays little; nor in that little is there any novelty.

On the ſubject of *decoys*, he is more intereſting; and in his deſcription of the leading principles of theſe rural devices (which, by the by, are far from being unconnected with the general ſyſtem of rural economy) the reader will find no ſmall ingenuity as well as accuracy.

Of the live-ſtock of Norfolk, the *laſt*, the *leaſt*, and the moſt *humble*, article, noticed by our author, is, the BEE. "A conſiderable quantity of honey," he obſerves, "is collected in Norfolk; but, in general, it is of an inferior quality, owing, as it is generally believed, to the quantity of *buck* which is annually grown in this country, and which is highly grateful to bees; affording them an ample ſupply of honey." The abſurdity of the cauſe aſcribed for this inferiority Mr. Marſhall forcibly expoſes. In colour and flavour the Norfolk-honey reſembles the honey of the North of England, collected from the heaths, moors, and fells, which abound in that part of the iſland.—Why then—

* Our author more than once very aptly quotes Doctor Johnſon; of whom, to the honour of his literary taſte be it mentioned, he ſeems to be an admirer. This *digreſſional* remark we would not have made, had not the above expreſſion, "I did not ſee one ſheep," forcibly reminded us of a ſimilar one in the Doctor's celebrated Tour to the Hebrides; when, in relating the many other *wonderful* events that occurred in his journey thither over the county of Fife (which, even in the article of *timber*, is far from being one of the worſt-cultivated regions of Scotland, he declares, he did not for forty miles *ſee one tree*. It is to be remembered, however, that poor Johnſon, with all the acuteneſs of his *intellectual optics*, laboured under the misfortune of being, as to *earthly objects*, literally *purblind*. No ſuch defect, we hope and truſt, attends Mr. Marſhall; nor are we by any means inclined to challenge the truth of his aſſertion concerning the uncommon ſcarcity of ſheep in Norfolk, even as above ſtated. We ſhould do him an injuſtice alſo if we did not declare, that, unlike the learned Journaliſt of a Tour to the Hebrides, he never ſuffers *prejudice* to ſuperſede *candour*, *wit* to triumph over *truth*, or *imagination* to run away with *judgment*.

† In the above paſſage, there is a grammatical inaccuracy ſo evident as to require no comment. In general, however, the language of Mr. Marſhall is far from being incorrect; nor is it void of elegance, when of elegance the ſubject before him is in any degree ſuſceptible.

to adopt the idea of our author—why may not the brownneſs and rankneſs of the Norfolk-honey be owing to the ſame cauſe, namely, HEATH; which, as he obſerves, ſeems to be "a natural production of the ſoil in general?"—"The flowers of *buck*," as he farther obſerves, "have no doubt a *powerful, luſcious* ſmell, diſagreeable to many people; but are not thoſe of *beans* equally powerful, equally luſcious, and to ſome perſons equally diſagreeable?"—Doubtleſs they are; and with an entire acquieſcence in the opinions of Mr. Marſhall on the ſubject, we think it but reaſonable to wiſh, as he does, that "the evil effect of *buck* upon the quality of *honey* may be DOUBTED, till by accurate experiments it may be PROVED."

To render the rules, directions, and remarks laid down in the preceding pages, as ſerviceable *practically* as they poſſibly can be, our author has, with every claim due to the exertions of an uſeful and indefatigable induſtry, given a liſt of rates and proportions in Norfolk, "relative to bricklayer's work, carpenter's work, thatcher's work, the work that belongs to woodlands and hedges, and the work that belongs to the general operations of huſbandry."

But the exertions in point of genius as well as induſtry, (by which, in the preſent publication, Mr. Marſhall has chiefly diſtinguiſhed himſelf, are thoſe exhibited in his "Minutes," which entirely occupy the ſecond volume of the work, and are indeed eſſential to illuſtrate and confirm every obſervation of importance contained in the firſt. Formed, as they ſeem to have generally been, upon the very ſpot where the remarks were made, to thoſe remarks they give a degree of weight, as well as authenticity, which otherwiſe ſome readers might have been inclined to undervalue or diſpute. For us it would be impoſſible—and if poſſible, from the copious account already given it would be ſuperfluous—to enter into a detail of them. We muſt not, however, cloſe the preſent article without remarking, that our author has frequently, in the volumes before us, been guilty of a *literary ſin*—that of *borrowing from himſelf*. Inſenſibly, we are convinced, has he rendered himſelf thus guilty; and the offence, venial as it is in all authors, is particularly excuſable in one who, like Mr. Marſhall, has written ſo much and ſo well on ſubjects various and complex as thoſe of agriculture and huſbandry;—ſubjects on the juſt knowledge and practice of which the proſperity of nations is not leſs dependent than the immediate welfare of the individuals of whom thoſe nations are compoſed.

A Letter to a Friend on the reported Marriage of His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales. By Mr. Horne Tooke. 8vo. 2s. Johnſon.

THIS is one of the moſt curious pamphlets we have peruſed for a conſiderable time paſt, though not more ſo than might be expected from the pen of *Mr. Horne Tooke*; a gentleman more generally known and diſtinguiſhed in the political world by his *quondam* appellation—that of the *Reverend John Horne*.

Laſt ſummer, in a work of no ſmall magnitude, and, indeed, of no ſmall genius and erudition alſo*, Mr. Tooke amuſed himſelf with publiſhing a number of *philological* diſcuſſions on the ſubject of nouns, pronouns, verbs, adverbs, prepoſitions, interjections, &c. &c.; and this ſummer to give a *variety*, doubtleſs, to his ſtudies, he has (as certain wicked wags have alledged) taken a *political* but very *uncourtly* view of the nature, the extent, and the true ſignification of the *conjunction copulative*.

Waggiſhly have we alſo heard it ſuggeſted of the preſent production, that Mr. Tooke, though he has long relinquiſhed his clerical character and habit, might have employed his hours of literary retirement more profitably to the world, as well as more honourably to himſelf, had he beſtowed one-half of that ingenuity, one-half too of that learning, in illuſtrating and defending the *Acts of the Apoſtles*, which, in the pages before us, he has vainly beſtowed in ridiculing, and expoſing as null and void, *poſitive and expreſs Acts of Parliament*.

Waggery, however, apart (for waggery but ill accords with the dignity of *ſober* criticiſm) the preſent main object of Mr. Tooke is to do, what he ſeems to think, *juſtice* to "a moſt amiable and juſtly-valued female, whom (he adds) I conclude to be in all reſpects, both

* See Vol. X. p. 169, and p. 250, where an account is given of our author's laſt performance, "The Diverſions of Purley."

legally,

legally, really, worthily, and *happily for this country*—her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales."

After ſome pointed animadverſions on the ſelfiſh duplicity, as he is pleaſed to conſider it, of both the preſent Miniſtry and the preſent Oppoſition in their conduct to the Heir-Apparent, with reſpect to his ſuppoſed marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert *, (which our author declares he has SOLID GROUNDS *for believing*) he proceeds to conſider the objections generally made to that marriage; firſt, as they relate to its "*impropriety*;" and ſecondly, as they relate to its being "*legally impoſſible*."

In juſtifying the *propriety* of the meaſure, Mr. Tooke, with a *ſneer* (for the gentleman ſeems rarely diſpoſed to indulge either himſelf or his readers with a *Laugh*) at "*political* as well as religious ſuperſtitions," declares, that "to match in marriage with a ſubject was at all times, within memory, a common and well-precedented practice of the Sovereigns of this realm: nor was it ever (he adds) interrupted down to the very acceſſion of the preſent family on the throne."

Of the truth of his hiſtorical ſtatements in proof of this poſition, no doubt can be entertained. By no means, however, can we agree with our author, when he aſſerts, that no miſchief ever did ariſe to this country, or that it appears probable no miſchief ever ſhould ariſe from ſuch intermarriages; nor do we think him either very juſt in his obſervation, or very decent in his language, when he adds, "this degrading notion of *impropriety*, and that a beautiful Engliſh woman is unworthy to be the companion of an Engliſh Prince, is *a ridiculous phantom imported into this land only with the Houſe of Hanover*."

Having on various grounds, and with various diſplays of hiſtorical reſearch, proved, to *his own ſatisfaction*, that "from the acceſſion of the Houſe of Hanover to this realm, *ſuch a marriage* became not only *not improper*, but moſt devoutly to be wiſhed for by the ſubjects of Great Britain and Hanover †; Mr. Tooke proceeds to ſtate his reaſons why it is not leſs *legally* impoſſible *now* than it was *heretofore*.

As an introduction to thoſe reaſons, he recites ſo much as ſuits, or ſeems to ſuit his purpoſe of the Act 12 Geo. III. which moſt of our readers may recollect to have paſſed ſome time after the marriages of their Royal Highneſſes the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland. The heads of it being thus quoted, Mr. Tooke ſays, "Now I acknowledge this to be *an Act of Parliament*; but I deny it to have the *ſmalleſt force of law*;" and to remove from a "*common reader*" his ſurpriſe "at hearing that there are *Acts of Parliament which are not* LAWS," he ſeriouſly mentions his remembrance of "an Act paſſed but a few years ſince, which directed the Juſtices of the Peace to take forty ſhillings out of twenty. "Could this Act," adds he, "be a *law*?" Certainly not (any reader but a *very uncommon one* will reply) while the abſurdity that had thus crept into it continued to exiſt; and thus far the Act alluded to (which by the by we ſhould have been glad our author had ſpecified, fond as he ſeems to be of giving quotations even on the moſt trivial occaſions) was, to all intents and purpoſes, a *dead letter*, till the removal of the miſtake by a ſubſequent Act, founded on the ſame principle as the former, but free from that palpable error, which, *prima facie*, rendered it for a time a *legiſlative nonentity*.

Aware that this ridiculous ſtory would not much avail his argument, Mr. Tooke has recourſe next to the venerable opinion of Lord Coke, as delivered by him in the

* Of this celebrated Lady ſome Anecdotes, illuſtrated with a Portrait, are given in Vol. IX. page 227.

† On more than one occaſion in the preſent work, our author ſhews himſelf more diſpoſed, we are afraid, to promote a *diſunion of ſtates* than an *union of opinion among individuals about ſtate-matters*. So highly diſpleaſed is he with the mutual connection of Great Britain and Hanover, that he pronounces it, "moſt undoubtedly, prejudicial to both." On this principle (ſtill without loſing ſight of the *ſuppoſed* validity of this *ſuppoſed* marriage of the Prince to Mrs. Fitzherbert) he obſerves, "The Sovereign or the Prince who ſhall *patriotically, for the happineſs of both dominions*, ſeparate this foreign poſſeſſion from his ſucceſſor on the throne of Great Britain, will deſerve additional gratitude and an additional bleſſing from both. And (continues Mr. Tooke) although, as I can eaſily believe, it might happen that a *leſs noble*, but *more amiable* motive ſhould produce this *eligible ſeparation*; the effect and benefit being the ſame, we ſhould only transfer that additional gratitude and bleſſing, where we ſhould owe the obligation, to *Engliſh beauty and merit*. Such an event to render it completely beneficial, would leave us nothing to pray for, but for *an offſpring by ſuch a marriage*."

caſe

caſe of Bonham; which ſtates, "it appeareth in our books, that in many caſes the common law doth controul Acts of Parliament, and ſometimes ſhall adjudge them to be void: for when an Act of Parliament is againſt common right and reaſon, or repugnant or impoſſible to be performed, the common law ſhall controul it, and adjudge ſuch Act to be void."

This conſtitutional truth was never, in our recollection, diſputed. But, with all its validity, does it convey a ſingle idea from which a ſolid inference *in point* can be formed? And in what degree, in the name of conſtitutional conſiſtency, does it militate againſt the Act, ſo offenſive to Mr. Tooke, of 12 Geo. III. which, with all that ſubtlety that generally diſtinguiſhes his arguments, he has not yet proved to contain a ſingle clauſe, impartially to be conſidered either "*againſt common right and reaſon, or repugnant or impoſſible to be performed* *?"

After having exhauſted his eloquence in deriding "this ſham-law, this moſt wicked as well as moſt ridiculous Act of Parliament," as he *reſpectfully* ſtyles it, our author proceeds to conſider—what he admits to be "the *ſerious* part of the buſineſs, and that which gives a much more real and well-founded alarm, even for the ſafety of Church and State"—the report "that his Royal Highneſs has married a *Papiſt*."

Here a new field preſents itſelf for the diſplay of his rhetoric and his logic. The Acts by which *ſuch* marriages were declared void, he acknowledges to be laws; and moſt ſacred laws indeed, becauſe they "*violate no rights*," and "affect the *ſucceſſion*, not the *marriage*." In juſtifying the diſtinction here made, Mr. Tooke ſcruples not to tell us—what, he ſays, "Oliver Cromwell very fairly told his fanatical hypocrites—that *God has thrown religion as a make-weight into the ſcale*;" nor does he ſcruple to declare alſo, that he "ſhould be *more than willing, even anxious*, to barter the papiſt marriage for the reſponſibility of counſellors, and the independence of the repreſentative body; being *much more eaſily contented to truſt the ſovereign with a* PAPIST WIFE, *than with a* CORRUPT PARLIAMENT. But," continues he, "ſome conſciences, I know, *will ſtill be ſtraining at a gnat, and popery is now become no more; whilſt they gulp down greedily the camel of corruption, which is now become a monſter*."

Inſtead of reaſoning, however, on this queſtion, or ſhewing, as, he ſays, "may eaſily be ſhewn, the ready means of *evading* this law," he proceeds roundly to aſſert, that "whatever religious opinions Mrs. Fitzherbert may or may not have formerly entertained (a matter perfectly indifferent), *her Royal Highneſs is* NOT *a Papiſt*."

We now come to the Poſtſcript to the Letter, which, including the notes it contains, is larger than the Letter itſelf, though the object of it be merely to enquire into the truth of the news-paper report, with all its contingent circumſtances, that his Royal Highneſs and his friends had (ſince the Letter was written) formally and ſolemnly diſavowed the marriage in queſtion.

This news-paper authority, Mr. Tooke ſays, he is determined not to believe. He even conſiders the "ſtory of a diſavowal to be itſelf an additional ſlander on a much-

* Our author, while he affects to venerate the wiſdom of our *ancient* legiſlators, talks of the noblemen and gentlemen of whom our parliaments are in *theſe days* compoſed, with a degree of contemptuous impertinence, which, we think, can have no tendency but to render himſelf contemptible.—What are they, according to Mr. Tooke, but "perſons from the *ſtable*, the *nurſery*, the *gaming-houſe*, and the *counting-houſe*; who abſurdly imagine, that they have only to *paſs an act*, and that ſuch act of parliament *will*, or *ought*, or *can*, bind the ſubject *in all caſes whatever?*"—Shame attend the illiberality of ſuch ſentiments, Mr. Tooke! Reduced to the ſtate in which *you* have been graciouſly pleaſed to repreſent our legiſlators, merely too, it is to be obſerved, on the authority of a licentious *ipſe dixit*, what would preſently be the *ſtate of our laws themſelves?*—Free are we to confeſs, nevertheleſs, that too many men of mean capacities, and of corrupt principles, are to be found in our modern Parliaments. But this is a complaint, which, far from being confined to the grumblers of the preſent day, has, more or leſs, exiſted among the grumblers of all ages. Mr. Tooke is not to be told, that human nature is the ſame in all ages; and wonderful do we think it, that a gentleman of his underſtanding (affecting to think that the *education* of our antient Nobility and Gentry tended to render them both more enlightened and more virtuous than the preſent) ſhould indirectly give a ſanction to the vulgar idea, that the longer the world exiſts, the worſe it grows; an idea, which, amidſt all the clamours of faction, we are ſtill inclined to think not fairly applicable even to the *world of politics*.

miſunderſtood

misunderstood and misrepresented young man."—"I have," adds he, "no doubt (for he is young and a Prince) that some things, *though I know them not*, might possibly be changed for the better in his conduct. But I will not believe, that at any time, and least of all in the moment and manner as reported *, such a disavowal *(be the marriage true or false)* or any thing tending to lessen the character of the lady, could possibly be authorised by him."

One of Mr. Tooke's reasons for this disbelief is a *curious* one; and *unsatisfactory* as it may appear, our readers shall have it in his own words.—"No," says he, "I will never believe it" *(the disavowal in question)* "because I remember very well what a *half-civilized* barbarian † replied to his *uncivilized* counsellors, who advised him to give up a MAN, not a WOMAN, to the *extreme necessity* of his situation:—*No, replied the prince; I can resign my dominions even up to the walls of my metropolis; for in happier circumstances they may hereafter be recovered: but the forfeiture of honour in a sovereign can never be retrieved.*"

Even in the supposition that this disavowal has taken place, he is particularly inclined to acquit Mr. Fox, though one of the ablest and most confidential counsellors of the Prince, from any share in the blame due to a measure so pointedly reprobated by our author as ignominious; and yet, a few pages after, he hesitates not to add, still with a direct reference to the subject before him, that "*though all princes have professing friends numerous enough to their face, yet had they no more coats than real friends to their back, I am afraid most sovereigns would go naked.*" What a *brilliant* comparison!—We are perfectly lost in the admiration of its *sublimity*, as well as *splendour*; and if there be any TRUTH in it, *in what condition at the present moment, must the wardrobe be of the Heir Apparent of the British Empire!*

Dictating next to the Minister how he should have acted, and even putting into his mouth the words he should have used, in the late arrangement of the Prince's affairs, he proceeds to state the conduct which *report* attributes to government in that memorable transaction. Of that conduct, according to our author, the object and the issue were, a *compromise*.—"And what compromise?" says Mr. Tooke. "We will pay your debts; we will compleat Carlton House; but the situation of national affairs will not permit an augmentation of your income—UNTILL you are *married*.

"UNTILL you are married!

"For many years past," adds Mr. Tooke, "I have not been able in its measures to recognize my country; nor have known whither to direct my eyes to that which *once was England*. What a picture of meanness and degeneracy does this report exhibit! Administration and Opposition concurring in nothing, but *unblushingly to palm a falsehood on the world!* But such is the consequence of a government whose principle is CORRUPTION."

In justifying these bold assertions, founded still upon reports (which, after all, he acknowledges *he does not believe*) thus he argues:—"The conduct on neither side will bear the honest reasoning of a plain mind.—You will not augment the income? You think it then sufficient. If sufficient, the debts should not have been contracted. If they should not have been contracted, they should not be paid.—Is there any thing defective in this short argument? Perhaps not; but it is, too rigorous: it suits better the coldness of a judge, than the affection of a parent. I think so too. But his Majesty was a *Son* before he was a *Father* ‡. And the situation of national affairs at his accession was *something different from what it is at present*. Report therefore may say what it pleases; but *until the honest creditors of Fredrick Prince of Wales, (after a period of near forty years) are* FAIRLY SATISFIED; *I will not believe that Ministers, regardless of justice and his Majesty's character, have any serious intention, as a momentary expedient for themselves, to discharge the debts of his present Royal Highness.*"

This is poor comfort to the creditors of our amiable Prince. We trust, however, they are possessed of too much good sense to pin their faith upon any political prophecy from the pen of Mr. Tooke; especially when, as in the instance immediately before us, it is founded merely on certain vague, and, we will venture to add, false and scandalous reports.

In disquisitions which have for their basis

* Alluding to the late pecuniary embarrassments of his Royal Highness, and the conditions on which rumour says, he was from those embarrassments relieved.

† Peter the Great, Czar of Russia.

‡ What a notable discovery! and what an admirable use does our author make of it!

baſis any of the ſubjects of philology, or of literature in general, we for the moſt part accompany our author with pleaſure, and with ſatisfaction; but when he enters the field of politics, ſuffering prejudice to triumph over reaſon, and zeal to outrun knowledge, he is too apt to offend by his petulance, and to ſacrifice decorum, if not truth itſelf, rather than *not gain his point*.

With reſpect to his preſent production, whatever effect it may have upon the minds of the public, Mrs. Fitzherbert (for highly as we reſpect the lady, we muſt have an authority ſuperior to that of Mr. Horne Tooke, before we ſtyle her *Her Royal Highneſs*) is certainly highly indebted to him for it; and, when firſt ſhe ſees him, nothing leſs can ſhe do, than drop him *one of her very beſt curtſeys*—a compliment, which, we ſhould ſuppoſe, our author will have the gallantry to think more than ſufficient to recompenſe him for the pains he has taken to vindicate her cauſe.

The Child of Chance; or, the Adventures of Harry Hazard. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Hookham.

HARRY Hazard, in our opinion, might with more propriety have been ſtyled the "*Dupe* of Chance" than the "*Child* of Chance;" and, from the title of the piece, we queſtion whether there are not many readers, who may be inclined to think they are preſented with the hiſtory of (what the vulgar call) a *chance child*, inſtead of (what the book really is) the hiſtory of a profeſſed gambler and fortune-hunter.

The volumes before us, however, are far from being deſtitute of merit. They are the production, we underſtand, of Mr. John Huddleſtone Wynne; a writer not totally unknown, nor undiſtinguiſhed, in the poetical world.

In the compoſitions of this gentleman, whether poetic or proſaic, there is ſuch a prodigious inequality, that we have ſometimes thought it hardly credible they could have iſſued from one and the ſame pen. Mr. Wynne, however, has no occaſion to feel himſelf hurt by this remark. It is applicable to many other *profeſſional* authors, of higher name than himſelf, though not, perhaps, of more intrinſic merit. The man who writes merely from choice, the public expects to write *always* well, or not to write at all; but uncandid indeed muſt be that boſom, in which many grains of allowance are not admitted for him to whom no choice is left beyond what may be dictated by the immediate neceſſities of the day.

Of Mr. Wynne's proſe-pieces (thoſe, at leaſt, that come in any degree within the deſcription of the work before us) we think the preſent one, upon the whole, his beſt. In many pages we are agreeably attracted by the fertility of his imagination; with which, however, the ſolidity of his judgment by no means keeps pace. Of this defect he exhibits a ſtriking inſtance in the *denouement*; and we ſubmit it to his own *cool* determination, whether, in point of moral effect, the work would not have terminated with a happier diſplay of ſkill, if he had contrived to make his hero adopt the path of virtue for virtue's ſake, inſtead of being, as it were, *driven* to adopt it, from a ſenſe of the miſeries inſeparably connected with the ſcenes of diſſipation and profligacy in which he had formerly rioted.

The Minor; or, the Hiſtory of George O'Nial, Eſq. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Lane.

THE "*Minor*" before us is literally, truly, and without metaphor, not yet *come of age*; nor will be till the firſt day of next January—*if he live ſo long*; of which, however, from various ſymptoms, we have little *expectation*, and certainly (as he is a *graceleſs* one) cheriſh leſs *hope*.

Be it known to thee, then, O Reader, that theſe volumes, though publicly uſhered into the world ſome months ago, bear with matchleſs impudence the date of our Lord One Thouſand Seven Hundred and *Eighty-Eight* in the title-page.

Whether 'Squire O'Nial, or his biographer, be in reality a native of the dear land ſo famed by wits for *blundering*, we know not; but *this* we know, that a *blunder like that now in queſtion* has rather (as ſome perſons would phraſe it) a "*queer* look."

It is beyond the line of poſſibility to ſuppoſe that ſo glaring a miſtake could proceed from *accident*; and this being the caſe, whether it originated with the author,

author or his printer, the impoſition intended by it ought to be expoſed.

Be it known, then, to all men, that if *perchance* "The Minor; or the Hiſtory of George O'Nial. Eſq." be thruſt into their hands *next year* as a *new* novel, they are to conſider it as "a *foul deception;*" the work being merely a dull, and, what is worſe, a licentious maſs of abſurdity, which, to the diſgrace of the Engliſh preſs, was permitted to be printed and publiſhed at an early period of the *preſent year* One Thouſand Seven Hundred and *Eighty-Seven.*

William of Normandy. An Hiſtorical Novel. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Axtell.

THERE are various claſſes of novels; but the claſs in which we chiefly require at leaſt *probability*, is that which comes under the denomination of the "hiſtorical novel."

Of the one before us, however, ſo denominated, the ſtory is not only replete with *improbability*, but with dullneſs; and, perhaps, we might have been diſpoſed to overlook the author's manifeſt ignorance of the facts connected with the hiſtory of William of Normandy, and of the manners of the period at which he lived, if in the formation and conduct of the fable of the piece, we had been able to perceive the ſmalleſt veſtige of animation, or fancy, or judgment.—Peace, ſay we, be to the *manes* of all ſuch *hiſtorico-ſopo-rific* novels!

Eſſays on various Subjects, Critical and Moral; containing Remarks on Butler's Analogy, Grammatical Strictures, a Review of Locke's Philoſophy, Letters on Wit and Humour. In which various Obſervations are made on the moſt celebrated modern Writers on the ſubjects of Logic, Morals, and Metaphyſics. By William Belchier, Eſq. Small 8vo. 2 vols. 5s. Jameſon.

THESE little volumes ſeem to be the genuine effuſions of a writer accuſtomed to think with ſome accuracy, and to diſcern with ſome acuteneſs. His obſervations (moſt of which, if we miſtake not, have appeared before) are, in general, juſt, and warrantable on the ſoundeſt principles of philoſophy. From a wiſh, however, it would ſeem, to give to thoſe obſervations an air of *originality*, he not unoften appears *flimſy*; and ſo apt is he to loſe ſight of the topic immediately before him, that, in peruſing the *motley* pages of his work, we were frequently inclined to think ourſelves in the act of examining a collection of vague, deſultory opinions on whatever ſubject happened to be uppermoſt in the author's mind at the moment he was writing, inſtead of (what, on taking up the book, we had expected to find) a ſeries of eſſays, calculated each to enquire into the particular and excluſive merits of any of the various points he had undertaken to elucidate.

In aſpiring to philological honours, we think our author leſs happy than when he aims at philoſophical ones; for certain it is, that, whatever Mr. Belchier's knowledge of grammar may be *theoretically*, he diſcovers no great ſkill in it *practically*, if we may judge from his own diction, which is often debaſed with groſs ſingularities;—ſingularities, which, however venial they might be thought in ſome writers, though little conſiſtent with either propriety or elegance, are not eaſily forgiven in an author who has expreſsly treated of language.

With all theſe imperfections, however, there are many readers to whom the work before us will appear fraught with information, both uſeful and entertaining.

The Diſintereſted Nabob: a Novel. Interſperſed with genuine Deſcriptions of India, its Manners, and Cuſtoms. 3 vols. 12mo. 9s. Robinſon.

IN the idea of a "*diſintereſted*" Nabob if there be little truth (but who, it may be aſked, looks for *truth* in a *novel?*) there is certainly ſome *originality*, according to the notions we Europeans have been taught to entertain of the deſpotic ſons of Pride and Opulence ſo called in Aſia.

Of originality, however, in the *fable* of the piece, we perceive no traces; nor even for the moral to be deduced from it, though in itſelf of a laudable tendency, is the author, *conſidered as ſuch*, entitled to much praiſe.

The paſſages in the volumes before us with which we have been moſt pleaſed, are

are those that describe the country of India, and which lead into details illustrative of the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

With inaccuracies of diction we are frequently offended. These, however, we might be inclined to overlook, were we convinced that the work really is, as pretended to be, the production of a female pen.

Of this circumstance, far from being *convinced*, we entertain such strong *doubts*, as to warrant our asserting, in the language of our *learned* and facetious friend *Lingo*, that the author of "The Disinterested Nabob" is of the *masculine*, and not of the *feminine* gender.

Lord Winworth; or, the Memoirs of an Heir. Dedicated, by Permission, to her Grace the Dutchess of Devonshire. 3 vols. 12mo. 9s. Allen.

WE hope we shall not incur any of the penalties attached to the crime of *scandalum magnatum*, when we pronounce this same "Lord Winworth" a most impudent fellow.

He has himself, indeed, been guilty of an atrocious libel upon the taste and understanding of one of the most accomplished, as well as exalted, female characters in the kingdom; nor do we know how to express ourselves with more mildness of an author (an *anonymous* one too) who has the effrontery to tell the world, that he had received "*permission*" from the Dutchess of Devonshire to dedicate to her a work, which (had she even condescended to read twenty pages of it) we are certain her Grace would never after have permitted to come within her view, or even to enter within her walls.

Beside, if the Dutchess was so ready to allow *her name* to grace the title-page, what could possibly be the author's motive for declining the honour of having *his own name* prefixed also?

His *motive?*—Oh! now we have it clearly.—Yes, *courteous* reader, his motive, (but be not yourself, we beseech you, so *uncourteous* as to ridicule our revival of a phrase once the darling of that very *Grub-street*, to which for his literary existence "Lord Winworth" is himself indebted) his motive, we say, was modesty—that prodigious *excess* of modesty, added to that excess, *more prodigious still*, of self-denial, for which catchpenny scribblers have long, as a body, been so notoriously distinguished.

Recreation for Youth. A useful and entertaining Epitome of Geography and Biography. The first Part comprizing a General View of the several Empires, Kingdoms, Republicks, States, remarkable Islands, Mountains, Seas, Rivers, and Lakes; with their Situation, Extent, Capitals, Population, Produce, Arts, Religion, and Commerce: Including the Discoveries of Capt. Cook, and others. The second Part including the Lives of the most famous Men who have flourished in Great Britain, and its Dependencies. By John Paterson Service. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Kearsley.

THE title-page of this book sufficiently speaks its contents. The usefulness of these kind of compendiums has been long admitted, and it is but justice to acknowledge that the present volume contains a great variety of entertainment and information, and will be found serviceable to those for whose use it is compiled.

The second part is an abridgment of the Biographical Dictionary, in twelve volumes octavo, mentioned in a former Magazine; and the present Compiler has judiciously omitted many persons, who, from their insignificance or want of character, did not deserve a place in that otherwise very meritorious publication.

The Theatre of Education; a new Translation from the French of Madame la Marquise de Sellery, late Madame la Comtesse de Genlis. 4 vols. 12mo. 12s. Walter.

WE learn from the title-page to the volumes before us, that it is not the first time these amusing and instructive little Dramas have appeared before the publick. To amuse, and at the same time to instruct; to please the imagination without corrupting the heart; are objects of the greatest importance to the welfare of Society; and it is admitted that the author of these volumes has succeeded in a very eminent degree, in the accomplishment of this very difficult undertaking. The

translators

tranſlators (for there are more than one) ſpeak with becoming diffidence of their part of the work, which however, as far as it has been compared with the former tranſlation, needs not ſhrink from a compariſon, nor requires any apology whatever.

The Carſe of Stirling; an Elegy. 4to. Cadell.

IN the courſe of a parliamentary debate, ſome years ago, we recollect to have heard Mr. Dundas deſcribe his own county (Mid-Lothian) as the "Paradiſe of Scotland."—At that period, however, we are inclined to think that the learned Gentleman, ſo intelligent on moſt other ſubjects, had not enjoyed the pleaſure of taking a view in perſon of "The Carſe of Stirling."

That pleaſure we have ourſelves, many years ago, repeatedly experienced; and, from the teſtimony of ocular obſervation, we ſcruple not to affirm, that if there be in Scotland any thing like a *Paradiſe*, that Paradiſe is to be found in the little romantic, and uncommonly fertile vale which our author has thought proper to make the ſcene of his elegy.

Of that vale he appears to be himſelf a native. His poem, though announced to be *elegiac*, is rather of the *deſcriptive* claſs. The misfortune however of our author is, that whether he aims at *pathos*, or aims at *deſcription*, he rarely ſhews himſelf capable of giving pleaſure to a reader of ſenſibility, or correct taſte.—— In his *moanings* there is nothing that ſeems to come from the *heart*—the heart, however, of a *Poet*; and in his *deſcriptions*, leſs ſtill have we that comes from a cultivated imagination, or that to a cultivated imagination can poſſibly give ſatisfaction.

Memoirs of Mrs. Sophia Baddeley, late of Drury-Lane Theatre. By Mrs. Elizabeth Steele. 12mo. 6 vols. 18s. ſewed.

"If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
"Look at her face, and you'll forget them all."

OFTEN—when ſhe was at the height of her glory as an Actreſs, and of her diſgrace as a woman—often have we applied this couplet to the fair but unfortunate daughter of pleaſure who ſerves as a *pretext* for the publication of theſe pages. We repeat the word *pretext*; for certain we are, that had the *Apology of Mrs. Bellamy* never appeared—appeared at leaſt with ſo much *eclat*—the world would not have been viſited with the maſs of abominable traſh now before us.

In the memoirs of that lady (who appears to have been a perfect ſaint, compared to the ſinner Baddeley, as repreſented by her *confidante*, Mrs. Steele) we were entertained with a variety of new, and indeed intereſting anecdotes of ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of the age;—anecdotes happily blended with her own unhappy ſtory, which had the additional merit of being clothed in elegant language and of conveying the *ſemblance* at leaſt of a moral.

Deficient as the preſent work is in all theſe reſpects, we perpetually turn from it with diſguſt. In decorum, in conſiſtency, and even in *truth*, notoriouſly is it alſo deficient. It contains anecdotes, it is true, and *letters*—letters of the moſt *confidential*, moſt *ſacred* nature; but as the anecdotes are generally either impertinent or inſipid, ſo the letters, to the diſgrace of the virtuous Mrs. Steele, and of her not leſs virtuous coadjutor in the publication, can have no tendency but to plunge daggers into the boſom of domeſtic happineſs.

"Coadjutor?" it may be aſked. "Is not Mrs. Steele *herſelf*, then, the writer of theſe Memoirs?"—No, we reply. Mrs. Steele furniſhed certain materials for the work; but be it known (and too well, indeed, is it known already) that for putting thoſe materials together, ſhe was indebted to the *diſintereſted* aid of one of the moſt *induſtrious* and *univerſal* bookmakers in England, but who, *mirabile dictu!* has already been diſcarded by his *fair* employer, and expoſed by her in the public prints for his *inability* or *miſconduct* in the taſk of correcting and arranging the diſgraceful materials neceſſary to compoſe the wretched hiſtory of an unhappy Courtezan.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following Tale, which is known to be the compoſition of Doctor JOHNSON, may be ſought for in vain in the late edition of that Author's Works publiſhed by Sir John Hawkins. The publication in which it firſt appeared had but a confined ſale, and never was much noticed. It, however, certainly deſerves more celebrity; and therefore to give it a more extenſive circulation, I offer it to your popular Magazine.

I am, &c.

C. D.

THE FOUNTAINS:—A FAIRY TALE.

Felix qui potuit boni
Fontem viſere lucidum. BOETHIUS.

AS FLORETTA was wandering in a meadow at the foot of Plinlimmon, ſhe heard a little bird cry in ſuch a note as ſhe had never obſerved before, and looking round her, ſaw a lovely goldfinch entangled by a lime-twig, and a hawk hovering over him, as at the point of ſeizing him in his talons.

Floretta longed to reſcue the little bird, but was afraid to encounter the hawk, who looked fiercely upon her without any apparent dread of her approach, and as ſhe advanced ſeemed to increaſe in bulk, and clapped his wings in token of defiance. Floretta ſtood deliberating a few moments, but ſeeing her mother at no great diſtance, took courage, and ſnatched the twig with the little bird upon it. When ſhe had diſengaged him ſhe put him into her boſom, and the hawk flew away.

Floretta ſhewing her bird to her mother, told her from what danger ſhe had reſcued him; her mother, after admiring his beauty, ſaid, that he would be a very proper inhabitant of the little gilded cage, which had hung empty ſince the ſtarling died for want of water, and that he ſhould be placed at the chamber window, for it would be wonderfully pleaſant to hear him in the morning.

Floretta, with tears in her eyes, replied, that he had better have been devoured by the hawk than die for want of water, and that ſhe would not ſave him from a leſs evil to put him in danger of a greater: ſhe therefore took him into her hand, cleaned his feathers from the bird-lime, looked upon him with great tenderneſs, and, having put his bill to her lips, diſmiſſed him into the air.

He flew in circles round her as ſhe went home, and perching on a tree before the door, delighted them a while with ſuch ſweetneſs of ſong, that her mother reproved her for not putting him in the cage. Floretta endeavoured to look grave, but ſilently approved her own act, and wiſhed her mother more generoſity. Her mother gueſſed her thoughts, and told her, that when ſhe was older ſhe would be wiſer.

Floretta however did not repent, but hoped to hear her little bird the next morning ſinging at liberty. She waked early and liſtened, but no goldfinch could ſhe hear. She roſe, and walking again in the ſame meadow, went to view the buſh where ſhe had ſeen the lime-twig the day before.

When ſhe entered the thicket, and was near the place for which ſhe was looking, from behind a bloſſoming hawthorn advanced a female form of very low ſtature, but of elegant proportion and majeſtic air, arrayed in all the colours of the meadow, and ſparkling as ſhe moved like a dew-drop in the ſun.

Floretta was too much diſordered to ſpeak or fly, and ſtood motionleſs between fear and pleaſure, when the little lady took her by the hand.

I am, ſaid ſhe, one of that order of beings which ſome call Fairies, and ſome Piſkies: we have always been known to inhabit the crags and caverns of Plinlimmon. The maids and ſhepherds when they wander by moonlight have often heard our muſick, and ſometimes ſeen our dances.

I am the chief of the Fairies of this region, and am known among them by the name of Lady Lilinet of the Blue Rock. As I lived always in my own mountain, I had very little knowledge of human manners, and thought better of mankind than other Fairies found them to deſerve; I therefore often oppoſed the miſchievous practices of my ſiſters without always enquiring whether they were juſt. I extinguiſhed the light that was kindled to lead a traveller into a marſh, and found afterwards that he was haſting to corrupt a virgin: I diſſipated a miſt which aſſumed the form of a town, and was raiſed to decoy a monopolizer of corn from his

way

way to the next market: I removed a thorn, artfully planted to prick the foot of a churl, that was going to hinder the poor from following his reapers; and defeated ſo many ſchemes of obſtruction and puniſhment, that I was cited before the Queen as one who favoured wickedneſs and oppoſed the execution of fairy juſtice.

Having never been accuſtomed to ſuffer controul, and thinking myſelf diſgraced by the neceſſity of defence, I ſo much irritated the Queen by my ſullenneſs and petulance, that in her anger ſhe transformed me into a goldfinch. *In this form*, ſays ſhe, *I doom thee to remain till ſome human being ſhall ſhew thee kindneſs without any proſpect of intereſt.*

I flew out of her preſence not much dejected; for I did not doubt but every reaſonable being muſt love that which having never offended, could not be hated, and, having no power to hurt, could not be feared.

I therefore fluttered about the villages, and endeavoured to force myſelf into notice.

Having heard that nature was leaſt corrupted among thoſe who had no acquaintance with elegance and ſplendour, I employed myſelf for five years in hopping before the doors of cottages, and often ſat ſinging on the thatched roof; my motions were ſeldom ſeen nor my notes heard, no kindneſs was ever excited, and all the reward of my officiouſneſs was to be aimed at with a ſtone when I ſtood within a throw.

The ſtones never hurt me, for I had ſtill the power of a Fairy.

I then betook myſelf to ſpacious and magnificent habitations, and ſung in bowers by the walks or on the banks of fountains.

In theſe places where novelty was recommended by ſatiety, and curioſity excited by leiſure, my form and my voice were ſoon diſtinguiſhed, and I was known by the name of the pretty goldfinch; the inhabitants would walk out to liſten to my muſick, and at laſt it was their practice to court my viſits by ſcattering meat in my common haunts.

This was repeated till I went about pecking in full ſecurity, and expected to regain my original form, when I obſerved two of my moſt liberal benefactors ſilently advancing with a net behind me. I flew off, and fluttering beſide them pricked the leg of each, and left them halting and groaning with the cramp.

I then went to another houſe, where for two ſprings and ſummers I entertained a ſplendid family with ſuch melody as they had never heard in the woods before. The winter that followed the ſecond ſummer was remarkably cold, and many little birds periſhed in the field. I laid myſelf in the way of one of the ladies as benumbed with cold and faint with hunger; ſhe picked me up with great joy, telling her companions that ſhe had found the goldfinch that ſung ſo finely all ſummer in the myrtle hedge, that ſhe would lay him where he ſhould die, for ſhe could not bear to kill him, and would then pick his fine feathers very carefully, and ſtick them in her muff.

Finding that her fondneſs and her gratitude could give way to ſo ſlight an intereſt, I chilled her fingers that ſhe could not hold me, then flew at her face, and with my beak gave her noſe four pecks that left four black ſpots indelible behind them, and broke a match by which ſhe would have obtained the fineſt equipage in the county.

At length the Queen repented of her ſentence, and being unable to revoke it, aſſiſted me to try experiments upon man, to excite his tenderneſs, and attract his regard.

We made many attempts in which we were always diſappointed. At laſt ſhe placed me in your way held by a lime-twig, and herſelf in the ſhape of a hawk made the ſhew of devouring me. You, my dear, have reſcued me from the ſeeming danger without deſiring to detain me in captivity, or ſeeking any other recompence than the pleaſure of benefiting a feeling creature.

The Queen is ſo much pleaſed with your kindneſs, that I am come, by her permiſſion, to reward you with a greater favour than ever Fairy beſtowed before.

The former gifts of Fairies, though bounties in deſign, have proved commonly miſchiefs in the event. We have granted mortals to wiſh according to their own diſcretion, and their diſcretion being ſmall, and their wiſhes irreverſible, they have raſhly petitioned for their own deſtruction. But you, my deareſt Floretta, ſhall have what none have ever before obtained from us, the power of indulging your wiſh, and the liberty of retracting it. Be bold and follow me.

Floretta was eaſily perſuaded to accompany the Fairy, who led her through a labyrinth of crags and ſhrubs, to a cavern covered by a thicket on the ſide of the mountain.

This cavern, ſaid ſhe, is the court of Lilinet your friend; in this place you ſhall find a certain remedy for all real evils. Lilinet then went before her through a long ſubterraneous paſſage, where ſhe ſaw many beautiful Fairies, who came to gaze at the ſtranger, but who, from reverence to their miſtreſs, gave her no diſturbance. She heard from remote corners of the gloomy cavern

the roar of winds and the fall of waters, and more than once entreated to return; but Lilinet aſſuring her that ſhe was ſafe, perſuaded her to proceed till they came to an arch, into which the light found its way through a fiſſure of the rock.

There Lilinet ſeated herſelf and her gueſt upon a bench of agate, and pointing to two fountains that bubbled before them, ſaid, Now attend, my dear Floretta, and enjoy the gratitude of a Fairy. Obſerve the two fountains that ſpring up in the middle of the vault, one into a baſon of alabaſter, and the other into a baſon of dark flint. The one is called the Spring of Joy, the other of Sorrow; they riſe from diſtant veins in the rock, and burſt out in two places, but after a ſhort courſe unite their ſtreams, and run ever after in one mingled current.

By drinking of theſe fountains, which, though ſhut up from all other human beings, ſhall be always acceſſible to you, it will be in your power to regulate your future life.

When you are drinking the water of Joy from the alabaſter fountain, you may form your wiſh, and it ſhall be granted. As you raiſe your wiſh higher, the water will be ſweeter and ſweeter to the taſte; but beware that you are not tempted by its increaſing ſweetneſs to repeat your draughts, for the ill effects of your wiſh can only be removed by drinking the Spring of Sorrow from the baſon of flint, which will be bitter in the ſame proportion as the water of Joy was ſweet. Now, my Floretta, make the experiment, and give me the firſt proof of moderate deſires. Take the golden cup that ſtands on the margin of the Spring of Joy, form your wiſh and drink.

Floretta wanted no time to deliberate on the ſubject of her wiſh; her firſt deſire was the increaſe of her beauty. She had ſome diſproportion of features. She took the cup and wiſhed to be agreeable; the water was ſweet, and ſhe drank copiouſly; and in the fountain, which was clearer than cryſtal, ſhe ſaw that her face was completely regular.

She then filled the cup again, and wiſhed for a roſy bloom upon her cheeks: the water was ſweeter than before, and the colour of her cheeks was heightened.

She next wiſhed for a ſparkling eye: the water grew yet more pleaſant, and her glances were like the beams of the ſun.

She could not yet ſtop; ſhe drank again, deſired to be made a perfect beauty, and a perfect beauty ſhe became.

She had now whatever her heart could wiſh; and making an humble reverence to Lilinet, requeſted to be reſtored to her own habitation. They went back, and the Fairies in the way wondered at the change of Floretta's form. She came home delighted to her mother, who, on ſeeing the improvement, was yet more delighted than herſelf.

Her mother from that time puſhed her forward into public view: Floretta was at all the reſorts of illeneſs and aſſemblies of pleaſure; ſhe was fatigued with balls, ſhe was cloyed with treats, ſhe was exhauſted by the neceſſity of returning compliments. This life delighted her a while, but cuſtom ſoon deſtroyed its pleaſure. She found that the men who courted her to-day reſigned her on the morrow to other flatterers, and that the women attacked her reputation by whiſpers and calumnies, till without knowing how ſhe had offended, ſhe was ſhunned as infamous.

She knew that her reputation was deſtroyed by the envy of her beauty, and reſolved to degrade herſelf from the dangerous pre-eminence. She went to the buſh where ſhe reſcued the bird, and called for Lady Lilinet. Immediately Lilinet appeared, and diſcovered by Floretta's dejected look that ſhe had drank too much from the alabaſter fountain.

Follow me, ſhe cried, my Floretta, and be wiſer for the future.

They went to the fountains, and Floretta began to taſte the waters of Sorrow, which were ſo bitter that ſhe withdrew more than once the cup from her mouth: at laſt ſhe reſolutely drank away the perfection of beauty, the ſparkling eye and roſy bloom, and left herſelf only agreeable.

She lived for ſome time with great content; but content is ſeldom laſting. She had a deſire in a ſhort time again to taſte the waters of Joy: ſhe called for the conduct of Lilinet, and was led to the alabaſter fountain, where ſhe drank, and wiſhed for a faithful lover.

After her return ſhe was ſoon addreſſed by a young man, whom ſhe thought worthy of her affection. He courted, and flattered, and promiſed; till at laſt ſhe yielded up her heart. He then applied to her parents; and, finding her fortune leſs than he expected, contrived a quarrel and deſerted her.

Exaſperated by her diſappointment, ſhe went in queſt of Lilinet, and expoſtulated with her for the deceit which ſhe had practiſed. Lilinet aſked her with a ſmile, for what ſhe had been wiſhing; and being told, made her this reply. You are not, my dear, to wonder or complain: you may wiſh for yourſelf, but your wiſhes can have no effect upon another. You may become lovely by the efficacy of the fountain, but that you ſhall be loved is by no means

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a certain conſequence; for you cannot confer upon another either diſcernment or fidelity: that happineſs which you muſt derive from others, it is not in my power to regulate or beſtow.

Floretta was for ſome time ſo dejected by this limitation of the fountain's power, that ſhe thought it unworthy of another viſit; but being on ſome occaſion thwarted by her mother's authority, ſhe went to Lilinet, and drank at the alabaſter fountain for a ſpirit to do her own way.

Lilinet ſaw that ſhe drank immoderately, and admoniſhed her of her danger; but *ſpirit* and *her own way* gave ſuch ſweetneſs to the water, that ſhe could not prevail upon herſelf to forbear, till Lilinet in pure compaſſion ſnatched the cup out of her hand.

When ſhe came home every thought was contempt, and every action was rebellion: She had drunk into herſelf a ſpirit to reſiſt, but could not give her mother a diſpoſition to yield; the old lady aſſerted her right to govern; and, though ſhe was often foiled by the impetuoſity of her daughter, ſhe ſupplied by pertinacy what ſhe wanted in violence; ſo that the houſe was in continual tumult by the pranks of the daughter and oppoſition of the mother.

In time, Floretta was convinced that ſpirit had only made her a capricious termagant, and that her own ways ended in error, perplexity and diſgrace; ſhe perceived that the vehemence of mind which to a man may ſometimes procure awe and obedience, produce to a woman nothing but deteſtation: ſhe therefore went back, and by a large draught from the flinty fountain, though the water was very bitter, replaced herſelf under her mother's care, and quitted her ſpirit and her own way.

Floretta's fortune was moderate, and her deſires were not larger, till her mother took her to ſpend a ſummer at one of the places which wealth and idleneſs frequent, under pretence of drinking the waters. She was now no longer a perfect beauty, and therefore converſation in her preſence took its courſe as in other company, opinions were freely told, and obſervations made without reſerve. Here Floretta firſt learned the importance of money. When ſhe ſaw a woman of mean air and empty talk draw the attention of the place, ſhe always diſcovered upon enquiry that ſhe had ſo many thouſands to her fortune.

She ſoon perceived that where theſe golden goddeſſes appeared, neither birth, nor elegance, nor civility had any power of attraction, that every art of entertainment was devoted to them, and that the great and the wiſe courted their regard.

The deſire after wealth was raiſed yet higher by her mother, who was always telling her how much neglect ſhe ſuffered for want of fortune, and what diſtinctions if ſhe had but a fortune her good qualities would obtain. Her narrative of the day was always, that Floretta walked in the morning, but was not ſpoken to becauſe ſhe had a ſmall fortune; and that Floretta danced at the ball better than any of them, but nobody minded her for want of a fortune.

This want, in which all other wants appeared to be included, Floretta was reſolved to endure no longer, and came home flattering her imagination in ſecret with the riches which ſhe was now about to obtain.

On the day after her return ſhe walked out alone to meet Lady Lilinet, and went with her to the fountain: Riches did not taſte ſo ſweet as either beauty or ſpirit, and therefore ſhe was not immoderate in her draught.

When they returned from the cavern, Lilinet gave her wand to a Fairy that attended her, with an order to conduct Floretta to the Black Rock.

The way was not long, and they ſoon came to the mouth of a mine in which there was a hidden treaſure, guarded by an earthy Fairy deformed and ſhaggy, who oppoſed the entrance of Floretta till he recognized the wand of the Lady of the Mountain. Here Floretta ſaw vaſt heaps of gold and ſilver and gems, gathered and repoſited in former ages, and entruſted to the guard of the Fairies of the earth. The little Fairy delivered the orders of her miſtreſs, and the ſurly ſentinel promiſed to obey them.

Floretta, wearied with her walk, and pleaſed with her ſucceſs, went home to reſt, and when ſhe waked in the morning, firſt opened her eyes upon a cabinet of jewels, and looking into her drawers and boxes, found them filled with gold.

Floretta was now as fine as the fineſt. She was the firſt to adopt any expenſive faſhion, to ſubſcribe to any pompous entertainment, to encourage any foreign artiſt, or engage in any frolick of which the coſt was to make the pleaſure.

She was on a ſudden the favourite of every place. Report made her wealth thrice greater than it really was, and wherever ſhe came, all was attention, reverence and obedience. The ladies who had formerly ſlighted her, or by whom ſhe had been formerly careſſed, gratified her pride by open flattery and private murmurs. She ſometimes over-heard them railing at upſtarts, and wondering whence ſome people came, or how their expences were ſupplied. This incited her to heighten the ſplendour

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of her dreſs, to increaſe the number of her retinue, and to make ſuch propoſitions of coſtly ſchemes, that her rivals were forced to deſiſt from conteſt.

But ſhe now began to find that the tricks which can be played with money will ſeldom bear to be repeated, that admiration is a ſhort-lived paſſion, and that the pleaſure of expence is gone when wonder and envy are no more excited. She found that reſpect was an empty form, and that all thoſe who crouded around her were drawn to her by vanity or intereſt.

It was however pleaſant to be able on any terms to elevate and to mortify, to raiſe hopes and fears; and ſhe would ſtill have continued to be rich, had not the ambition of her mother contrived to marry her to a Lord, whom ſhe deſpiſed as ignorant, and abhorred as profligate. Her mother perſiſted in her importunity; and Floretta having now loſt the ſpirit of reſiſtance, had no other refuge than to diveſt herſelf of her fairy fortune.

She implored the aſſiſtance of Lilinet, who praiſed her reſolution. She drank chearfully from the flinty fountain, and found the waters not extremely bitter. When ſhe returned ſhe went to bed, and in the morning perceived that all her riches had been conveyed away ſhe knew not how, except a few ornamental jewels, which Lilinet had ordered to be carried back as a reward for her dignity of mind.

She was now almoſt weary of viſiting the fountain, and ſolaced herſelf with ſuch amuſements as every day happened to produce: at laſt there aroſe in her imagination a ſtrong deſire to become a wit.

The pleaſures with which this new character appeared to teem were ſo numerous and ſo great, that ſhe was impatient to enjoy them; and riſing before the ſun, haſtened to the place where ſhe knew that her fairy patroneſs was always to be found. Lilinet was willing to conduct her, but could now ſcarcely reſtrain her from leading the way but by telling her, that if ſhe went firſt the Fairies of the cavern would refuſe her paſſage.

They came in time to the fountain, and Floretta took the golden cup into her hand; ſhe filled it and drank, and again ſhe filled it, for wit was ſweeter than riches, ſpirit, or beauty.

As ſhe returned ſhe felt new ſucceſſions of imagery riſe in her mind, and whatever her memory offered to her imagination, aſſumed a new form, and connected itſelf with things to which it ſeemed before to have no relation. All the appearances about her were changed, but the novelties exhibited were commonly defects. She now ſaw that almoſt every thing was wrong, without often ſeeing how it could be better; and frequently imputed to the imperfection of art thoſe failures which were cauſed by the limitation of nature.

Wherever ſhe went, ſhe breathed nothing but cenſure and reformation. If ſhe viſited her friends, ſhe quarrelled with the ſituation of their houſes, the diſpoſition of their gardens, the direction of their walks, and the termination of their views. It was vain to ſhew her fine furniture, for ſhe was always ready to tell how it might be finer, or to conduct her through ſpacious apartments, for her thoughts were full of nobler fabricks, of airy palaces and Heſperian gardens. She admired nothing and praiſed but little.

Her converſation was generally thought uncivil. If ſhe received flatteries, ſhe ſeldom repaid them; for ſhe ſet no value upon vulgar praiſe. She could not hear a long ſtory without hurrying the ſpeaker on to the concluſion; and obſtructed the mirth of her companions, for ſhe rarely took notice of a good jeſt, and never laughed except when ſhe was delighted.

This behaviour made her unwelcome wherever ſhe went; nor did her ſpeculation upon human manners much contribute to forward her reception. She now ſaw the diſproportions between language and ſentiment, between paſſion and exclamation; ſhe diſcovered the defects of every action, and the uncertainty of every concluſion; ſhe knew the malignity of friendſhip, the avarice of liberality, the anxiety of content, and the cowardice of temerity.

To ſee all this was pleaſant, but the greateſt of all pleaſures was to ſhew it. To laugh was ſomething, but it was much more to make others laugh. As every deformity of character made a ſtrong impreſſion upon her, ſhe could not always forbear to tranſmit it to others; as ſhe hated falſe appearances ſhe thought it her duty to detect them, till, between wantonneſs and virtue, ſcarce any that ſhe knew eſcaped without ſome wounds by the ſhafts of ridicule; not that her merriment was always the conſequence of total contempt, for ſhe often honoured virtue where ſhe laughed at affectation.

For theſe practices, and who can wonder, the cry was raiſed againſt her from every quarter, and to hunt her down was generally determined. Every eye was watching for a fault, and every tongue was buſy to ſupply its ſhare of defamation. With the moſt unpolluted purity of mind, ſhe was cenſured as too free of favours, becauſe ſhe was not afraid to talk with men: With generous ſenſibility of every human excellence, ſhe was thought cold or envious, becauſe ſhe would not ſcatter praiſe with undiſtinguiſhing profuſion: With tenderneſs that agonized at real miſery,

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ſhe was charged with delight in the pain of others, when ſhe would not condole with thoſe whom ſhe knew to counterfeit affliction. She derided falſe appearances of kindneſs and of pity, and was therefore avoided as an enemy to ſociety. As ſhe ſeldom commended or cenſured but with ſome limitations and exceptions, the world condemned her as indifferent to the good and bad; and becauſe ſhe was often doubtful where others were confident, ſhe was charged with laxity of principles, while her days were diſtracted and her reſt broken by niceties of honour and ſcruples of morality.

Report had now made her ſo formidable, that all flattered and all ſhunned her. If a lover gave a ball to his miſtreſs and her friends, it was ſtipulated that Floretta ſhould not be invited. If ſhe entered a publick room the ladies curtſied, and ſhrunk away, for there was no ſuch thing as ſpeaking, but Floretta would find ſomething to criticiſe. If a girl was more ſprightly than her aunt, ſhe was threatened that in a little time ſhe would be like Floretta. Viſits were very diligently paid when Floretta was known not to be at home; and no mother truſted her daughter to herſelf without a caution, if ſhe ſhould meet Floretta to leave the company as ſoon as ſhe could.

With all this Floretta made ſport at firſt, but in time grew weary of general hoſtility. She would have been content with a few friends, but no friendſhip was durable; it was the faſhion to deſert her, and with the faſhion what fidelity will contend? She could have eaſily amuſed herſelf in ſolitude, but that ſhe thought it mean to quit the field to treachery and folly.

Perſecution at length tired her conſtancy, and ſhe implored Lilinet to rid her of her wit: Lilinet complied, and walked up the mountain, but was often forced to ſtop and wait for her follower. When they came to the flinty fountain, Floretta filled a ſmall cup and ſlowly brought it to her lips, but the water was inſupportably bitter. She juſt taſted it, and daſhed it to the ground, diluted the bitterneſs at the fountain of alabaſter, and reſolved to keep her wit with all its conſequences.

Being now a wit for life, ſhe ſurveyed the various conditions of mankind with ſuch ſuperiority of ſentiment, that ſhe found few diſtinctions to be envied or deſired, and therefore did not very ſoon make another viſit to the fountain. At length being alarmed by ſickneſs, ſhe reſolved to drink length of life from the golden cup. She returned elated and ſecure, for though the longevity acquired was indeterminate, ſhe conſidered death as far diſtant, and therefore ſuffered it not to intrude upon her pleaſures.

But length of life included not perpetual health. She felt herſelf continually decaying, and ſaw the world fading about her. The delights of her early days would delight no longer, and however widely ſhe extended her view, no new pleaſure could be found; her friends, her enemies, her admirers, her rivals, dropped one by one into the grave, and with thoſe who ſucceeded them ſhe had neither community of joys nor ſtrife of competition.

By this time ſhe began to doubt whether old age were not dangerous to virtue; whether pain would not produce peeviſhneſs, and peeviſhneſs impair benevolence. She thought that the ſpectacle of life might be too long continued, and the vices which were often ſeen might raiſe leſs abhorrence; that reſolution might be ſapped by time, and let that virtue ſink, which in its firmeſt ſtate it had not without difficulty ſupported; and that it was vain to delay the hour which muſt come at laſt, and might come at a time of leſs preparation and greater imbecillity.

Theſe thoughts led her to Lilinet, whom ſhe accompanied to the flinty fountain; where, after a ſhort combat with herſelf, ſhe drank the bitter water. They walked back to the favourite buſh penſive and ſilent: And now, ſaid ſhe, accept my thanks for the laſt benefit that Floretta can receive. Lady Lilinet dropped a tear, impreſſed upon her lips the final kiſs, and reſigned her, as ſhe reſigned herſelf, to the courſe of Nature.

An ACCOUNT of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

(Concluded from Vol. XI. *page* 231.*)*

HIS office of Aſſeſſor to the Metallic College he was neither ambitious of, nor ſolicited, although he was before that period well informed in certain ſciences, by which he was capable of throwing much light on the art of managing mines. It was alſo a matter of facility for him to acquire what knowledge he was ſtill deficient in reſpecting it, inaſmuch as the ſciences of Mathematics and Phyſics were the ſubjects that took up moſt of his time at that period: and theſe are the fundamental baſes of Metallurgy. He was not a man who was content with knowing the theory of a thing, without joining the practical part to it; it was not ſufficient for him to be exerciſed in his chemical laboratory, to have an exact knowledge of the ſituation of the Mines in Sweden, of the ſtructures, machines, and the manner of uſing them, in the neceſſary works going forward

forward in Mines; and therefore he undertook a second journey into foreign countries, to examine their Mines, see the manner of working, and all that concerned them, particularly those of Saxony and Harts: of all these nothing escaped his observing eye.

During his stay at Brunswick, he acquired the particular notice and favour of the Duke Louis Rudolph, who defrayed all his expences during his stay there, and at his departure, made him a present of a Medal of his in Gold, and one in Silver. He published,

1. *Prodromus principiorum Naturalium, sive novorum tentaminum, Chemiam & Physicam experimentalem geometrice explicandi.*
2. *Nova observata & inventa circa Ferrum & Ignem, præcipue naturam Ignis Elementarum, una cum nova Camini inventione.*
3. *Methodus nova inveniendi Longitudines locorum, terræ marique ope Lunæ.*
4. *Modus construendi receptacula navalia, vulgo en Suedois, Dockybygnadder.*
5. *Nova constructio aggeris Aquatici.*
6. *Modus explorandi virtutes Navigiorum.*

All these Tracts were printed at Amsterdam in the year 1721, and reprinted in 1727.

7. *Miscellanea observata circa res Naturales, præsertim Mineralia, Ignem, & Montium strata.*

Three parts of this work were printed at Leipsick, and the fourth at Hamburg in 1722. Who is the man, if we except Linnæus, who has been able to draw such considerable advantages from a journey of one year and a half? for he returned in 1722 to his country and friends, who received him with the greatest pleasure.

Swedenborg did not remain idle the following years, for he so equally divided his time between the duties of his office, as Metallic Assessor to the Royal College, and his study, that he finished in 1733 his grand work intitled, OPERA PHILOSOPHICA ET MINERALIA, and had it printed under his own direction in 1734, part at Dresden, and part at Leipsick; in which year he also went to inspect the Mines of Austria and Hungary. This work is divided into three vols. folio: the title of the first is *Principia rerum Naturalium sive novorum tentaminum, Phænomena Mundi elementaris philosophice explicandi.* The second, *Regnum subterraneum sive Minerale de Ferro*; and the third, *Regnum subterraneum sive Minerale de Cupro, & Orichalco*: all of them wrote with great strength of judgment, and ornamented with plates to facilitate the comprehension of the text.

The Academic Consistory or Assembly, and the Society of Sciences at Upsal, were sensible of his great abilities a considerable time before this; for to evince the sense they had of him, the Consistory had it requested of him, to solicit the place of Professor of the Sublime and Abstracted Mathematics, that Nils Celsius was before in the possession of; and that, as the Consistory said, for the advantage of youth, and ornament to the academy. Swedenborg expressed his thanks for their intention; but did not accept this honourable offer, on the most just intentions. The Society of Sciences at Upsal had enrolled him in the number of their members from the year 1729.

Strangers were not backward in their expression of a sense of his merit. The Academy of St. Petersburg sent him his Diploma of Association, as a Correspondent, on the 17th of December 1734. Christian Wolf, and many other learned strangers, were forward to form a literary correspondence with him, and consulted him on the most difficult things and subjects that could be treated of. Those who were appointed at Leipsick to the care of the edition of the *Acta Eruditorum*, and to adjoin to it an impartial Analysis of the Works of the Learned, found in those of Swedenborg a rich harvest to ornament their collection with.

This work of Swedenborg's has lost nothing of its value by length of time; the Authors of the estimable and magnificent description of Arts and Trades which are carried on at Paris, found the second part of Swedenborg's work, which is wrote on iron and the preparation of steel, that abounds with so much good sense, and is as well arranged, of so much importance, that they translated and inserted *the whole* in their collection of the *best things* wrote on these subjects.

In the like degree that Swedenborg in his continual contemplations on the Work of Creation acquired fresh knowledge respecting it, he discovered a like degree relating to the Supreme Being, and found further occasions to celebrate the Author and Creator of Nature.

Since the year 1737 he made eight different voyages into foreign parts, particularly England and Holland: from that year he begun to visit France and Italy; and this voyage lasted till the year 1740. His principal object was that of printing his new Treatises, evincing the fecundity of his genius, and which I cannot consider without the greatest astonishment. Besides a great number of Treatises, and amongst them his great work which I have spoken of before, he was the Author of the following Treatises:

1. *Prodromus Philosophiæ ratiocinantis de Infinito, de causa Creationis, & de Mechanismo Operationis Animæ & Corporis*, printed at Dresden in 1733.
2. *Oeconomia Regni Animalis*, in two parts; the first printed at Amsterdam in the year 1740, and the second in 1741.

3. *Reg-*

3. *Regnum Animale*, in three parts; the two firſt printed at the Hague in 1744, and the third in London in 1746.
4. *De Cultu & Amore Dei*. London, 1745.
5. *Arcana Cœleſtia*, in 8 vols. 4to. which were given in different years from 1745 to 1756.
6. *De Ultimo Judicio, & Babylonia deſtructa*. London, 1756.
7. *De Cœlo & Inferno, ex Auditis & Viſis*. London, 1758.
8. *De Equo Albo de quo in Apocalypſi*. London, 1758.
9. *De Telluribus in Mundo noſtro Solari*, London, 1758.
10. *De Nova Hieroſolyma*. London, 1758
11. *Delitiæ Sapientiæ de Amore Conjugiali*. Amſterdam, 1758.
12. *Sapientia Angelica de Divino Amore, & Divina Sapientia*. Amſterdam, 1763.
13. *Doctrina Novæ Hieroſolymæ de Domino*. Amſterdam, 1763.
14. *Doctrina Vitæ pro Nova Hieroſolyma*. Amſterdam, 1763.
15. *Continuatio de Ultimo Judicio, & de Mundo Spirituali*. Amſterdam, 1763.
16. *Sapientia Angelica de Divina Providentia*. Amſterdam, 1764.
17. *Apocalypſis Revelata*. Amſterdam, 1763.
18. *Summaria Expoſitio Doctrinæ Novæ Eccleſiæ*. Amſterdam, 1769.
19. *De Commercio Animæ & Corporis*. Amſterdam, 1769.
20. *Vera Chriſtiana Religio, ſeu Univerſalis Theologia Novæ Eccleſiæ*. Amſterdam, 1777.

The needful application that the works mentioned in the above liſt required, not allowing him to continue the neceſſary functions of his office as Aſſeſſor beyond the year 1747, he gave up his place, and obtained in the ſame year a diſcharge from the King, who gave him at the ſame time the two requeſts he had inſerted in his petition for diſmiſſion; the firſt of which was, to retain a moiety of his appointment to the place of Aſſeſſor during his life; and the ſecond, that the above favour ſhould be granted him without any derogation of title and rank: this permiſſion of enjoying the benefits of the place after diſmiſſion, is a mark of the greateſt favour. He was of a lively turn, and agreeable in company. As a ſuitable recreation after his aſſiduous ſtudies, he ſought the agreeable advantages that the company and converſation of men of ſenſe afforded him, by whom he was always ſurrounded, and very much reſpected. He had the method either to lengthen or ſilence, by an agreeable, yet ſenſible turn of argument, an indiſcreet and ſometimes too bold curioſity that is often thruſting itſelf into ſerious matters. He was attentive, zealous, and faithful in the diſcharge of the employs he had the care of. Whenever a vacancy of office ſuitable to his own talents happened, he never preſented himſelf as a candidate to fill it; and if he was advanced to honorable poſts, it was not through his ſeeking them, for he was always content in his ſtation. When other callings did not permit him to diſcharge the functions of his office, he preferred requeſting his diſmiſſion to ſtaying in it and not performing his duty, and was contented with retaining the title after having enjoyed the place thirty-one years. He aſſiſted as a Member of the Houſe of Nobles, during ſeveral Diets, and his behaviour was ſuch that none could reproach him with any miſconduct.

Swedenborg was never married. If he did not however engage in the marriage tie, it was not through a coldneſs or indifference to the ſex, for he eſteemed the company and diſcourſe of an agreeable and lively woman as an eſtimable recreation; but his great and profound ſtudies afforded him a pleaſing tranquillity both day and night; and therefore he was often ſolitary but never ſad. He enjoyed ſo good a ſtate of health, that he was ſcarce ever indiſpoſed. Always happy in himſelf, he in all circumſtances maintained the peace of his ſoul, and led a life happy in the ſupreme degree, even unto the moment that Nature demanded her due. He was attacked with an apoplexy in London on the 24th of December 1773, and died in the moſt ſerene manner on the 29th of March following, being eighty-five years of age, rich in the honourable teſtimonies of remembrance that he left behind him, ſatisfied with the kind of life this world afforded, and the ſtate of change he was about to enter into.

Of our Author's works ſeveral have been tranſlated. 1ſt, A Theoſophic Lucubration on the Nature of Influx as it reſpects the Communication and Operations of Soul and Body, 4to. 1770. This is a curious performance, and diſcovers good ſenſe and learning in the writer; at the ſame time he appears to be a viſionary and enthuſiaſt. To ſatisfy our readers of the truth of this aſſertion, it will be ſufficient to give the following extract from the preſent performance: "After this lucubration was finiſhed, I prayed that the Lord would pleaſe to grant me an interview with the diſciples of Ariſtotle, with thoſe of Deſcartes, alſo with thoſe of Leibnitz, to the end that I might hear from them their tenets concerning the communication and operations of the ſoul and body; and in anſwer to my prayer, nine perſons preſented themſelves to my view, three in each claſs, and ranged themſelves in order; the Ariſtotelians to-

wards my left hand, the Carteſians towards my right, and the Leibnitzians behind them; and through the intermediate ſpaces at a great diſtance off appeared three men as if crowned with laurel, whom I knew by an influxile perception to be the three founders of thoſe ſects: Behind Leibnitz, ſtood one who had hold on the ſkirts of his garment, and I was told that he was Wolfius. Theſe nine men at their firſt interview, behaved courteouſly to one another, but on the appearance of a ſpirit from beneath, with a torch in his right hand, which he waved before their faces, they immediately commenced enemies, three againſt three, for they became inflamed with the zeal of diſputation. The Ariſtotelians who were of the ſchoolmen, began the debate, ſaying, Who does not perceive that influx proceeds from outward objects, through the ſenſes into the ſoul, and that as plainly as a man is ſeen to paſs into a room at the door, and conſequently that ideas are excited in the ſoul by the laws of ſuch influx? Do not numberleſs inſtances demonſtrate that the bodily ſenſes are the only inlets to the ſoul, and ſufficiently eſtabliſh the doctrine of phyſical influx? To this the Carteſians, who hitherto ſtood with their fingers upon their eyebrows in a muſing poſture, replied as follow: What deluſion is here! and how do you reaſon from fallacious appearances only! Shew, if you can, what elſe cauſes the tongue and lips to ſpeak but thought, or the hands to work but the will; now thought and will proceed from the ſoul, and not from the body; and hence likewiſe it is that the eyes ſee, the ears hear, and the reſt of the corporeal organs diſcharge their reſpective functions. From theſe and many more convincing proofs, every one that has a grain of intellectual knowledge, may know of a truth, that influx proceeds not from matter to ſpirit, but contrariwiſe, and therefore we call it by the name of *ſpiritual*, and ſometimes by that of occaſional influx. After this, the three who were followers of Leibnitz cried out and ſaid, We have heard and compared the arguments on both ſides, and find that each has both its advantage and diſadvantage; and being aſked how they would compound the difference? they anſwered, By ſetting aſide all influx from the ſoul to the body, and from the body to the ſoul, and by maintaining a joint conſent and inſtantaneous operation of both together, which a celebrated author has properly diſtinguiſhed by the name of Pre-eſtabliſhed Harmony. A ſpirit, it is ſaid, afterwards appeared waving a torch behind them; on which their ideas became confuſed, and they all acknowledged their ignorance. They agreed to decide the diſpute by lots; three lots were accordingly put into a receiver: the perſon appointed to be the drawer, drew out that on which was written *ſpiritual influx*. They concluded to abide by this; and an angel appeared who aſſured them, that the lot came not by hand of chance, but by a divine direction." The reader will make his own reflections on this wonderful narrative.

2d. The Doctrine of Life for the New Jeruſalem; from the Commandments of the Decalogue. Tranſlated from the Latin, 4to. 1775.

3d. A Treatiſe concerning Heaven and Hell; containing a Relation of many wonderful things therein, as heard and ſeen by the Author, the Honorable Emanuel Swedenborg, of the Senatorial Order of Nobles in the Kingdom of Sweden. Now firſt tranſlated from the original Latin, 4to. 1778.

4th. The Heavenly Doctrine of the New Jeruſalem. Tranſlated from the Latin of the Honorable Emanuel Swedenborg, of the Senatorial Order of the Nobles in the Kingdom of Sweden, 8vo. 1780.

5th. A Treatiſe concerning the New Jeruſalem, and its Heavenly Doctrine, as revealed from Heaven. To which are prefixed, ſome Obſervations concerning the New Heaven, and the New Earth, 8vo. 1786.

Having in Vol. IX. p. 228, 327. preſented our Readers with an Abſtract of the very extraordinary MEMOIRS of a perſon aſſuming the name of COUNT CAGLIOSTRO, as publiſhed by Himſelf; and which Memoirs were at that time pronounced by M. DEMORANDE, Editor of the *Courier de L'Europe*, to be founded in impoſture and falſehood, and that the Writer's real name was BALSAMO; We think it our duty to lay before them the proofs which that Gentleman's indefatigable induſtry and perſeverance have ſince enabled him to procure in confirmation of his aſſertions; and which develope a ſcene of fiction and effrontery not more curious perhaps than it is unparalleled, except by the celebrated PSALMANAZAR'S *Hiſtory of* Formoſa.

ANECDOTES of COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

THE following information has been obtained by ſeveral reſpectable perſons, concerning the family and behaviour of the *Balſamique* Cagliſtro in his youth, on which account we think proper to give it to our readers.

DECLARATION *of the* SIEUR BERNARD, *Maſter of Languages at Palermo.*

"I the ſubſcribed declare, that the Chief Magiſtrate of Sicily having preſented me the copy of a letter dated Nov. 2, 1786, addreſſed to M. Fontaine, Commiſſary, in

which

which were ſeveral anecdotes of the famous Count Caglioſtro; and upon being aſked if I had written that letter, I anſwered, that I had collected theſe anecdotes from Antonio Bracconieri, uncle of Joſ. Balſamo, called by himſelf Count Caglioſtro, and that I ſent them to Naples: and having read in the Leyden Gazette that the Commiſſary Fontaine had a proceſs, &c. in his hands, which made it ſuſpicious that Balſamo was no other than Caglioſtro, and that this pretended Count Caglioſtro had laid imputations on many reſpectable perſons, by their names and offices; I thought it my duty to addreſs theſe anecdotes to M. Fontaine, without ſigning my name however, being deſirous only of ſerving my country, and preventing others from further impoſitions by this impoſtor.—In conſequence of which I have made this declaration at Palermo.

(Signed) BERNARD."

March 9, 1787.

Report, which the Sieur GUGINO, *Advocate Fiſcal of the Court of Palermo, ſent in form of a letter to the Viceroy of Sicily, March* 10, 1787, *reſpecting the truth of the facts atteſted in the letter preceding.*

Moſt Excellent Sir,

"HAVING paid my uſual exact attention, at the inſtance of your Excellency, to clear up every part of the anecdotes of the Count Caglioſtro, contained in the letters written from Palermo and addreſſed to Mr. Fontaine, and herewith ſent to you; I ſubmit to you the following Report.

"The author of theſe two letters, dated June and November 1786, is a Mr. Bernard, Maſter of Languages, at Palermo, who was made known to me by M. Bracconieri, mentioned in theſe letters. Having aſked the ſaid Mr. Bernard if he had written theſe two letters, he anſwered; yes, and confirmed them by the declaration above.

"All that he ſays, was told him by A. Bracconieri, Clerk in the houſe of Sieur Francois Aubert and Co. and uncle of Joſeph Balſamo of Palermo, to demonſtrate that the pretended Count Caglioſtro was the ſame perſon with his nephew, is true; for having demanded of the ſaid A. Bracconieri the ſame thing, he not only confirmed all that he ſaid to Bernard, but added ſeveral other circumſtances of note, which prove that Balſamo conceals himſelf under the feigned name of Count Caglioſtro. I have made him write and ſign his original depoſition, which I now ſend your Excellency, with the Memoir printed at Paris by the ſaid Caglioſtro.

"By all which Bracconieri affirms, I have "found that Joſeph Balſamo, ſon of Peter "Balſamo and Felice Bracconieri, was bap- "tiſed the 8th of June 1743, in the Cathe- "dral church of this city, having obtained "an extract of this ſigned by the grand "Chaplain, and the Coadjutor of the ſacra- "ments."

"As in the above act of baptiſm, I ſee that the child had been held by Joſ. Brazi, by the procuration of Vincente Caglioſtro, I examined the act of procuration, and found it in the minutes of the Notary Antonio Romaſino.

"From theſe letters and public acts, there is a conſiſtent reſult, and all the circumſtances concur to prove, that the pretended C. Caglioſtro is Joſeph Balſamo, of Palermo, &c. &c.

"Mr. Bernard gave me an account beſides, that having aſked a Meſſinian, if there was any family of Caglioſtro at Meſſina, he ſaid that he knew two of that name. Ant. Bracconieri has alſo aſſured me, that a ſiſter of his mother, aunt of Joſeph Balſamo, had married a perſon named Joſeph Caglioſtro, and that it is this affinity which has made Joſeph Balſamo aſſume the title of Count Caglioſtro.

"This opinion is ſupported by the two public acts of the baptiſm and the procuration, &c. &c.

"The age of Caglioſtro, mentioned in his memoir, and his having ſaid that he was in Sicily, Malta, Naples, and Rome, and had traverſed the greateſt part of Europe, are all circumſtances correſponding with the account of Antonio Bracconieri concerning his nephew Joſeph Balſamo.

"Matthew Navarrchy, a German, and jeweller at Palermo, ſaw the portrait of Caglioſtro in the hands of Baron Irobia, and ſays that he had a long face and a largiſh noſe, which agrees with the deſcription of Bracconieri. (Signed)

JOSEPH MARIE GUGINO,
Advocate Fiſcal."

Depoſition of ANTONIO BRACCONIERI, *uncle by the mother's ſide of* JOSEPH BALSAMO, *called* CAGLIOSTRO, *dated Palermo in Sicily, March* 9, 1787.

JOSEPH BALSAMO is the ſon of one of my ſiſters called Felicia, wife of Peter Balſamo, living at Palermo; by whom ſhe has two children only; the one a girl, now a widow, called Mary-Ann Capirammino; and the other the ſaid Joſeph, born the 2d of June 1743; baptized in the Cathedral: his godfather was John Baptiſt Betoni, a Genoeſe, eſtabliſhed at Palermo.

A few months after the birth of the ſaid Joſeph, his father died ſuddenly; his ſiſter was then two years of age. They were both

received into the care of their grandfather D. Joſeph Bracconieri, my father, who conſidered them as his own children; and particularly Joſeph, who was given all the education neceſſary to enable him to become the ſupport of his widowed mother and his ſiſter.

My father died in 1754; Balſamo remained under the care of his mother, who endeavoured to make him a religious, and made him wear the habit of the Brothers of Charity. After the neceſſary preparations, he was ſent to Caltagironne to become a noviciate.

But having no taſte for a religious life, he became deſirous of renouncing his habit. His mother, ſeeing him one day in a ſecular dreſs, and at the ſame time not wiſhing to loſe him, but only to feel ſome chaſtiſement, ſent him to the P. P. Capuchins, to be confined in their convent. As he became troubleſome to theſe religious they would not keep him, but drove him out. His turn for diſobedience increaſed, and his relations were forced to abandon him.

Being under no controul from his friends and at liberty, he contrived to perſuade a gold ſmith, named Vincent Marano, that he would diſcover a treaſure to him, provided he would advance a certain ſum of money to purchaſe ſome valuable drugs to form a compoſition for the diſcovery of the ſaid treaſure. Marano having procured him the money, he fled to Calabria, where he was ſtripped by ſome of his accomplices, and obliged to go to Rome: he married in that city a young perſon named Lorenza, daughter of a man of wealth, a copper-founder. He ſtopped but a little while here, where, however, he was protected by a cardinal, and went to France with his wife.

In this ſtate of affairs, from the time Balſamo left Palermo, his relations had no intelligence of him for ſeveral years. As I was at Naples in 1773, upon buſineſs, I walked out one day after dinner to the Royal Palace, and happened to ſee a barber of Palermo, named David Larocca, whom I knew. Having aſked him whence he came, he told me he had arrived a few days ago at Naples, and that he had been travelling in Ruſſia, England, Spain, France, and all over Italy. Being excited by curioſity, I aſked him, if he ever met in his travels with my nephew? He pretended at firſt not to know him; but at laſt, willing to ſurpriſe me, he engaged me to accompany him, and conducted me to a houſe oppoſite the Royal Theatre. I was aſtoniſhed on entering it to ſee Balſamo preſented to me. I was juſt going to chide Larocca for jeſting me, when Balſamo told me, that he had engaged him in his ſervice as valet de chambre. After mutual compliments, Balſamo begged to wait till he brought me his wife Lorenza. In half an hour after he returned with his wife, in a handſome equipage, with ſervants, and conducted me to ſee a houſe which he had hired that very day.

Aſtoniſhed at his magnificence, and ſtill more at hearing him called the *Marquis de Pellegrini*, I became reſerved, and would not accept of the offer he made me to lodge in his houſe; but on his confiding to me the idea he had of going to Palermo, provided he could obtain from the King a general pardon, that he might return into his native country, and endeavour to live quietly and honeſtly, I requeſted the protection of the Prince of Botera, who had the goodneſs to give me a letter in his own hand to his ſon the Prince of Pietra Perſia, that he might aſſiſt Balſamo with his influence and intereſt. On obtaining this letter I ſet out for Palermo with Balſamo and his wife, both of whom I lodged with myſelf.

Here they remained ſeventeen days, after which Balſamo, tired of the good advice I daily gave him, without any ceremony, or acquainting me, went to another houſe, which he hired, in order to be at full liberty and under no dependance upon me.

Marano at my deſire did not trouble him while he was in my houſe, but when he ſaw him abroad he made a complaint to the Preſident Airoldi, who ſeized and impriſoned Balſamo. The Prince of Pietra Perſia being deſirous of honouring the recommendation of his father, went to the Preſident and got Balſamo releaſed, on condition that in 24 hours he would leave Palermo. Balſamo agreed to the condition, and embarked on board a veſſel for Malta with his wife; and after ſtaying there a few days embarked for Italy.

Since this period I heard nothing of Balſamo, nor deſired to know any thing of ſuch a character: it was told me beſides, that Balſamo complained of me as being concerned with Marano in putting him in priſon, becauſe he had left my houſe without my conſent.

In 1785, the French Gazettes announced that there was at Paris ſome affairs going on, in which was mentioned this Count Caglioſtro, who was ſhut up in the Baſtile; and being deſirous for the reaſons already given to know if this Count Caglioſtro was Joſeph Balſamo, I wrote to a merchant at Paris to procure me the book which gave a hiſtory of his life. This merchant anſwered, that "the little work had hardly appeared when it was withdrawn; that it was full of fables, inſolence, and written by an enemy of Count Caglioſtro.

Caglioſtro. I ſubſtitute to you for it a Memoir, where he is defended againſt the imputations laid upon him, and which is very intereſting, becauſe it contains a detail of his life, and his detention in the Baſtile."

My friend at Paris ſent me this Memoir, and I gave it to my brother, requeſting him to tranſlate it into Italian. I will add, finally, that having remarked in this Memoir, that Count Caglioſtro calls his wife Seraſina Feliciani, although the name of Balſamo's wife was Lorenza, I ſuppoſe that he has made uſe of the name of one of his aunts, and that of his mother; becauſe the wife of D. Maker Bracconieri, my brother, and uncle to Balſamo, was named *Seraſina*, and her mother *Felicia*, from which he muſt have taken by adoption the two names *Seraſina Feliciani*.

So far for the illuſtration of truth;—I conclude,

1. That Joſeph Balſamo was born at Palermo, June 2, 1743, and baptiſed at the cathedral.

2. That he is the ſon of Peter Balſamo.

3. That his mother, a widow, is ſtill living, poor, and deaf for ſome years paſt, and that her name is Felicia.

4. That her ſiſter, widow of the late J. Baptiſt Capirammino, is ſtill living, and called Mary Ann.

5. The neareſt relations of Balſamo at Palermo, are the ſaid Maiter Bracconieri, my brother, and myſelf, Antony Bracconieri.

Balſamo is of the middle ſize, lively eyes, black hair and eye-brows, broad face, brown complexion, with a large and round noſe.

Dona Lorenza, his wife, is handſome, with delicate features, fair complexion, blue eyes, brown hair, broad viſage, a ſmall aquiline noſe, and a middle ſtature.

This is the whole which I have depoſed, and which I confirm by my ſignature.

(Signed) ANTONIO BRACCONIERI.

Palermo.

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE.

(Continued from Vol. XI. *page* 341.*)*

LETTER IX.

To ——— ———, Eſq.

I HAVE received, my dear friend, your kind anſwer to my letter. And you muſt know that it was juſt ſuch an one as I wiſhed to receive from you: nay, it was juſt ſuch an one as I expected that you would write to me. I ſhould have been diſappointed if it had been in any other form or ſhape of friendſhip. But underſtand me, if you pleaſe; I ſhould have been diſappointed for your ſake, and not for my own: for though I am charmed that you ſhould have made me thoſe unreſerved offers of friendſhip which are ſo gracious in you, I am almoſt as much pleaſed that my Exchequer is in that ſtate of ſufficiency as not to require them.

I have made my bargain for rebuilding my parſonage, and ſettled all arrangements, with all parties concerned, in a manner more to my ſatisfaction than I could have expected. I was rather in haſte to ſettle this account, that there might be no riſque of leaving my wife and Lydia a dilapidation for their fortune: for I have no reaſon to believe that the * of * would be more kind to them, when friendleſs and unprotected, than they had been to the huſband of the one and the father of the other, who, when he was a poor Curate, had pride enough to deſpiſe their Reverences, and wit enough to make others laugh at them. But may God forgive them, as I do! Amen.

I wrote to Hall on account of my diſaſter; and his anſwer bid me find out a *conceit* on the occaſion, and comfort myſelf with it. Tully, the Orator, the Politician, the Philoſopher, the Moraliſt, the Conſul, &c. &c. &c. adopted, as he candidly tells every one who reads his works, this mode of conſolation, when he loſt his daughter; and if we may believe him, with ſucceſs. Now this fame Tully, you muſt know, was like my father; I mean *Mr. Shandy, of Shandy Hall*, who was as well pleaſed with a *misfortune* that gave him an opportunity of diſplaying his eloquence, as with a *bleſſing* that obliged him to hold his tongue. Both theſe great men were fond of conceits, I mean their own; ſo I will tell you a ſtory of a *Conceit*, not of Cicero's, nor of my father's, but of the Lord of *Crazy*.

You muſt know then, that this fame friend of mine, and, I may add, of your's alſo, in a moment of lazy pride, took it into his head that he would have a town chariot, to ſave his feet by day, and to carry him to Ranelagh in the evening. For this purpoſe, after conſulting a coachmaker, he had allotted *one hundred* and *forty pounds*; and he wrote me word of it. On my arrival in town, about three months after this communication, I found a card of invitation from Lord Spencer

to dine with him on the following Sunday; and I had no sooner read it, than Hall's fine crane-neck'd chariot came bounce, as it were, upon my recollection; so I sallied forth to ask him how he did, and to borrow his carriage, that I might pay my visit in pomp as *Pontificalibus*. I found him at home, made a friendly enquiry or two, and told him of the little arrangement I had formed; when he replied, with one of his Cynical smiles, that his mortification was in the extreme, for that his chariot was gone post to Scotland. I stared, and he laughed—not at me, but at his own *conceit*—and you shall have it, such as it is.

I must inform you then, that at the moment when the coach-maker was receiving his last instructions, he himself received a letter; which letter acquainted him, that his son, who was quartered at Edinburgh, had got into a terrible riot there; to get out of the consequences of which, demanded almost the precise sum that had been destined for the chariot. So that the *hundred and forty pounds*, which had been set apart to build a chariot in London, were employed to repair broken windows, broken lamps, and broken heads, in Edinburgh; and Hall comforted himself with the conceit that his *chariot* was gone *post* to Scotland. So much for comforts and conceits;—and happy is it for us when we can, by any means, *conceit* ourselves into comfort. I could say more upon this matter, but my paper is almost filled; and I have only space to express a wish, that your life may never want any of those petty helps to make it as happy as, if I greatly mistake not, it must be honourable. Let me see you soon; and, in the mean time, and at all times, may God be with you.

Your's, most affectionately,
L. STERNE.

LETTER X.

To ——— ———, Esq.

Coxwould, Wednesday night.

I SEND you, my dear friend, as you request it, the epitaph which I mentioned in my last epistle to you. I write it from recollection; and though it may not contain the precise expression, it will certainly possess the sentiment of the original composition—and that is of the most consequence. I remember well it came from the heart, for I most sincerely loved the amiable person, whose virtues deserved a better inscription, and, according to a very common course of things, found a worse. But here it is—

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly show
An idle tear of fabricated woe;—
The sweet companion and the friend sincere
Need no mechanic arts to force the tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er an hearse like thine;
'Twill flow while gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Hall liked it, I remember—and Hall always knows what ought to be liked, and in certain humours, will be candid upon these sentimental subjects, and acknowledge that he feels them. He is an excellent scholar and a good critic; but his judgment has more severity than it ought to have, and his taste less delicacy than it should possess. He has, also, great humanity, but, somehow or other, there is so often such a mixture of sarcasm in it, that there are many who will not believe he has a single scruple of it in his composition. Nay, I am acquainted with several, who cannot be persuaded but that he is a very insensible, hard-hearted man; which I, who have known him long and known him well, assure you he is not. He may not always possess the grace of charity, but he feels the reality of it, and continually performs benevolent actions; though not always, I must confess, in a benevolent manner. And here is the grief of the business. He will do a kindness with a sneer, or a joke, or a smile; when, perhaps, a tear, or a grave countenance at least, would better become him. But this is his way; it is the language of his character; and though one might wish it to be otherwise, yet I cannot tell what right any of us have to pass a severe sentence upon it, for no other reason in the world but because our own failings are of a different complexion. And so much for all that.

I am preparing to prance it for a week or ten days at Scarborough. If you pass your autumn at Mulgrave-hall, take that place in your way, and I will accompany you on your visit, and then to Crazy Castle, and so home; and then to London—and then God knows where—but it shall be where it pleases him: this is *clerically* said, however, and it would be well for the best of us if it were thought and considered as often as it was said. But so it is, that the lips and the heart, which ought never to be asunder, are sometimes wandering at different corners of the earth. Mine at least are in the closest conjunction, when I offer you my most affectionate regard. So good night, and may the visions of a good spirit attend you.

Most truly your's,
L. STERNE.

LETTER XI.

To ——— ——— Esq.

Scarborough.

I SHALL not reply, my dear friend, to all the kind things you think and say of me.—I trust,

truſt, indeed, that I deſerve ſome of them; and I am well pleaſed to find that you think I deſerve them all.—But however that may be, I deſire you to cheriſh thoſe benevolent ſentiments which you have ſo warmly expreſſed in the paper before me, both for your own ſake, and that of the perſon who is the ſubject of them.

Your commands in general ſhould be obeyed without reflection—but in this particular inſtance, a rare gleam of prudence has ſhot acroſs me, and I beg leave to reflect a few moments on the ſubject—and were I to take wiſdom upon me, and reflect for a few days, the reſult, I am ſure, would be, that I ſhould not obey your commands at all.

The giving advice, my good friend, is the moſt thankleſs generoſity in the world—becauſe, in the firſt place, it coſts you nothing; and, in the next, it is juſt ſuch a thing as the perſon to whom you preſent it will think that he does not want. This, you ſee, is my way of reaſoning; but I believe, from my heart, that it will apply too well to the ſubject between us.

There are ſuch things in the world as *wrong heads* and *right hearts*—and *wrong hearts* and *right heads*.—Now, for myſelf, and ſpeaking under the influence of my own particular feelings, I would rather be of the *right heart* family, with all their blunders, errors, and confuſions; but if I want a buſineſs to be done, or a plan to be executed, give me a *right head*: if there is a *right heart* into the bargain, ſo much the better: but it is upon the former that I muſt rely—and whether the latter be right or wrong, is not a matter of abſolute conſideration. This is not, my dear friend, quite orthodox, according to your ſyſtem; but as you proceed, every day will tend to encreaſe the propinquity of this opinion to your own.

Now I am rather diſpoſed to think, without leaning to the uncharitable ſide of the queſtion, that poor ——— ———— is of the *Wrong-head* family.—I know his heart,—and I am ſure his preſent ſcrape ariſes from the good diſpoſitions of it. Nevertheleſs, though I think myſelf a dab at giving good counſel in ſuch caſes as his, I cannot bring myſelf to preſcribe on the occaſion—It is impoſſible to do it, without informing him of the nature of his diſeaſe, which is neither more nor leſs than abſolute wrong-headedneſs; and were I to do it, he would exhibit another ſymptom of his diſorder, by throwing my preſcription out of the window, and perhaps threatening the ſame miſchief to the phyſician himſelf.

If you have influence ſufficient to induce him to apply to me, I will moſt readily exert my beſt for him; and I can then do the bitter buſineſs, and give the unpalateable doſe with a good grace.—Here then we will, if you pleaſe, let the matter reſt for the preſent.

I write in haſte and on my pillow, that you may, as ſoon as poſſible, be acquainted with my ſentiments in a matter wherein you have a greater dependence upon me, than I fear the event will juſtify.—So good morning, and God bleſs you.

I received a letter yeſterday from poor dear Lydia—It is an amiable mad-cap—and God bleſs her alſo. Once more adieu.

Yours, &c.

L. S.

LETTER XII.

Scarborough, Auguſt 29, 1765.

YOU refine too much, my dear friend, you do indeed. Your reaſoning is ingenious, and produces a neat, pretty, plauſible train of argument, that would make a figure in a company of female philoſophers; but, if committed to paper, would be pardonable only when written on the fan of ſome *pedantic Dulcinea*. You run into diviſions, when a ſimple modulation would anſwer better; that is, would produce more pleaſing effects both in yourſelf and the ſentimental ſpirit whom you might wiſh to pleaſe.

Opinion, my dear fellow, ſomehow or other, rules all mankind; and not like a kind maſter, or, which would be more congenial, a gentle miſtreſs, but like a tyrant, whoſe wiſh is power, and whoſe gratification is ſervility.—Opinion leads us by the ears, the eyes—and, I had almoſt ſaid, by the *noſe*. It warps our underſtandings, confounds our judgments, diſſipates experience, and turns our paſſions to its purpoſe. In ſhort, it becomes the governeſs of our lives, and uſurps the place of reaſon, which it has kicked out of office.—This is among the ſtrange truths which cannot be explained by that mortifying deſcription which time will diſplay to your experience hereafter, with ten times the credit which would accompany any preſent endeavours of mine to the ſame purpoſe.

If you would know more of the matter, and can bring yourſelf to riſk the opinion, which, by the bye, I do not adviſe you to do, aſk A— why he ſubmits, with ſuch a placid ſubſervience, to the little wench who lives with him? You know, and all his friends know, that he has but half, not half the enjoyments of life, through the fear of her vengeance, whatever it may be. He has fortune, underſtanding and courage:—he loves ſociety, and adds greatly to the pleaſures of it—and yet how often does he leave it half enjoyed! Nay, to come more home to the buſineſs, how often has he left our

pleaſant

pleaſant claſſical meetings, before they have ariſen to their uſual glow, in order to humour this little piece of diſgrace, whom he has not the reſolution to ſend back to the banks of the Wye, where the fifty pounds a year he might give her would make her queen of the village!—We pity poor A—, we argue with him, we wonder at him—do we not?—But in this we deceive ourſelves—for the wiſeſt and beſt of us are governed by ſome little dirty drab of an opinion, whoſe governance is equally diſgraceful, and much more injurious—as it will, perhaps, give a colour to the whole current of our lives. A miſtreſs, with all her arts and faſcinations, may, in time, be got rid of; but opinion, once rooted, becomes a part of ourſelves—it lives and dies with us.

It muſt be acknowledged, that I have been rather ſermonic this fine morning, but you know how and where to apply what has been written, and I leave the whole to your practice, if you think proper; and if you do not—but what have I to do with *ifs*?—It is an exceptious monoſyllable, and I fling it from me.

B—— is here, and tells me that he has left you continually driving between London and Richmond. What Beauty of the Hill has enchanted you there? Or what Swan of the ſilver Thames are you dying for?—I take it very ill of you that you never favour me with a ſingle communication concerning your *Dorothies*, or your *Delias*: I proteſt moſt ſeriouſly that I will never write to you again, till you give me an hiſtory of your chains; and who it is has bound you at preſent on the river's bank—tell me who the Naiad is?

Mr. F——, the Apoſtolic F——, as Lady —— calls him, in his way to ——, hinted to me ſomething ſerious. He talked of a marriage—to which I replied, God forbid!—But do not, I pray, be angry with my exclamation; for it was neither a thoughtleſs or a peeviſh one, but an impulſe of that ſincere regard which you more than deſerve from me.—With your diſpoſitions, and in your ſituation, I hardly think there is a woman in the kingdom who would be an happy match for you; and if you think proper to aſk me, I will, hereafter, tell you why:—at preſent I ſhall content myſelf with telling you, that I am moſt cordially your's,

L. STERNE.

POETRY.

On the PERFORMANCE of MACBETH.

Written in 1773.

[*Eight Kings appear, and paſs in order over the ſtage. Banquo the laſt.*]

OLD Quin, ere fate ſuppreſs'd his lab'ring breath,
In ſtudied accents grumbled out Macbeth.
Next Garrick came, whoſe utterance truth impreſt,
Whilſt ev'ry look the tyrant's guilt confeſt:
Then the cold Sheridan half froze the part,
Yet what he loſt by nature, ſav'd by art.
Tall Barry now advanc'd tow'rd Birnam-wood,
Nor ill perform'd the ſcenes he underſtood.
Grave Moſſop next to Foris ſhap'd his march,
His words were minute-guns, his actions ſtarch;
Rough Holland too—but paſs his errors o'er,
Nor blame the actor, when the man's no more.
Then heavy Roſs eſſay'd the tragic frown,
But beef and pudding kept his meaning down.
Next careleſs Smith tried on the murderer's maſk,
While o'er his tongue light tript the horrid taſk.
Hard Macklin late guilt's feeling ſtrove to ſpeak,
While ſweats infernal drench'd his iron cheek;
Like Fielding's kings his fancied triumphs paſt,
And all he boaſts is, that he falls the laſt.

LINES, on entering LADY WALLACE's Study, her Ladyſhip being abſent. By Mrs. YEARSLEY, the Poeteſs of BRISTOL.

HERE Meditation ſits with penſive look,
Mourning her votary's abſence with a ſigh,
Now views the lazy pen, and uſeleſs book,
While Emma wand'ring ſtrikes the wiſhing eye.

"Return," the ſtudious Power with anguiſh cries;
"My charms are ſolemn, fit for ſouls like thine;
Th' ungenial boſom I can never prize,
But O, thou'rt form'd for rapture all divine!

"Here will I aid thy ſpirit-ſoothing ſtrain,
When on thy numbers all thy ſoul ſhall float;
And when ſoft Love ſhall teach thee to complain,
My viewleſs ſhadows ſhall prolong the note.

"They to fond thought ſhall bring the pleaſing paſt,
Bidding thee ne'er regret the long-fled hour,
But ſeize the preſent that fleets on as faſt,
Nor truſt the future's bright deluſive pow'r.

"Return my Emma, Yearſley mourns with me,
She longs to hear thy ſentiment refin'd:
Ah! let her breathe congenial ſighs with thee,
And ſhare the richeſt treaſures of thy mind."

On

On the SNOW-DROP.

HAIL, lovely flower, ſweet meſſenger of ſpring.
Welcome, fair Snow-drop, to our vernal plains!
Emblem of ſpotleſs innocence and peace!
See with what baſhful modeſty ſhe blooms,
And droops her head, unconſcious of her charms.
Why, lovely flower, art thou forbid to bloom
Upon the boſoms of the Britiſh fair?
Art thou deſerted for the worthleſs tribes,
That flaunt in grandeur on the gay parterre?
Cold nipping froſt, that thou canſt well endure,
Without one ſtain upon thy ſpotleſs leaves,
Would in an inſtant wither all their charms,
And blend their boaſted beauties with the duſt.
So Merit lives neglected by the Great,
The ſcorn of Fortune, the contempt of Fame,
Yet bears the ſtrokes of adverſe Fate unhurt;
While flatt'ring and preſumptuous Eloquence
Feeds on the ſmiles and favours of a Court.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN!

A DIRGE.

By Mr. BURNS.

WHEN chill November's ſurly blaſt
Made fields and foreſts bare,
One evening as I wander'd forth,
Along the banks of Ayr,
I ſpy'd a man whoſe aged ſtep
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young ſtranger, whither wander'ſt thou?"
Began the reverend ſage:
"Does thirſt of wealth thy ſtep conſtrain,
Or youthful pleaſure's rage?
Or haply, preſt with cares and woe,
Too ſoon thou haſt began
To wander forth, with me, to moan
The miſeries of Man.

"The ſun that overhangs yon moors
Outſpreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to ſupport
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've ſeen yon weary winter ſun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn!

"O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Miſ-ſpending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the ſway,
Licentious paſſions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That Man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is uſeful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But ſee him on the edge of life,
With care and ſorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill-match'd pair!
Shew Man was made to mourn!

"A few ſeem favourites of Fate,
In Pleaſure's lap careſt;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewiſe truly bleſt.
But O! what crouds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this leſſon learn,
That Man was made to mourn.

"Many and ſharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven in our frame!
More pointed ſtill we make ourſelves
Regret, remorſe, and ſhame!
And Man, whoſe heav'n-erected face
The ſmiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countleſs thouſands mourn.

"See yonder poor, o'er-labour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And ſee his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition ſpurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpleſs offſpring mourn.

"If I'm deſign'd yon lordling's ſlave,
By Nature's law deſign'd,
Why was an independent wiſh
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I ſubject to
His cruelty or ſcorn?
Or why has Man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too-much, my ſon,
Diſturb thy youthful breaſt;
This partial view of human kind
Is ſurely not the laſt!
The poor, oppreſſed, honeſt man
Had never, ſure, been born,
Had there not been ſome recompenſe
To comfort thoſe that mourn!

"O Death! the poor man's deareſt friend,
The kindeſt and the beſt!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at reſt!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleaſure torn;
But O, a bleſt relief for thoſe
That weary-laden mourn!"

STANZAS.

To GALLA.

SWEET girl! on thee the varying year
Its every gift beſtows:
Thy cheeks, thy lips, from ſpring derive
The beauties of the Roſe.

The ſummer's ſun more luſtre boaſts,
Reflected from your eyes:
And Autumn in thy breaſt has plac'd
-A double Paris' prize.

To ſtamp perfection on thy charms,
Old Winter's ſtore is brought;
The whiteneſs of his ſnow he gives,
And ſpreads it where it ought.

To HYELLA.

WHILST ſhady groves and murm'ring ſtreams
Engage Hyella's care;
I wiſh myſelf ſome fragrant flower,
To deck my charmer's hair.

And when Sol's radiant beams can make
The gentle wind careſt,
I long to be a zephyr chang'd,
To wanton in her breaſt.

VERSES to WILLIAM HAYLEY, Eſq.

I.

ENRAPTUR'D bard, from thy harmonious lyre,
Tun'd by Apollo's hand, the numbers flow
With all the warmth of true poetic fire;
In ev'ry line ſucceeding beauties glow:

II.

Where nervous thought by elegance refin'd,
(That breathes the pureſt ſpirit of the Nine)
Softneſs and Eaſe with Harmony combin'd,
United in thy verſe conſpicuous ſhine:

III.

Where bold Imagination's brighteſt ray
Illumes each ſcene thy magic pencil ſhews;
And Heav'n-born ſportive Fancy, ever gay,
On thy bleſt Muſe her powerful aid beſtows.

IV.

Stretch'd on her wing, through the æthereal ſkies
With rapid flight thy daring genius ſoars
(Follow'd in vain by Wonder's gazing eyes)
To Pindus height, and climes unknown explores.

V.

Entranc'd within her viſionary bowers,
(Where airy ſhapes and forms celeſtial throng)
Poetic dreams beguile the happy hours,
And with their influence inſpire thy ſong.

VI.

There (while the ſpheres in tuneful concert move,
And charm the raviſh'd ear with ſounds divine)
The ſiſter-virgins of the ſacred grove
Around thy brow their blooming laurels twine.

VII.

Thus plac'd by Merit on her throne ſublime,
In vain ſhall Envy ſtrive to blaſt thy fame;
That will outlive the power of mould'ring Time,
Till diſtant ages echo Hayley's name.

VIII.

Forgive the theme my infant muſe aſpires,
And ſmile complacent on theſe feeble lays;
Where (tho' thy worth a nobler ſtrain require)
The admiring heart an unfeign'd tribute pays.

P. B——o.

SACRED to the MEMORY of MISS LANGHAM.

WHAT's human life? A viſionary ſtate,
Cheker'd with ſufferings, pre-ordain'd by Fate.
Ah! what is death! A ſure releaſe from pain,
The Hero's triumph, and the Chriſtian's gain.

Then ceaſe to mourn that Juliana ſleeps;
Remembrance her fair image ſacred keeps.
Of poliſh'd form, and manners high refin'd,
A brilliant genius, and an active mind;
A heart inclin'd to every virtuous end,
A duteous daughter, tender ſiſter, friend;
Like an exotic in this changing clime,
She bloom'd and faded in the hour of prime:
Heaven ſaw the conflict, and ſecur'd the prize,
So fix'd her ſtation in her native ſkies!

ANN MURRY

LAPLAND SONG.

By Sir M. W. RIDLEY.

THE ſnows are diſſolving on Torne's rude ſide,
And the ice of Lulhea flows down the dark tide!
Thy dark ſtreams, O Lulhea! flow freely away,
And the ſnow-drop unfolds her pale beauties to day.

Remote, the keen terrors of winter retire,
Where the North's dancing ſtreamers relinquiſh their fire;
Where the ſun's genial beams ſwell the bud on the tree,
And Enna chaunts forth her wild warblings with glee.

The rein-deer, unharneſs'd, in freedom ſhall play,
And ſafely o'er Odon's ſteep precipice ſtray;
The wolf to the foreſts' receſſes ſhall fly,
And howl to the moon, as ſhe glides thro' the ſky.

Then haſte, my fair Lhea! ah! haſte to the grove!
And paſs the ſweet ſeaſon in rapture and love;
In youth let our boſoms with extacy glow,
For the winter of life ne'er a tranſport can know.

Newcaſtle, June 9, 1787.

On FRIENDSHIP.

By a LADY.

FRIENDSHIP, thou balm to every bleeding wound,
Sweet ſocial power, but ſeldom art thou found;
Yet oft like a phenomenon appears,
To ſoothe pale grief, and ſtop her guſhing tears.
Yet reſts not here, but like refreſhing ſhowers,
Where'er it goes, the healing balſam pours;
And learns the ſmiling infant's liſping tongue,
To bleſs the donor as he goes along.
Friendſhip! extenſive virtue of the mind,
For ever lovely and for ever kind;
The greateſt comfort we can taſte below,
Without thee, life's a chearleſs ſcene of woe.
But Flattery oft aſſumes fair Friendſhip's name,
And dwells alone with Folly, Wealth and Fame.
But when Diſtreſs appears the phantom flies,
And from the ruin'd manſion turns her eyes.
If Fortune flies, and Friendſhip ſtill remains,
It ſoothes our woes, and mitigates our pains;
Her bounty wafts us to ſome bliſsful ſhore,
Where Pain and Miſery are beheld no more.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

SEE where the roſy-footed Spring
Dances forth in trim array,
Blithe as an Eaſtern bridal Queen,
To wed the lamp of day.
And ſee! where riſing nature homage pays,
And all her breathing incenſe pours along;
The ſofteſt gales, the ſhrilleſt warblers lays,
The ſtreams ſweet murmur, and the poets ſong,
All, all are thine! Earth, Air, and Sea, and Sky,
All wake for thee, fair Spring, their ſweeteſt minſtrelſy.

II.

I too the gentle influence feel,
And join the rapt'rous choral ſong;
And touch the lyre, as ſoft I ſteal
Oh Cam! —thy banks along;
Tho' on thoſe banks no myrtle breathes perfume,
No roſe unfolds its blaſhing beauties there,
No tulip there diſplays its gaudy bloom,
No ſtately lily decks the bright parterre;
Enclos'd within the garden's bright domain,
Theſe all in Eaſtern pride ſtill hold their golden reign.

III.

Yet Nature o'er the ſimple ſcene
Scatters wild beauties bright and gay,
And on they ſpring, a numerous train,
As fair and ſweet as they.
To me the violet has a balmy ſweet,
To me the kingcup ſcatters golden hues,
Ev'n in the primroſe ſimple beauties meet,
Ev'n the meek daiſy can inſtruct the muſe:
Mid fields in ſilent wonder ſhe can ſtand,
And ev'n in field-flowers trace a maſter's matchleſs hand.

IV.

And ſee! the ſportive ſun-beams play,
Dancing on the criſped ſtream;
While thouſand inſects, light and gay,
Swift o'er the ſurface ſkim.
Nor does in vain the ſtately cygnet ſail,
Nor roving bees buz on the flowery brink,
Nor fiſhes down the ſilver current ſteal,
Nor little ſongſters on the margin drink,
And playful oft their glofſy pinions ply,
While with their feather'd mates they vernal gambols try.

V.

Oh Spring!--I love thy gentle reign;--
Yet I could leave thee, gentle Spring,
If ſo His wiſdom might ordain,
Who reigns, thy ſmiling King.
Yes, all thy clouds and ſkies of ſilver hues,
Thy meads, and vales, ſoft gales, and glofſy bloom,
I'd leave them all, to friendly to the muſe,
Should but thy Sov'reign ſay, Behold! I come.
And ſhatter'd too might ſleep this feeble lyre,
Might I but hear, and view, and join th' immortal choir.

VI.

What tho' I love thee, Spring-tide fair,
Yet there's a brighter Spring above,
Gay laughs the Sun the livelong year,
And all is light and love.
There gales immortal ſweetneſs breathe around,
There ſhine fair ſmiling fruits and golden flowers,
Cheriſh'd, luxuriant on the laughing ground,
With Heav'n's own dews, and pure ambroſial ſhowers.
There happy ſpirits reſt, their conqueſt won,
And reap from heavenly trees a never-withering crown,

HYMN TO HEALTH.

By Mr. WEBB.

Imitated from the Greek of Athenæus.

FIRST-BORN of Heaven! for without thee
Bleſt HEALTH, the Gods themſelves wou'd be
Oppreſs'd by Immortality!
Come then, thou beſt of bleſſings! come,
And make my humble roof thy home;
Propitious come, and ſhed a ray
Of gladneſs on my feſtive day.
For if there be in wealth a charm,
If joys the parent's boſom warm,
Whate'er the good, to thee 'tis given
To perfect ev'ry boon of Heaven.
If diadems the fancy pleaſe,
Thy hand muſt make them ſit with eaſe:
Loſt without thee were *Cupid's* wiles,
And *Venus* owes thee half her ſmiles.
Whate'er we hope, whate'er endure,
Thou giv'ſt the enjoyment, or the cure;
Where'er thou ſpread'ſt thy balmy wing,
Ills vaniſh, blooming pleaſures ſpring;
All wiſhes meet in thee alone,
For *Happineſs* and HEALTH are one!

THE VISION.

By a YOUNG LADY.

'TWAS on a ſummer's eve the ſetting ſun
Gleam'd o'er the weſtern ſky his parting light,
When ere the table reign of night begun,
A form majeſtic ſtood before my ſight,
And thus ſhe ſpoke:—"Ambition is my name;
I bring a meſſage from the Court of Fame."

This ſaid, ſhe pointed to a glitt'ring ſpire,
That elevated roſe in air ſublime;
"To that (ſhe cry'd) direct each fond deſire;
That pile of glory ſcorns the hand of time;
For there the trumpet of immortal Fame
Shall to the world each glorious deed proclaim.

Miſtaken mortal! leave this humble vale,
Forſake theſe bowers of indolence and eaſe,
To where ambroſial fragrance ſcents the gale,
And Fancy forms ten thouſand ſcenes to pleaſe.
Then mount my wing (the radiant goddeſs cries)
With me explore the regions of the ſkies."

The pleaſing accents charm'd my raptur'd ear;
My eager eyes the bluſtful ſcenes ſurvey;
I liſten'd to her words, devoid of fear,
Nor knew the perils of the dangerous way.
When, lo! an heavenly form, divinely bright,
Deſcends from Heaven before my wond'ring ſight.

At her divine approach the fair diſguiſe
Which flattering Ambition long had wore,
Fell from her form! Away the fury flies,
And in an inſtant was beheld no more.
Aſtoniſhment and terror fill'd my breaſt,
When by the angelic guide I was addreſs'd:

"My name is Virtue, and the Child of Heaven:
I came to ſave thee from Ambition's ſnare;
To teach poor erring mortals I was given,
And guide their ſteps from ruin and deſpair."
This ſaid, the blooming Seraph took her flight:
Her beauties vaniſh'd in the ſhades of night.

The WINTER NOSEGAY.

By WILLIAM COWPER, Eſq. of the Temple.

I

WHAT Nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our iſle,
Art has in a meaſure ſupplied,
And Winter is deck'd with a ſmile.
See, *Mary*, what beauties I bring
From the ſhelter of that ſunny ſhed,
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the Spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

II.

'Tis a bower of *Arcadian* ſweets,
Where *Flora* is ſtill in her prime,
A fortreſs to which ſhe retreats,
From the cruel aſſaults of the clime.
While earth wears a mantle of ſnow,
Theſe pinks are as freſh and as gay
As the faireſt and ſweeteſt that blow
On the beautiful boſom of *May*.

III.

See how they have ſafely ſurviv'd
The frowns of a ſky ſo ſevere—
Such *Mary's* true love, that has liv'd
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late blowing roſe
Seems grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of ſorrow beſt ſhews
The truth of a friend—ſuch as you.

LINES

On obſerving ſome Names of little Note recorded in the BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

By the SAME.

OH fond attempt to give a deathleſs lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain recorded in hiſtoric page,
They court the notice of the future age;
Thoſe twinkling tiny luſtres of the land
Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand;
Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion ſoon abſorbs them all.
So when a child, as playful children uſe,
Has burnt to tinder a ſtale laſt year's news,

The

The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
There goes my Lady, and there goes the 'Squire;
There goes the *Parſon*, oh illuſtrious ſpark!
And there, ſcarce leſs illuſtrious, goes the *Clerk!*

LINES written by the late KING of PRUSSIA, on the different Effects of TOO-MUCH and NOTHING.

"By ſound Reaſon we're all taught,
"Too-MUCH of ANY THING is good for NOUGHT."

TOO MUCH reſt our genius dulls,
Too much love diſturbs the brain,
Too much learning makes us fools,
Too much buſineſs gives us pain.
Too much phyſic makes us worſe,
From too much cunning cheating grows,
Too much vigour is a curſe,
From too much ſaving avarice flows.
Too much courage makes us raſh,
From too much riches trouble ſprings,
Too great honours are but traſh,
Too much pleaſure ſickneſs brings.
By too much confidence we loſe,
From too much wit what miſchiefs riſe;
Too much freedom's an abuſe,
Too much good-nature is not wiſe.
Too much politeneſs is a thrall;
Yet all theſe things we bleſſings call.
But if we rightly will attend,
On NOTHING all our acts depend.
Nothing holds aloft the ſcales,
And o'er ev'ry thing prevails;
Nothing makes us dangers dare;
Nothing makes us oft deſpair;
On nothing all our efforts turn,
For nothing oft our boſoms burn;
War from nothing ſprings; and, Love,
All thy joys a nothing prove.

The DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

By Mr. FRENEAU, an American Poet.

THIS antique dome the mould'ring tooth of Time
Now level with the duſt has almoſt laid;
Yet ere 'tis gone, I fix my humble rhyme
On theſe low ruins, that his years have made.

Behold the unſocial hearth!—where once the fires
Blaz'd high, and check'd the wintry traveller's woes;
See the weak roof, that abler props requires,
Admits the chilling winds, and ſwift deſcending ſnows.

Here, to forget the labours of the day,
No more the ſwains at evening hours repair;
But wandering flocks aſſume the well-known way,
To ſhun the rigors of the midnight air.

In yonder chamber, half to ruin gone,
Once ſtood the ancient houſewife's curtain'd bed:—
Timely the prudent matron has withdrawn,
And each domeſtic comfort with her fled.

The trees, the flowers, that her own hand had rear'd,
The plants, the vines, that were ſo verdant ſeen;
The trees, the flowers, the vines have diſappear'd,
And every plant has vaniſh'd from the green.

So ſits in tears, on wide *Campania's* plain,
The ancient Miſtreſs of a world enſlav'd,
That triumph'd o'er the land, ſubdu'd the main,
And Time himſelf in the wild tranſport brav'd.

So ſits in tears, on *Paleſtina's* ſhore,
The *Hebrew* town of ſplendor once divine;
Her Kings, her Lords, her triumphs are no more,
Slain are her prieſts, and ruin'd every ſhrine.

Once in the bounds of this ſequeſter'd room,
Perhaps ſome Swain nocturnal courtſhip made;
Perhaps ſome *Sherlock* mus'd amidſt the gloom,
Since Love and Death for ever ſeek the ſhade!

Perhaps ſome miſer, doom'd to diſcontent,
Here counted o'er the heaps acquir'd with pain;
He to the duſt—his gold on traffic ſent,
Shall ne'er diſgrace the mould'ring walls again.

Nor ſhall the glow-worm fopling, ſun-ſhine-bred,
Seek, at the evening hour, this wonted dome;
Time has reduc'd the fabric to a ſhed,
Scarce fit to be the wand'ring beggar's home.

And none but I its piteous fate lament——
None, none, but I, o'er its cold aſhes mourn,
Sent by the Muſe—(the time, perhaps, miſ-ſpent)
To ſhed her fateſt tears upon its ſilent urn!

THE

THE PRAYER of ORPHEUS.

By Mr. FRENEAU.

SAD Monarch of the World below,
Stern guardian of this drowsy shade,
Through thy unlovely realms I go,
To seek a captive thou hast made.
O'er *Stygian* waters I have pass'd,
Contemning *Jove's* unjust decree,
And reach'd thy sable Court at last,
To find my lost *Eurydice!*

Of all the Nymphs so deck'd and dress't,
Like *Venus* of the starry train,—
She was the loveliest and the best,
The pride and glory of the plain!
Oh! free from thy despotic sway
This Nymph of Heav'n-descended charms;
Too soon she came this dusky way—
Restore thy captive to my arms!

As by a stream's fair verdant side
In myrtle shades she rov'd along,
A serpent stung my blooming bride,
This brightest of the female throng!
The venom hast'ning thro' her veins,
Forbid the freezing blood to flow;—
And thus she left the *Thracian* plains
For these dejected groves below.

Ev'n thou may'st pity my sad pain,
Since Love, as ancient stories say,
Forc'd thee to leave thy native reign,
And in *Sicilian* meadows stray;—
Bright *Proserpine* thy bosom fir'd—
For her you sought th' unwelcome light;—
Madness and Love in you conspir'd
To seize her to the shades of Night!

But if, averse to my request,
The vanquish'd Nymph, for whom I mourn,
Must in *Plutonian* chambers rest,
And never to my arms return——
Take *Orpheus* too——his warm desire
Can ne'er be quench'd by your decree!—
In life or death he must admire—
He must adore *Eurydice*.

SONG.

INVOCATION to CUPID.

Written by Mr. BIRCH.

Set to Musick by Mr. STEEVENS.

I.

LET Virtue soothe the hoary sage,
Let wine the gay inspire;
Me softer numbers now engage,
To CUPID strike the Lyre!

II.

Him of immortal birth I sing,
Fair Venus' beauteous boy!
Who tun'd Apollo's fav'rite string,
And wak'd the world to joy.

III.

With burnish'd bow and venom'd spear,
Olympus owns his sway;
Who caus'd the mighty Thund'rer there
To sigh his hours away.

IV.

In vain we strive his pow'r to fly,
Too sure he aims his dart;
He revels in the brightest eye—
And warms the coldest heart.

V.

O! cou'd those eyes my numbers move,
To comfort as they wound;
My whitest kid, THOU GOD OF LOVE!
Should on thy shrine be bound!

VI.

Or quit the throne of Flavia's eye,
Or Flavia's heart subdue;
Or grant at least the power to fly,
Where Flavia can't pursue.

TIME.

RONDEAU.

By the SAME.

TIME like the winged courser flies,
When youthful pleasures round us roll;
But ah! how faint, how slow he is,
When grief or pain obscures the soul.

No silken cords of love can bind,
Nor wealthy bribe intice his stay;
Nor can the means the wretched find
To urge his cruel cold delay.

The sons of pleasure never heed
The moments which their transports crown;
Too late perceive the traitor's speed,
And wonder where their joys are flown.

Da Capo.

The sons of woe, with sighs and tears,
Wish every tedious minute gone;
Unmov'd the sullen tyrant hears,
Nor mends his pace, but slumbers on.

Da Capo.

INVOCATION to the NIGHTINGALE.

I.

UNRIVAL'D songstress of the groves,
Sweet nightingale, renew thy lay;
Where'er the gentle LAURA roves,
Be thou companion of her way.

II.

The sweetest melodies prepare,
To charm her polish'd tuneful ear,
To sooth her tender bosom's care,
And wake the sadly-pleasing tear.

III.

And when reclin'd beneath thy thorn,
With thine her thrilling strains combine,
O may she never sing forlorn,
Nor mourn for luckless love like thine!

THEA-

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

An OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, in CHARACTER,

Spoken by Young SESTINI,
On the opening the THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAY-MARKET, May 16, 1787.
Written by G. COLMAN.

MERRY's my temper—*Andrew* is my name:
Who has not heard of *Merry Andrew's* fame?
Our race in *Smithfield* boaſted high renown;
But ſilenc'd there, and by the law put down,
It is but lately we return'd to town.
In exile, at rude wakes and country fairs,
From carts, or barns, or booths, we hawk'd our wares;
But now call'd back to *London*, and well paid,
Once more in town we mount on the parade.
[*Aſcends a Mountebank's Stage.*
My grandfather's engag'd at *Drury lane*,
The *Covent-Garden* liſt my Sire retain;
And I the veriеſt Jackanapes of all,
Here in the *Haymarket* attend your call.
Here ſhall I ſtand; and all the Summer round
At even-tide my penny trumpet ſound,
"Ladies walk in! juſt going to begin!
"Rare entertainment! Gentlemen walk in!"
Next morning too, to make wiſe Criticks wiſer,
Our Bills ſhall tell in every Advertiſer,
"Of burſts of laughter, higheſt approbation;
"Thund'ring applauſe, and ſhouts of acclamation;
"The Houſe ſo crowded, that you ſcarce cou'd ſit,
"O'erflowing boxes, galleries, and pit!
"While every lady who the Play-houſe graces,
"Is humbly begg'd to ſend *in time* for places."
Such are our arts:—and though ſhrewd Criticks laugh,
Much is the force of puff and paragraph.
Worth, ſterling worth, for ever muſt obtain,
Yet every *Merry Andrew* has his reign:
A reign, though ſhort, that his brief purpoſe fits,
Who turns and ſhifts, and lives upon his wits.
In Phyſic, Mountebanks ſtill riſe to view,
At once grave Doctors, droll Mock-Doctors too;
Some *Andrew* ſtill in Lawyer's gown deceives,
And ſome Jack-Puddings roar in pudding ſleeves!
Yet from the ſtage we firſt deriv'd our birth,
And ſtill the Stage acknowledges our worth;
My genius hits our Leader to a tittle:
Partial perhaps, becauſe, like him, I'm *little*.
Seizing impatiently his ſhort-liv'd hours,
Boldly he takes the field with half his pow'rs:
From France he brings a mode that ſaves much trouble;
For there, it ſeems, great Play'rs have each their *double*.
With *doubles* now he opens the campaign:
His mighty Chiefs ſtill fight at Drury-lane,
Like Brobdignags at Covent-Garden ſtrut,
And view from high—our realm of *Lilliput*.
Yet ſhall our little troop, with zeal and ſpirit,
Make up by ardour, what they want in merit.
Some your old ſoldiers are: ſome new recruits,
Who of their labors bring you the firſt-fruits:
And if beneath this flag they feel no loſs,
They'll fight, perhaps, — North-Eaſt of Charing-Croſs.

[*On the opening of the Theatre, on June 11, the laſt fourteen lines were omitted, and the Addreſs concluded as follows:*]

Juſt in the Ocean of Dramatic ſtrife,
Willing to live, and ſtruggling hard for life,
By turns we roſe and ſunk, like drowning men,
Juſt pop'd our heads up, and plung'd down again.
But now the Winter waves at length ſubſide,
Waves ſtill encreaſing each returning tide,
Secure we hope on Summer ſeas to glide!
Safe in our cock-boat, while a proſp'rous gale
With gen'rous breezes fills our little ſail.

JULY 3. The ROYALTY THEATRE after a fortnight's receſs opened again with a ſpecies of entertainment, which if leſs agreeable to the publick than the Drama, may probably be more within the letter of the law. It conſiſted of an addreſs by Mr. Palmer; a muſical paſtoral, called The Birth-Day, or the Arcadian Conteſt; and a Pantomime, entitled Hobſon's Choice, or Theſeus in Diſtreſs. Theſe, with ſome additions and occaſional variations, have been repeated ever ſince with ſo much ſucceſs, as again to revive the ſpirit of oppoſition to the continuing the Theatre open. The reſult will probably be a determination in Weſtminſter Hall, if not an Act of Parliament.

7. A new Comedy called The Country Attorney was performed for the firſt time at the Haymarket Theatre, the characters of which were thus repreſented:

Sterling, (the Attorney)		Mr. Benſley.
Frederick,	— —	Mr. Brownell.
Worldly,	— —	Mr. Aickin.
Gayleſs,	— —	Mr. Johnſton.

Lord

Lord Millamour,	Mr. R. Palmer.
Sir Wilful Wayward,	Mr. Kemble.
And *Jack Volatile*,	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Mrs. Worldly, —	Mrs. Bulkeley.
Lucy, — —	Miss Brangin.
Arabella Grenville,	Miss Wookey.
And *Lady Ruffic*,	Miss Farren.

This Comedy is the production of Mr. Cumberland, author of the Weft-Indian, and other pieces.

The ftory is briefly this.

Sir Wilful Wayward is fet againft his fon Frederick, and has chofen Mr. Worldly for his fon-in-law, whofe fpoufe being rather more anxious to purfue her perfonal pleafures, than to do the duties of a wife, confults felf-gratification folely. Worldly, on the other hand, keeps fteadily to his intereft, and watches all opportunities to further it. Lady Ruffic, the young and beautiful wife of Sir John Ruffic, an old fot in the country, whom fhe has left at home, is a vifitor at the houfe of the Worldlys, where fhe meets Lord Millamour, the common admirer of new faces, but who becomes a convert to her charms. Frederick has privately wedded Arabella Grenville, and the play opens with a quarrel between him and Volatile, on account of the latter's having blabbed his marriage to his father, though he had not difcovered the name of the lady. Early in the piece Mr. Sterling, an honeft, and nobly difintereffed *Country Attorney*, arrives in town with the news that Sir John Ruffic is no more, and that after leaving his lady, whom he had married for love without any fortune, a comfortable jointure, he has conftituted Arabella his heirefs, and earnefily recommended an union between Frederick Wayward and Arabella, in order to unite two worthy minds, as well as to join a couple of contiguous eftates. Sir Wilful is greatly hurt at hearing this latter circumftance, and the Worldlys are thrown into the utmoft confufion by the whole of the news. As Volatile had got into a fcrape with Frederick by telling of his marriage, he is refolved to redeem his character by refifting his propenfity to let the fecret fully forth, and therefore, in an interview with the Baronet, declares, that his fon is married to Lady Harriet Homely, an old maiden, neighbour of Sir Wilful. This information fires the father with additional rage; and he forbids his fon, on any pretext, to introduce his wife into his prefence. In the mean time, Volatile has contrived that Sir Wilful fhall fee Arabella, who enraptures him with her beauty, her good fenfe, her modeft demeanour, and her virtuous excellencies.—The effect of her charms adds to his mortification, on reflecting that his fon has, by a previous marriage, put it out of his power to fulfil the purpofe of Sir John Ruffic; but he feels fome comfort in the idea that he has happily difpofed of his daughter, and determines to difinherit his fon and make Worldly his heir. This gleam of hope is, however, diffipated by his daughter's defiring a private interview, in which fhe defcribes the true character of her hufband, and paints him in ftriking colours as a domeftic tyrant, and a man wholly deftitute of either principles or honour. Worldly finds that fuch a difcovery has been made, and writes his wife a letter in order to bring about a reconciliation; but upon hearing from the maid, the tendency of the converfation between her miftrefs and Sir Wilful, recalls his letter, and by a miftake of the maid gets poffeffion of a *billet-doux* from Mrs. Worldly to Col. Dorimant her gallant. This proving that they are equally profligate, mutual fafety dictates a reconciliation, and the quarrel is made up. At length, however, an *eclairciffement* takes place, and Sir Wilful is overwhelmed with joy on difcovering that his fon has married the heirefs.

This is one of thofe haſty productions by which Mr. Cumberland has been gradually writing down his reputation, ever fince the appearance of the Weft-Indian. It had no novelty, and but little to commend either in character, humour, or wit; though it poffeffed fome merit in the eafy, and in a few places appropriate, dialogue. It was repreſented with great excellence by the actors, but was fo coldly received by the audience as to be laid afide after four performances. A Prologue by the author was fpoken by Mr. Benfley, and an Epilogue by Mr. Colman, by Miſs Farren.

19. Venice Preſerved was performed at the Hay-market, for the benefit of Mr. Browne; Belvidera by Miſs Eccles. This Lady, who on this occafion appeared the firſt time in London, is from York, and has acquired conſiderable fame in the country. She poſſeſſes a good ſtage figure, and a powerful voice, the plaintive notes of which are extremely affecting. Her countenance is marking and expreſſive, though her features want that predominant ſhare of ſoftneſs and regularity that conſtitutes what is deemed beauty. On the whole, ſhe acquitted herſelf very creditably, and promiſes to be an acquiſition to the ſtage.

PROLOGUE

ON OPENING THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, at MARGATE,

JUNE 27, 1787.

Written by MILES PEAREWS, Eſq.

TO you, kind *Patrons* of this infant pile,
Whoſe gen'rous efforts taught our hopes to ſmile;

By

By whoſe proteſting hands this fane we reat,
To Nature ſacred, and to Genius dear;
Soon as theſe echoing walls reſponſive ſound
The grateful warblings of the Muſe around;
Glad we record the praiſe that's juſtly due,
And our firſt votive ſtrains are given to you.
Nor deem it raſh, if humbly we eſſay
To paint the plaudits of our future day;
To ſhew how ev'ry laurel we obtain,
Will in your foſt'ring boſoms bloom again:
Each riſing plant, which haply here brought forth,
May give the promiſe of maturing worth;
On theſe propitious boards firſt held to view,
Shall owe its fortune and its fame to you.
Nor leſs the harveſt of thoſe fruits you'll ſhare,
Whoſe cultur'd produce ſpeaks the guardian care;
Nor that with us you paſs the caſual day,
And wear the unimportant time away.
Our weak endeavours, and our feeble pow'rs,
May help to ſweeten your domeſtic hours.
Here as we picture hapleſs *Juliet*'s doom,
And mark the horrors of her early tomb,
Your youthful daughters from that tale of woe,
Shall learn to dread the pangs themſelves may know;
Shall ſtrive to combat 'gainſt that tyrant Love,
Nor look for nuptial bliſs till you approve.
The deep diſtreſs that wrings the ſoul of *Lear*,
Shall raiſe that lovelieſt gem, the filial tear.
Then, when our little evening taſk is o'er,
And each one ſeeks his hoſpitable door;
Still as you ſit around your ſocial board,
With neatneſs deck'd, with frugal plenty ſtor'd,
Your prattling children, more reflective grown,
Will liſp the ſtory'd ſorrows we have ſhewn;
And while to their young minds again you bring
The poignant ſorrows of the *good old King*,
Touch'd to the heart, the ſympathizing band
With ſtreaming eyes will dew their parent's hand;
And in each trickling drop unerring prove,
The ſoft effuſions of their duteous love;
Whilſt riſing *Edgars* in your boys you ſee,
And claſp a young *Cordelia* on your knee.
O may you ſtill enjoy, while long you live,
Theſe heartfelt tranſports which the Muſe can give!
May this fair town, where Health, with roſeate charms,
Woos pale Diſeaſe to her refreſhing arms;
From whoſe kind wave life's choiceſt bleſſing flows,
Itſelf feel every comfort it beſtows.

ADDRESS

Spoken on Wedneſday, June 27, on opening the Theatre Royal in LIVERPOOL, by Mr. AICKEN.

Written by Mr. HOLCROFT.

IN times long paſt, a Goddeſs, ſweet and young,
Forth from the boſom of Old Ocean ſprung;
Her form more beauteous, far more fair her fame,
Than her's whom poets ſea-born Venus name:
Not from light foam, unſeemly, did ſhe riſe,
But fathomleſs abodes, where buried lies,
In many a ſapphire cave and coral field,
All that o'erwhelming waters keep conceal'd:
Bedeck'd with agate, pearls and gems, ſhe came—
Mankind to bleſs—and Commerce was her name.
Nor Wealth alone, but Wiſdom with her roſe,
And all that philoſophic Science knows;
While ev'ry art throng'd after in her train,
Bleſt in her preſence, happy in her reign;
So boundleſs were her gifts, her views ſo vaſt,
So much all human hopes her pow'r ſurpaſs'd,
The bleak black rocks, and rugged naked ſhores,
Laſh'd by the raging ſurge, that ceaſeleſs roars,
Were chang'd, where'er ſhe came, in Fate's deſpite,
To cities fair, and gardens of delight!
And nations, mighty while they own'd her ſway,
By her forſaken, fell to ſad decay!
Rich in her bounties, Albion, Queen of Iſles
And this, her faireſt mart, enjoy her ſmiles:
Her ſhips, deep-freighted, here ſhe daily wings;
No wind that blows but ſome rich cargo brings;
From pole to pole her ready cruizers run,
Courſing the Zodiac ſwifter than the ſun;
Shedding profuſely, o'er theſe wealthy plains,
The choiceſt products that the world contains!
The Goddeſs here, ador'd with honours due,
Delights to dwell—ſhe and her jocund crew.
So may ſhe ſtill delight! ſtill on this ſhore
Fix her abode, 'till time ſhall be no more:
Where Commerce was, the Muſes have appear'd,
Sure to be ſought, rewarded and rever'd;

Certain of favour too, the Drama long,
With every wile of wit, and witching ſong,
High precepts teaching, in a ſportive maſk,
By Mirth effecting Wiſdom's nobleſt taſk,
Has here met that applauſe paſt ages ſhew,
And learn'd and poliſh'd people muſt beſtow.
For me, call'd hither by your friendly voice,
Conſcious how much I'm honour'd in your choice,—
Feeling the gratitude that's juſtly due,
I purport one ſole object to purſue—
Your pleaſure.—Should I fail, impute it ſtill
To want of faculties, but not of will.
Of all the hopes which yet my heart retains,
Not one more near it ſits—more potent reigns—
Than when, ſome few months hence I'm warn'd away,
To hear you, friends and patrons, kindly ſay
I've acted (as I come to bid adieu)
Worthy the place I fill'd—and worthy You!

The OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WEWITZER,

IN THE CHARACTER OF A SUSSEX CLOWN,

At the Opening of the Theatre at BRIGHTHELMSTON.

Written by —— ALLEN, Eſq. of Lewes.

[*Entering, he beckons.*

HIP! Meaſter, come, the gentlefolks are waiting.
What, will theſe women never ceaſe their prating!
Meaſter, I know, has got a world to ſay,
A hugeous debt of gratitude to pay
For heaps of kindneſs he receiv'd laſt year;
But why the dickens don't the man appear?
[*Goes to the ſide ſcene and returns.*
Tho' a Fox, he's ſo plaguy modeſt, he can't move:
He ſays, if you his beſt intent approve,
Tho' ſmall his merit, yet to pleaſe he'll try,
The reſt he knows—your goodneſs will ſupply;
His tongue denies the thanks his heart conceals,
And what he cannot ſpeak, he ſays, he feels.
So here I'm left alone—Downright's my plan,
I'ſe Suſſex, that's to ſay, an HONEST MAN.
Shrime, in old days, both men and maids befriended,
But times are alter'd, and we're rarely mended;
Old-faſhion'd modeſty is uſeleſs now,
I loſt my place by't, and I'll tell you how.
I ſarv'd a wealthy 'Squire, a ſportſman keen,
A plain, rough, ſimple ſoul as e'er was ſeen;
His wife, true London-mould, a high-flown dame,
One, I believe, the Devil could not tame;
Scornful and proud, ſhe jeer'd each ſimple clown
With fine new-fangled words ſhe brought from town:
She'd ſigh and rave, and cry with fancied grief,
For which a Colonel was the beſt relief:
He'd ſtrut and ſwear; O, 'twas a gallant ſhow!
His head was like a furze-buſh topt with ſnow.
Leering and ogling they'd together ſit;
The folk in London call it TIT-A-TIT.
But I was ſuch a baſhful oaf, d'ye ſee,
That I could ſcarce bring in the gear for tea,
Though willing much to gain my Lady's favour,
And before ſtrangers ſhew my beſt behaviour;
At laſt I ventur'd, though half dead with fear,
The tea-board in my hand, the kettle here;
[*Pointing to his finger.*
I made my bow, but, ſad miſhap to tell,
My foot i' th' carpet hitch'd, and down I fell:
Miſhap ne'er comes alone—for, in my fall,
Away went kettle, china, board, and all.
Madam ſqualls, the dog barks, the Colonel roars,
And poor Pilgarlic was kick'd out of doors.
But here, where ſtill the brighter virtues reign,
The baſhful man ſhall never ſue in vain;
Sound your applauſes, then, with Britiſh ſpirit,
To modeſt worth that's join'd, like yours, with merit.

PROLOGUE

Delivered at the Manchester Theatre, March 26, 1787, on the Revival of the New Way to pay Old Debts.

DRAMATIC traders, every taſte to fit,
Import French ſentiment and High Dutch wit;
While we, our ſtaple-poetry decay'd,
Urge to our loſs the literary trade;
To-night we give, attempting a reverſe,
A choſen ſample of old Engliſh verſe:
Proud to out-do, in ſtrength and laſting ſhow,
The gaudieſt hue that foreign arts beſtow.
And here, while female genius oft' diſplays
The *pureſt* moral and the *chaſteſt* phraſe;
While ſerious ſcenes of Pantomimic art
Awake the feelings and amend the heart;
When active Lun ſome high atchievement tries,
And "black and bold" Fate's ſterneſt frown defies;

Melts

Melts with a ſhrug, or ſtartles with a tumble,
While o'er his head the wooden thunders rumble;
Forgive the zeal that to your view conveys
The praiſe and monuments of elder days.
Tho' here no Princeſs ſtruts with Bedlam-airs,
No lover whimpers, and no tyrant—ſwears;
Or rabble, when the hero 'can no more,'
Breaks up the plot—by breaking up the door;
Yet well our author knew the poet's part,
Ennobling nature and enriching art.
The juſt pretence of long-loſt worth admit,
And hail the riſing dawn of ancient wit;
In band and whiſkers fierce, methinks I ſee
The awful ghoſt of Engliſh Poetry;
I ſee his eyes inflamed with noble rage,—
Draw up the curtain—let him tread the ſtage.

An ACCOUNT of THREE VOLCANOS in the MOON.

By WILLIAM HERSCHEL, L. L. D. F. R. S.

[Read before the ROYAL SOCIETY, April 26, 1787.]

IT will be neceſſary to ſay a few words by way of introduction to the account I have to give of ſome appearances upon the moon, which I perceived the 19th and 20th of this month. The phœnomena of nature, eſpecially thoſe that fall under the inſpection of the aſtronomer, are to be viewed not only with the uſual attention to facts as they occur, but with the eye of reaſon and experience. In this we are however not allowed to depart from plain appearances, though their origin and ſignification ſhould be indicated by the moſt characteriſing features. Thus when we ſee on the ſurface of the moon, a great number of elevations, from half a mile to a mile and a half in height, we are ſtrictly entitled to call them mountains; but when we attend to their particular ſhape, in which many of them reſemble the craters of our volcanos, and thence argue, that they owe their origin to the ſame cauſe which has modelled many of theſe, we may be ſaid to ſee by analogy, or with the eye of reaſon. Now, in this latter caſe, though it may be convenient, in ſpeaking of phœnomena, to uſe expreſſions that can only be juſtified by reaſoning upon the facts themſelves, it will certainly be the faireſt way not to neglect a full deſcription of them, that it may appear to others how far we have been authoriſed to uſe the mental eye. This being premiſed, I may ſafely proceed to give my obſervations.

"April 19, 1787, 10 h. 36 min. ſidereal time.

"I perceived three volcanos in different places of the dark part of the new-moon. Two of them are either nearly extinct, or otherwiſe in a ſtate of going to break out; which perhaps may be decided next lunation. The third ſhews an actual eruption of fire, or luminous matter. I meaſured the diſtance of the crater from the northern limb of the moon, and found it 3 m. 57 ſec. 3. Its light is much brighter than the nucleus of the comet which M. Mechain diſcovered at Paris the 10th of this month.

"April 20, 1787, 10 h. 2 min. ſidereal time.

"The volcano burns with greater violence than laſt night. I believe its diameter cannot be leſs than 3 ſec. by comparing it with that of the Georgian planet. As Jupiter was near at hand, I turned the teleſcope to his third ſatellite, and eſtimated the diameter of the burning part of the volcano to be equal to at leaſt twice that of the ſatellite. Hence we may compute that the ſhining or burning matter muſt be above three miles in diameter. It is of an irregular round figure, and very ſharply deſigned on the edges. The other two volcanos are much farther towards the centre of the moon, and reſemble large petty faint nebulæ that are gradually much brighter in the middle; but no well-defined luminous ſpot can be diſcerned in them. Theſe three ſpots are plainly to be diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of the marks upon the moon; for the reflection of the ſun's rays from the earth is, in its preſent ſituation, ſufficiently bright, with a ten-feet reflector, to ſhew the moon's ſpots, even the darkeſt of them; nor did I perceive any ſimilar phœnomena laſt lunation, though I then viewed the ſame places with the ſame inſtrument.

"The appearance of what I have called the actual fire or eruption of a volcano, exactly reſembled a ſmall piece of burning charcoal, when it is covered by a very thin coat of white aſhes, which frequently adhere to it when it has been ſome time ignited; and it had a degree of brightneſs, about as ſtrong with which ſuch a coal would be ſeen to glow in faint day-light.

"All the adjacent parts of the volcanic mountain ſeemed to be faintly illuminated by the eruption, and were gradually more obſcure as they lay at a greater diſtance from the crater.

"This eruption reſembled much that which I ſaw on the 4th of May, in the year 1783; an account of which, with many remarkable particulars relating to the volcanic

mountains in the moon, I ſhall take an opportunity of communicating to the Society. It differed, however, conſiderably in magnitude and brightneſs; for the volcano of the year 1783, though much brighter than that which is now burning, was not nearly ſo large in the dimenſions of its eruption: the former ſeen in the teleſcope reſembled a ſtar of the fourth magnitude as it appears to the natural eye; this, on the contrary, ſhews a viſible diſk of luminous matter, very different from the ſparkling brightneſs of ſtar-light.

"WILLIAM HERSCHEL."*

"*Slough, near Windſor, April* 21, 1787."

EXTRACT from the REPORT of the COMMITTEE of the HOUSE of COMMONS, appointed to inſpect and conſider the RETURNS made by the OVERSEERS OF THE POOR, relative to the STATE of the POOR.

THAT your Committee have, in purſuance of the directions of the Houſe, inſpected and conſidered the ſaid returns; and obſerve, that they have been made from all the pariſhes and townſhips to which the acts and ſchedules were ſent purſuant to the directions of the ſaid acts, amounting in the whole to near thirteen thouſand, except from ſome particular pariſhes and townſhips:

And your Committee have reaſon to believe, that many of thoſe which now appear to be defaulters, will be found to be townſhips of no great conſequence, or included in ſome of the pariſhes from which returns have actually been made.

Your Committee, in order to appriſe the Houſe of the rapid increaſe of the expences in maintaining the poor, have introduced a column in the abſtract, ſhewing what the expences were in the year 1776, when returns of a like nature were procured, that the medium annual increaſe of expences in nine years, commencing at Eaſter 1776, and ending at Eaſter 1785, amounts to 474,458l. 5s. 10d.

Your Committee further beg leave to obſerve, that they have great hopes ſome plan will be formed, when theſe returns have been conſidered, for the future care and more œconomical regulation of the poor, which may conſiderably reduce the general expences of the poor; and that ſome proviſions will be made in ſuch regulations, which may greatly leſſen the county expences; and alſo conſiderably reduce, if not totally put an end to overſeers charges reſpecting entertainments and law buſineſs, &c.

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* Tranſlation of a letter written by M. GIRTANER, Member of the Gottingen Society, to M. DE LA MATHERIE at Paris, containing a more circumſtantial account of Mr. Herſchel's diſcovery of three volcanos in the moon.

"SIR,

"MR. Herſchel has lately made a diſcovery of the greateſt conſequence, of which I have had the good fortune to be an eye-witneſs. He had obſerved laſt month, one or two days after the new-moon, in the dark part of it, three luminous points.——Two of theſe points were near each other, and their light was pale and weak. The third, which he judged to be about three Engliſh miles in diameter, exhibited a much ſtronger and a redder light.——This he compared to a burning coal covered with aſhes. Theſe points he immediately conceived to be burning mountains, the two firſt being either nearly extinguiſhed or beginning to burn, and the other in a ſtate of actual eruption.

"Mr. Herſchel did not fail to communicate his obſervation to the Royal Society; and the philoſophers in this metropolis impatiently waited for the next new-moon, which would neceſſarily confirm the obſervation, becauſe one eruption would not probably continue above a month, and conſequently the phœnomena would be then very different, if Mr. Herſchel's conjecture was well-founded.

"Friday laſt, the 18th, the firſt day of the new-moon, ſeveral philoſophical gentlemen attended Mr. Herſchel at his houſe in the country, but the weather was too cloudy to permit any obſervation. The next day I did myſelf the honour to viſit him with two of my friends. Fortunately the ſky was perfectly clear. After having examined, during two hours, the enlightened part of the moon, by means of Mr. Herſchel's aſtoniſhing inſtruments, of which it is impoſſible to form an adequate idea without having ſeen them, we directed the teleſcope to the dark part of this ſatellite, and the conjecture of this great aſtronomer was inſtantly confirmed. The two firſt-mentioned luminous points had totally diſappeared, and the fire of the other was become pale and weak. The diameter of its crater was increaſed to about ſix miles. Next month it will probably be entirely inviſible.

"This diſcovery of volcanos in the moon is a proof that the matter of which it is compoſed is ſimilar to that of our earth, and alſo proves the exiſtence of a lunar atmoſphere, which ſome philoſophers have doubted. The ſcience of aſtronomy is therefore infinitely indebted to the zeal of Mr. Herſchel.

"This phœnomenon was alſo ſeen by Count Bruhl, M. Cavendiſh, M. Aubert, &c."

ABSTRACT

ABSTRACT of the OVERSEERS' RETURNS.

ENGLAND,

Names of Counties.	Money raised by Assessment, for the year 1785. (being the last return made to Parliament.)			Net Expences for the Poor in 1776, taken from the Returns then made to Parliament, (being the last return made to Parliament.)		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Bedford	22,165	8	6	16,662	17	1
Berks	50,164	1	4	30,718	2	8
Bucks	48 392	15	3	31,745	16	—
Cambridge	28,921	5	7	18,079	10	10
Chester	40,247	7	11	29 644	13	2
Cornwall	31,215	8	—	22,004	11	10
Cumberland	12,469	14	8	8,029	19	2
Derby	24,984	14	3	17,441	1	8
Devon	85,492	13	4	62,481	2	6
Dorset	35,315	1	9	24,538	5	8
Durham	22 135	—	2	14,440	13	4
Essex	100,068	5	8	74,067	3	5
Gloucester	70,208	7	5	53,812	3	1
Hereford	18,178	—	8	10,393	7	2
Hertford	36 202	11	—	25,486	9	—
Huntingdon	13,503	3	7	7,659	3	11
Kent	116,477	17	11	80,150	10	—
Lancaster	80,950	13	2	52,220	—	11
Leicester	33,448	14	10	24,339	16	4
Lincoln	48 289	2	5	31,830	8	7
Middlesex	103,800	16	2	80,226	18	—
London	56,449	14	1	39 067	—	2
Westminster	52,714	4	8	44,969	3	1
Monmouth	10,129	14	1	5,575	1	7
Norfolk	101,223	13	4	64,296	13	10
Northampton	49,928	15	10	35,232	15	8
Northumber.	21,785	13	3	14,698	12	—
Nottingham	21,461	4	8	11,833	1	11
Oxford	40,126	2	4	28,750	4	9
Rutland	3,750	9	9	2,664	6	6
Salop	36,126	5	6	22,316	10	1
Somerset	70,946	5	8	50 171	5	1
Southampton	68,822	17	8	48 928	8	2
Stafford	45,215	12	—	32,088	17	1
Suffolk	22,518	1	9	56,804	—	9
Surrey	76,795	6	4	49,743	19	8
Sussex	79,424	4	11	54,734	8	7
Warwick	67,772	17	6	44,070	11	—
Westmoreland	5,942	7	9	2,834	8	—
Wilts	67,427	—	11	54,021	10	10
Worcester	38,307	16	—	26,755	—	0
York, E. Rid.	16,090	16	9	11,036	9	7
North do.	20,072	—	9	12,626	1	1
West do.	70,062	11	5	50,688	1	5
WALES.						
Anglesey	1,218	—	11	169	1	9
Brecon	4,603	12	1	2,407	15	2
Cardigan	2,617	2	8	1 084	18	1
Carmarthen	6,777	14	10	2,948	4	2
Carnarvon	1,797	13	7	471	17	8
Denbigh	11,048	17	—	5,364	14	5
Flint	8,300	1	5	4,043	12	—
Glamorgan	10,351	9	8	5,300	19	11
Merioneth	2,376	13	11	1,046	16	5
Montgomery	9,887	11	1	5,508	15	7
Pembroke	5,779	3	7	3,049	8	3
Radnor	4,351	15	2	1,254	9	11
TOTAL.						
England	2,215,774	2	5	1,496,329	6	5
Wales	69,129	16	9	33,650	13	10
Total	2,184,904	18	11	1,529,780	—	3

	£
Total sum raised in England and Wales for the poor in 1784 —	2,185,189
Ditto, 1783 — —	2,132,480
The medium sum, for the years 1783, 1784, and 1785, annually raised for the poor in England and Wales	2,004,238
From this sum, deduct the total of the nett expences, in 1776 *(as given above)*	£. 1,529,780
And the INCREASED expence of poor in 1785, *(that is, in only nine years)* will be found to be —	474,458

SENTENCE passed by the Court of KING's-BENCH, on Tuesday, June 26, (on the Prosecution of the Countess of STRATHMORE) against ANDREW ROBINSON BOWES, Esq. EDWARD LUCAS, MARK PREVOST, CHARLES CHAPMAN, WILLIAM PIGG, JOHN BICHLEY, HENRY BOURNE, and THOMAS BOWES.

MR. Justice Buller gave notice, that the Court were going to give judgment against the defendants.

He stated the nature of the offence, which was, that they had conspired falsely to imprison the Countess of Strathmore, for the purpose of preventing the Ecclesiastical Court from proceeding in a suit instituted by her Ladyship against Andrew Robinson Bowes. He then stated the evidence given upon the trial of the information, the charge to the Jury, and their verdict, which was *Guilty*, against all the defendants.

His Lordship then entered into a comment upon that part of the evidence which affected Edward Lucas. This man, he observed, was a peace-officer, who had insinuated himself into the good opinion of Lady Strathmore, under the pretence of protecting her, and received money from her hands for that purpose; but the probability was, he contrived the whole plot against her.

Mr. Erskine, who was Counsel for the defendants, requested the opinion of the Court on this point, whether the counsel for

for the Crown ſhould read the affidavits they had to produce in aggravation of the offence, before the defendants' Counſel produced their affidavits in extenuation.

After a long conteſt, the Court ruled that the affidavits in extenuation ſhould be firſt read.

Mr. Erſkine then proceeded to argue and ſtate facts in extenuation of judgment. He expatiated on the delicacy of his own ſituation. The Court, he knew, came with temper to pronounce ſentence, and the defendants came to throw themſelves on their mercy.

Had it been proper, he could have ſhewn upon trial, that Mr. Bowes did not intend the impriſonment of Lady Strathmore, but to remove her from a conſpiracy entered into againſt the happineſs of both: his motives were good, but the means he took were illegal.

He urged that the evidence of *conſpiracy* againſt Bourne was ſlight and doubtful, for it did not appear that Mr. Bowes had communicated his intentions to him; not one overt-act had been proved againſt him, ſo that he could be only charged with a miſpriſion. The moſt that could be inferred againſt him was, that he *abetted* Mr. Bowes; but where did he abet him? In the county of Durham, where he ſaw Lady S———— with her huſband. He aſked the Court, if abetting a fact in Middleſex by a perſon locally in Durham, rendered him liable for what was done in Middleſex? If that was the caſe, it would be an abolition of local judicature.

He then urged that Bourne was but a ſervant to Mr. Bowes, and thought the Court would not break into domeſtic confidence, except in caſes that concerned the ſtate; and for theſe reaſons, he truſted, they would be mild in their ſentence upon this man, whoſe family muſt ſtarve if he was confined.

Prevoſt, he obſerved, was in a ſimilar ſituation with Bourne; but Mr. Bowes was in a ſituation peculiarly delicate.

In extenuation of his offence, he would produce affidavits of facts, which ſhould never have come forward but for the neceſſity of the caſe. Mr. Bowes, in vindication of his honour, was forced to appeal to the tribunal of the public. He was obliged to ſhew his motives; he was obliged to ſhew, that his conduct, which had been conſtrued into cruelty, was not againſt a modeſt woman. The power of a huſband, he argued, was decided, when a wife brought ſhame or diſhonour upon him, and he had a right to bring her back to that controul, which, in the firſt contract between huſband and wife, the law gave him over her.

He then proceeded to ſtate the ſubſtance of ſeveral affidavits, but the Court rejected them, on this ground, that "the conduct of Lady S————, in whatever light it might appear, could not mitigate the offence of Mr. Bowes, in attempting to prevent the proceedings in the Eccleſiaſtical Court.

Many affidavits relative to the evidence produced on the trial were then read, and tended in general very ſtrongly to corroborate the aſſertions made by the Counſel. They conſiſted chiefly of vindications on the part of Mr. Bowes;—of the innocence of the other defendants, as being totally unacquainted with his intentions;—aſſertions of the ſame on the part of the defendants themſelves;——and accounts of the chearful conduct of her Ladyſhip on her road to Streatlam Caſtle. The affidavit of Mr. Bowes ſtated in ſtrong terms the dangers to which the Counteſs was expoſed in the hands of Mrs. Morgan, her Attorney Mr. Farrer, and the reſt of that party; and concluded with expreſſing his hope, when his intentions were regarded, he might have cauſe to conſider his ſentence as a *virtual acquittal* by that Court. After this

Mr. Erſkine ſaid in favour of Peacock, that he bore a good character, and was not preſent when Lady S. was taken away.

Lucas produced an affidavit, ſtating, that Mr. Bowes had told him he had been robbed by Lady S. of jewels to the amount of 10,000l. and he arreſted her to recover them.

Meſſrs. Chambre and Fielding followed Mr. Erſkine, urging the points he had argued, and were anſwered by

Mr. Mingay and Mr. Law.—The former argued, that Lady S————'s character was neither in iſſue nor in evidence, and therefore ſhould not have been brought forward; and as ſhe had not been produced upon the trial againſt Mr. Bowes, it was mean and unmanly to attack her in this ſtage of the buſineſs. In reſpect to Bourne and Prevoſt, he argued that no ſervant was bound to injure a third perſon in the ſervice of his maſter. If Mr. Bowes wanted to reclaim his wife, why not meet her in the Eccleſiaſtical Court? Why not prove in that Court, that he was not the adulterer and cruel huſband he was charged to be? If the puniſhment was not ſevere in this caſe, there would be no ſecurity hereafter for women in whom huſbands like Bowes might have an intereſt.—It was urged he had no intereſt in her death. It was his intereſt in her life that preſerved it.—He did every thing to her, except putting her to death.

Mr. Law urged, that as it appeared Lucas had ſuborned Cummins to make a falſe oath, for the purpoſe of taking Lady Strathmore's ſervants into cuſtody, and had communicated with Bowes, the latter ſhould ſuffer an infamous puniſhment; but the former being callous to infamy, he hoped the Court would put him to the experience of corporeal pain.

Mr. Juſtice Aſhhurſt, who pronounced the judgment, ſupported the verdict of the Jury as being right in law and fact; reprobated

the

the offence as the moſt atrocious in its ſpecies that had ever come before the Court; and after expatiating on the offences of the ſeveral defendants, pronounced the following ſentences:——

That Mr. Bowes ſhould pay a fine of 300l. to the King, be committed to the Marſhal of the Court for three years, be bound to keep the peace for fourteen years, himſelf in a recognizance of 10,000l. and two ſureties of 5000l. each, and remain in priſon till he paid the fine.

That Lucas ſhould pay a fine of 50l. to the King, and be committed to Newgate for three years, and till he paid the fine.

That Peacock ſhould pay a fine of 50l. to the King, and be committed for two years to the Marſhal of the Court.

Mark Prevoſt——To be confined for the term of one year in his Majeſty's gaol of Newgate.

And Henry Bourne,——To pay a fine of 50l. and to be confined in the King's Bench priſon for ſix months.

An application was made in behalf of Lucas, to whom, it was ſaid, it may be dangerous to go to Newgate, as many perſons who had been apprehended by him were now confined in that priſon. The Judge deſired that a memorial might be preſented, which would be received for conſideration.

ACCOUNT of the TRIAL of Dr. JOHN ELLIOT *, on MONDAY, JULY 16, 1787, at the OLD-BAILEY, for wilfully and maliciouſly firing a Piſtol, loaded with Powder and Ball, at Miſs BOYDELL, Niece to Mr. Alderman BOYDELL, with an Intent to kill her.

MR. Garrow, Counſel for the proſecution, ſtated the caſe to the Jury in an exceeding delicate yet forcible manner, in the courſe of which he made ſome ſevere remarks on the conduct of Mr. Juſtice Hyde, before whom the Doctor was firſt examined, for ſuffering the brace of loaded piſtols found in the priſoner's pocket to be taken from his office, which would prevent ſo material a part of the evidence from being produced to the Court. After concluding an elegant harangue, the firſt witneſs called was

Mr. Nicol Bookſeller in the Strand, who ſtated, that on the 9th of the preſent month, he was accompanying Miſs Boydell from Pall-mall to Wimpole-ſtreet, about half paſt one o'clock; in paſſing along Princes-ſtreet, Leiceſter-ſquare, the Lady at that time having hold of his left-arm, he was ſuddenly ſurpriſed with the report of a piſtol or piſtols; —that he felt the exploſion operate forcibly on the ſide of his face. Immediately turning round, he obſerved the priſoner cloſe to them, and ſaid, "Are you the villain that fired?" Elliot replied it was him, at that time holding the piſtols in his right-hand, and ſeeming much agitated. The priſoner was immediately ſeized. On ſearching him, another brace of piſtols were found in his coat-pocket, tied firmly together, like thoſe he had attempted to kill the Lady with, and loaded with ball up to the muzzle.——In his way to the Magiſtrates, he ſaid he was happy he had ſent her before him, and whilſt in the office ſeemed to be perfectly ſatisfied with what he had done. On a perſon coming in, and ſaying ſhe had ſeen the lady, who was much better than could be expected, he exclaimed, "What! is ſhe not dead?" and clapped his hands together, with ſtrong marks of diſappointment, and burſt forth in a torrent of abuſive language againſt the Lady and Mr. Alderman Boydell.

James Butler, ſervant to Mr. Brand the ſurgeon, was paſſing along Princes-ſtreet, and noticed the priſoner ſtepping very faſt after Mr. Nicol and Miſs Boydell. When he came quite cloſe to them, he obſerved the flaſh of the piſtol very near the Lady: he directly came up to them, the priſoner dropt the piſtols, which the witneſs took up; both were empty, one pan down, the other half-cocked (the piſtols were produced in Court). The priſoner ſaid, he was ready to die, and wiſhed ſome perſon would take the other piſtols and blow his brains out; and added, that he had wrote ſeveral letters to the Alderman, that he intended to take away Miſs Boydell's life, and expreſſed a deſire in them that the Alderman would have him ſecured to prevent it; and ſaid, he had purchaſed the piſtols more than two months for that purpoſe. The priſoner did not attempt to eſcape after he had fired.

Thomas Griffith, a ſhoe-maker in Princes-ſtreet, corroborated the firſt two witneſſes, and ſaid the priſoner expreſſed much ſurpriſe that Mr. Boydell had not had him taken up to eaſe his mind, to prevent the miſchief he had now accompliſhed, and that he purchaſed one pair of piſtols to ſhoot Miſs Boydell, and the other to make away with himſelf afterwards. — He ſaid he had had the piſtols a month or two in his poſſeſſion for theſe purpoſes, but was then ſo confuſed, that he could not aſcertain exactly the length of time.

Mr. Nicol was again called, and ſtated, that from the diſcharge, Miſs Boydell's gown had received a large black mark, and that her ſtays, which were ſtiffened with whalebone, were indented in two places.

Thomas Aſkwell, a ſurgeon, examined the perſonal injury the Lady had ſuſtained.—— She appeared much bruiſed juſt below the right ſhoulder-bone, and had received two contuſions, which after ſome time ſwelled and turned black.

Miſs Boydell's maid produced the Ladys' dreſs, which ſhe wore at the time of the attempt on her life. Her white muſlin cloak

and

* For Memoirs of whom ſee this Magazine for July 1782.

and handkerchief were conſiderably burnt, and a large black mark on the back of the gown, apparently cauſed by gunpowder.

Mr. Newſon, an apothecary, ſtated, that Miſs Boydell, from the effects of the attempt, could not with ſafety to her health attend.

John Willbridge, gardener to Miſs Boydell's brother, ſaid, that he knew the priſoner well—that he had lodged and boarded in his houſe at Weſtham, by the name of Corden, for the ſpace of ſix months.——He did not think there was the leaſt intimacy between the priſoner, who he now underſtood had another name, and the Boydell family. Here the evidence for the proſecution cloſed.

Mr. Silveſter, the Doctor's counſel, through the whole trial endeavoured to impreſs the Court and Jury with the idea that the priſoner was inſane: to eſtabliſh which, he called Dr. Simmons, Phyſician to St. Luke's Hoſpital, who ſaid, he had known him more than ten years, and that during at leaſt the two laſt years of that period he had conſidered him as inſane. He had been led to this opinion by the changes he had obſerved in the diſpoſition and manner of the priſoner, who from being one of the mildeſt and moſt inoffenſive men he had ever known, had become extremely irritable and paſſionate. Dr. Simmons mentioned alſo a letter he had received from the priſoner in the month of January laſt, on the light of the celeſtial bodies, and which contained a paſſage that had tended ſtill further to confirm him in the ideas he had formed to himſelf of the deranged ſtate of the unhappy man's intellects. This letter was intended by the author for the Royal Society, but Dr. Simmons had ſuppreſſed it, as containing arguments too viſionary and inconſiſtent to be preſented to that reſpectable body. The whole of the letter was not read, but from the paſſage in queſtion, and which Dr. Simmons pointed out to the Court, it appeared that the author ſuppoſed the ſun's light to proceed not from fire, but from *a denſe and univerſal aurora*, "*which may afford ample light to the inhabitants of the ſurface beneath, and yet be at ſuch a diſtance aloft as not to annoy them. No objection*, ſays he, *ariſeth to great luminaries being inhabited. Vegetation may obtain there as well as with us. There may be water and dry land; hills and dales; rain and fair weather; and as the light, ſo the ſeaſon muſt be eternal; conſequently it may eaſily be conceived to be by far the moſt bliſsful habitation of the whole ſyſtem.*" To this paſſage the Recorder objected, that if an extravagant hypotheſis were to be adduced as a proof of inſanity, the ſame proof might be held good with reſpect to M. de Buffon and Dr. Burnet; and he deſired Dr. Simmons to tell the Court what he thought of the theories of theſe philoſophers; but the Doctor begged to be excuſed from ſaying any thing on thoſe ſubjects, adding, that he had formed his opinion of Dr. Elliot's inſanity not merely from this letter, but from a great variety of circumſtances which he had obſerved in his converſation and conduct for two or three years, and which had convinced him that the unfortunate man had for a conſiderable time paſt labourd under a deranged ſtate of mind.

Mr. O'Donnell, apothecary in Carnaby-ſtreet, and who ſucceeded Dr. Elliot in his buſineſs, was the next witneſs called. He ſaid he had known him about two years and a half, and that during the whole of that time he had conſidered him as inſane. That he was violent and paſſionate in the extreme without reaſon; oftentimes in high and extravagant ſpirits, and at others, deſponding and melancholy. Mr. O'Donnell ſaid, he had often mentioned his opinion of him to different friends, and had told them he was fearful that Dr. Elliot muſt one day or other be confined.

Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge, with whom the Doctor had lodged for about a year paſt, in a court in Watling-ſtreet, both agreed that they had always thought him out of his ſenſes.

Mrs. Vaughan, of Princes ſtreet, Soho, at whoſe door the piſtol had been fired, appeared to prove that no bullets had been found, and that ſhe did not believe the piſtol contained any. Here the evidence cloſed.

About nine o'clock the Recorder proceeded to ſum up the evidence, and pointed out to the Jury the law which related to the ſubject before them; which to make a capital offence, it was neceſſary that proof ſhould be adduced, that the piſtols or fire-arms were loaded with ball.—— One of the Jury interrupted him, by ſaying, he did not think in this caſe they were.—The Recorder replied, if they were all of that opinion, it would be needleſs for him to proceed any further.—— The Jury then conſulted together, and in a few minutes returned a verdict, *guilty of firing the piſtol, not loaded with ball.*

The Court informed them they muſt find him guilty according to the Act of Parliament, or fully acquit him—The Jury immediately acquitted him. Several perſons in the Court began to clap their hands. With ſome difficulty (the Court being crowded) ſilence was obtained, when the Recorder ſaid there was but ſmall cauſe for exultation, for the unhappy priſoner was doubtleſs extremely guilty; and although acquitted by the Jury on this indictment, he would certainly detain him for the aſſault.

He was accordingly taken back to Newgate, where he perſiſted in refuſing food, and died there, July 22, 1787. The Coroner's Inqueſt, which afterwards ſat on the body, brought in their verdict, *died by the viſitation of God.*

MONTHLY

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

MAY 31.

THE favorite oratorio of the Meſſiah was performed at Weſtminſter-Abbey.

This day, at one o'clock, the celebrated Lunardi repeated an experiment he has often made on the Thames, to aſcertain the merits of a machine to ſave perſons from drowning. The machine is in the form of a canoe, but very ſmall, and is faſtened round the trunk of the body by the moſt eaſy and expeditious contrivance. It is formed to carry a little proviſion, or to ſerve as a trunk for clothes, when not uſed in difficulties.

Lunardi, accoutred with this machine, and covered with oil-ſkin for decorum, plunged into the Thames at Batterſea bridge, from whence he was followed among crowds of curious ſpectators, to Fulham bridge, which was crowded. He landed at Chiſwick.

The ſuperiority of the machine to the cork jacket ſeems to us to ariſe principally from its convex bottom, by means of which the perſon relying on it, is always preſerved with his head upwards. In the uſe of the jacket, if by accident or violence the head is turned downward, the jacket enſures deſtruction.

June 2. This day being Montem at the college at Eton, their Majeſties, the Princeſs Royal, and ſeveral of the Royal Family, with a numerous concourſe of nobility and gentry, went with the proceſſion of the ſcholars from the college to Salt-hill, where their Majeſties made very handſome preſents to the Salt-Bearers. The whole collection amounted to upwards of 600l. and was for the emolument of Mr. Elliſon, as Captain.

The King iſſued a proclamation for the encouragement of piety and virtue, and for the preventing and puniſhing of vice, profaneneſs and immorality.

Sandilands, the famous Peckham gardener, has been apprehended at the Duke of Buccleugh's ſeat, at Dalkeith, ſeven miles from Edinburgh.

The remains of the largeſt perſon ever known in the kingdom of Ireland, at leaſt ſince the days of Phil. Macoul, the famous Iriſh giant, were lately interred in the church-yard of Roſeunallis in the Queen's county. The coffin, with its contents, weighed forty-ſix ſtone, which wants but ſix ſtone of ſix hundred. It was borne on a very long bier by 30 ſtrong men, who were relieved at intervals. The name of this extraordinary perſon is ſaid to have been Roger Byrne, who lived at or near Borros, in Oſſory, and is reported to have died of no other diſeaſe but a ſuffocation, occaſioned by an extremity of fat, that ſtopped the play of the lungs, and put a period to his life, in the 51th year of his age. He was ſeven ſtone heavier than the noted Bright of Malden, who weighed 38 ſtone nine pounds, and whoſe waiſtcoat incloſed ſeven large men.

The third performance at Weſtminſter-Abbey was this day—a miſcellaneous concert.

As far as a *ſingle circumſtance* could add a movement to the mind under ſuch a religious impreſſion, it was that of Lord North being led out by his eldeſt daughter. His Lordſhip ſeemed greatly emaciated, and from the large green bandage before his eyes, we fear his ſight is totally loſt. He was preceded by Lady North, which at once preſented a mingled view of domeſtic affection, and the inſtability of human greatneſs.

The following ſcale of the average duration of animal life is collected from Linnæus, Buffon, and other celebrated writers on Natural Hiſtory.

	years		years
A hare will live	10	A horſe from 20 to	30
A cat	10	Swine	25
A goat	8	A peacock	25
An aſs	30	A pigeon	8
A ſheep	10	A turtle dove	25
A ram	15	A partridge	25
A dog, from 14 to	20	A raven	100
A bull	15	An eagle	100
An ox (a curious fact),	20		

Of the gooſe, the following may be depended upon as a fact:—There is a family now living in Fife, who are able to aſcertain that a gooſe had been kept in the family 70 years—they know it muſt be ſtill older, but they fix this particular period, as being able to prove it inconteſtibly.

3. The mail-coach for Dover, by encountering another coach in the night, through the careleſſneſs or precipitancy of the driver, was overſet about five miles beyond Dartford, by which unfortunate accident Sir George Mannock, Bart. of Gerard Bromley, who was paſſenger, had his neck diſlocated, and was otherwiſe ſo much bruiſed, that he died next day.

The following truth ſhould be ſet down, be it to whoſe honour it may. Before Mr. Pitt came into office, the bill for ſtationary wares to the Houſe of Commons was *four thouſand pounds* annually. The bill is now *ſeven hundred!*—The charge on the ſame account to the Treaſury, was *five thouſand pounds*—it is now *twelve hundred!*—This is a *ſmall* difference; but it is the difference betwixt

betwixt the former Miniſters and the preſent.

4. Lord George Gordon appeared at Guildhall, London, in the Court of King's Bench, and applied to Mr. Juſtice Buller, ſtating, That as the charges brought againſt him were very voluminous, and as both cauſes were appointed to be tried on Wedneſday next, it would be very difficult and embarraſſing for him to anſwer both on the ſame day: that the firſt having occupied his attention for ſeveral months, he was prepared to meet it, but that was not his caſe as to the ſecond; he hoped therefore, that he ſhould have the indulgence of the Court, in appointing it for another day. The Judge refuſed to make any alteration in the arrangement of cauſes. Lord George then mentioned ſome literal errors in the record of the firſt: the Judge obſerved, that if they were material, it could be proper only at the time of trial to diſcuſs them; Lord George Gordon then withdrew, but in about twenty minutes returned, and claimed the attention of the Judge a ſecond time; he complained of the conduct of thoſe who are concerned in the proſecution, alledging that they were well aware of his being leſs able, at preſent, to defend the ſecond than the firſt; they had therefore inverted the order of ſetting them down, by which the firſt was now made laſt. The Judge obſerved, that the ſetting down of cauſes is entirely dependant on the will and choice of the Attorney or Solicitor concerned for the proſecution; that conſequently no alteration could take place: Lord George Gordon then applied to the Counſel for the proſecution, and with ſome warmth remonſtrated on the impropriety, which, he ſaid, was viſible in the conduct of ſome perſons on the part of the proſecution; but he was interrupted by the Judge, who ſaying that no further altercation ſhould be heard, he thereon withdrew.

5. The oratorio of the Meſſiah was performed a ſecond time, at Weſtminſter-Abbey, by deſire, being the fourth day's meeting of this aſtoniſhing band of 800 performers.

An Account of the Receipts and Diſburſements of the Muſical Performances in Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1787.

Receipts by ſale of 9811 tickets, at one guinea each	10301	11	0
His Majeſty's gracious donation	420	0	0
Taken at the rehearſals	2725	16	0
By ſale of books	295	6	0
	13742	13	0
By ſaving in three years from money kept in hand for contingent expences.	300	0	0
£.	14042	13	0

DISBURSEMENTS.

To the band	4141	17	6
To Mr. Wyatt, for ſcaffolding, &c.	939	17	6
To printing bills, &c.	244	3	6
To bill ſtickers	44	8	0
To adverti ſing in morning and evening papers	300	17	6
To adverti ſing rehearſals in town and country papers, and printing books for rehearſals and performances.	299	17	6
To adverti ſing performances in the Courier de L'Europe, and country papers.	89	12	6
To engraving and printing tickets	62	12	6
To the uſe of the organ	115	0	0
To Mr. Aſhley, for providing 1500 muſic books, and other incidental expences	161	7	8
To muſic, porters, bills, and for the uſe of the room in Tottenham-ſtreet, for private rehearſals	127	3	0
To the office at the St. Alban's Tavern, clerks, attendance, and other expences during the ſale of tickets	123	13	6
To the High Conſtable of Weſtminſter, and aſſiſtants, conſtables from Bow-ſtreet, and door-keepers	203	3	0
Sundry ſmall bills	62	14	0
Gratifications	163	0	0
To the Royal Society of Muſicians	3900	0	0
To St. George's Hoſpital	1400	0	0
To the Weſtminſter Infirmary	1400	0	0
To loſs by light gold	19	11	3
Balance in the Treaſurer's hands to anſwer contingencies	243	17	0
£.	14042	13	0

By order of the Directors,
JOHN ASHLEY,
WILLIAM JONES.

6. The Prince of Wales's phyſicians delivered a declaration in writing, for the peruſal of the Prince's friends, which ſtated, "That his Highneſs had had a good night, and was much better in the morning, than he had been for ſome time." Two days afterwards, he was pronounced out of danger, and the following day took an airing in his carriage.

The following inſcription, engraven on a copper-plate, incloſed in a leaden caſe, is depoſited under the firſt ſtone of Salford gaol.

On the 22d of MAY,
MDCCLXXXVII,
And in the 27th Year of the Reign of
GEORGE III.

King of Great-Britain, France, and Ireland,

THIS

GAOL AND PENITENTIARY-HOUSE,

(At the Expence of the Hundred of Salford in the County Palatine of Lancaster)

Was begun to be Erected; and the firſt Stone laid by

THOMAS BUTTERWORTH BAILEY:

And that there may remain to Poſterity

A MONUMENT

Of the Affection and Gratitude of this Country,

To the moſt excellent Perſon,

Who hath ſo fully proved the Wiſdom and Humanity

Of ſeparate and ſolitary Confinement of Offenders,

This Priſon is inſcribed with the Name of

JOHN HOWARD.

The Jenny, Martin, is arrived in the Clyde from Charleſtown, South Carolina, by which we have an Act of the Legiſlature of that province enacting, that all debts due by bonds, bills, &c. ſhall be paid by *inſtallments in four years*, the firſt payment to commence in March 1788. the ſecond in March 1789, the third in March 1790, and the fourth in March 1791, and are not recoverable in any other way; ſo that the creditors are thus moſt unjuſtly kept out of their money, and all trade and credit is at an end.

Was determined by the Lord Chancellor, at Lincoln's Inn Hall, a queſtion between the Six Clerks and the Clerks in Court, concerning the payment of fees by the latter. It has long been a cuſtom for the Clerks in Court not to pay up the fees to their reſpective Six Clerks till they themſelves received them from their clients. The Six Clerks having demanded to receive the fees immediately, the diſpute was firſt referred to the Maſter of the Rolls, who decided in their favour; and his deciſion is now confirmed by the Lord Chancellor.

7. A cauſe was heard in the Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, in which Monſ. Des Enfans, a collector of pictures, was plaintiff, and Monſ. Vandergucht, defendant. The conteſt was reſpecting a picture which the latter had ſold to the former for 600l. as the genuine production of *Pouſſin*. Some doubts, however, ariſing, whether this was really from the pencil of that maſter, Monſ. Des Enfans brought the preſent action for the amount of the price which he had given. After a long hearing, in the courſe of which Mr. Gainſborough, Mr. Weſt, Mr. Copley, and upwards of twenty other artiſts connoiſſeurs were examined, a verdict was given for the plaintiff.—The opinions, however, were ſo various and contradictory, that *honeſt* Jack Lee could not but exclaim with *Sterne*, "of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, there is none ſo tormenting as the cant of criticiſm."—A French gentleman, who was examined on the part of the plaintiff, excited ſome laughter, by declaring it as his opinion, that the *Virgin* was *injured*, as ſhe was now much *bigger* than when he had ſeen her in France.

8. A fire broke out at the ſhop of Mr. Prentice, cabinet-maker, in Wild-court, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, which communicating to the ſhop of Mr. Paſs, army-taylor, and from thence to Mr. Jarvis's printing-office in the ſame place, all thoſe extenſive buildings, with the warehouſes of Meſſ. Dodſley, Longman, &c. in which were depoſited an immenſe quantity of books, were entirely conſumed.

9. The elegant villa of Claremont, once the property of Lord Clive, was ſold by auction, on Saturday laſt, for 18,900 guineas.

10. About three in the morning a duel was fought between the Chevalier La B.. an officer in the French ſervice, and Capt. S. of the 11th regiment of foot. The ground meaſured was five paces, and the firſt ſhot that was fired by Mr. S. took place on the Chevalier's breaſt, but was fortunately prevented from penetrating by the intervention of his coat button; on which he fired his piſtol in the air: the ſeconds interpoſed, and the combatants parted friends.—The expreſſion for which Capt. S. called out the Chevalier was to this effect, That the Engliſh army had more *phlegm* than *ſpirit*.

14. Andrew Robinſon Bowes, Eſq. and his adherents were to have been brought up to the Court of King's Bench to receive judgment; but none of the parties appearing excepting Henry Bourne, Mr. Bowes's ſteward, judgment was poſtponed, and *capias* ordered to be immediately iſſued againſt the reſt. The proſecution againſt Mr. Thomas Bowes the Attorney, we hear, is dropt; and Henry Bourne (as has alſo ſince him Lucas the conſtable) was ordered into cuſtody till the other parties can be found.

The ſame day Lord George Gordon was alſo to have received judgment in the Court of King's Bench in conſequence of his late conviction upon information filed againſt him by his Majeſty's Attorney-General; but not appearing, a *capias* was ordered to be immediately iſſued to take up his Lordſhip. Mr. Wilkins, the printer of the libel, was ordered into cuſtody, and judgment poſtponed againſt him.

16. Andrew Robinſon Stoney Bowes, Eſq. and Peacock, appeared in the Court of King's Bench to receive judgment. Several affidavits in aggravation having been read, time was given Mr. Bowes to anſwer them, and he

and Peapock were ordered into the cuſtody of the Marſhal of the Court.

The humane and philanthropic Mr. Howard is now in Dublin, examining the different priſons.

Mr. Howard having refuſed, with that diſintereſt doeſs which marks his character, to have a monument raiſed for him, the ſubſcribers for that purpoſe at Glaſgow have ordered the money to be applied towards building the infirmary in that city.

15. The United States of America have in Congreſs aſſembled paſſed a reſolution, recommending it to the different States to repeal all their laws, now in force, which are inconſiſtent with the Treaty of Peace between the United States of America and the King of Great-Britain.

At Boſton, in America, to add to other troubles, from which they have hardly emerged, they have had a fire, in which upwards of 100 houſes were conſumed, and many people loſt their all.

The exact ſtate of the Royal Navy, as it ſtood on the Admiralty books on the 4th inſt. is 140 ſhips of the line, 18 of 50 guns, 133 frigates, and 123 ſloops; beſides which there are now building 16 ſhips of the line, 1 of fifty guns, and 4 frigates.

Orders have been iſſued by Government for the immediate equipment of a ſmall ſquadron of obſervation, conſiſting of the Ganges and Edgar of 74 guns each, Ardent of 64, together with three others of 64 guns each, and ſeveral frigates; Commodore Leviſon Gower, who is appointed to the command, has orders to proceed to ſea the moment the ſhips are ready. The deſtination of this fleet is not poſitively known.

A very capital ſhip is under repair at the King's yard at Deptford, for the intended voyage to the Society Iſlands for the purpoſe of tranſporting the bread-fruit-trees to the Weſt-Indies. A large ſpace is prepared between the decks to receive the trees with their native ſoil. A room is alſo to be fitted up for an aſtronomer, who will go out under the patronage of his Majeſty, to make obſervations on the Comet that is expected to appear in the year 1788.

By a letter from Whitehaven we are informed, that the weather, during the fore part of the laſt week, was the moſt ſevere of any ever known at this ſeaſon, in the memory of the oldeſt perſon living. On Thurſday morning, there was a conſiderable fall of ſnow in many parts of that country. Skiddow, and the neighbouring mountains, remained clad with it the greateſt part of the day, and exhibited an appearance perhaps never ſeen at the ſame time with the verdure which filled the adjoining vales.

Accounts from Paris bring intelligence, that on the 5th inſt. between the hours of ten in the morning and two in the afternoon, the Counteſs of La Motte eſcaped from her place of confinement, as the gaolers and ſiſters of Salpetriere report; but it is more probable that this priſoner was ſent for, to be conducted to a more decent place, in order to realize the demands of a number of people of rank, who ſolicited a change of dwelling for this unfortunate female.

16. Arrived at Portſmouth, from Gibraltar, Sir George Auguſtus Elliot. On his coming on ſhore he was ſaluted with the guns of the ſeveral batteries, and honoured with every teſtimony of public gratitude.

19. At a Court of Aldermen held at Guildhall, Lord Sydney's letter to the Lord-Mayor, concerning the Proclamation iſſued by his Majeſty, directing the ſtrict execution of the laws which have been made, and are ſtill in force, againſt the profanation of the Lord's-day, drunkenneſs, ſwearing, and curſing, and other diſorderly practices, was read, and the Court came to the following reſolutions:—"That his Majeſty's Proclamation be printed, and ſtuck up in the moſt conſpicuous parts of the city, under the direction of the Marſhals—That the Court will uſe their utmoſt endeavours to enforce the ſame, and a committee of Aldermen was appointed to conſider what further ſteps can be taken thereon, and for protecting the lives and properties of his Majeſty's ſubjects."

The Court granted a penſion of 100l. for the ſupport of the widow of the late Sir Barnard Turner.

The Magiſtrates acting in and for the county of Middleſex, have alſo taken his Majeſty's Proclamation into their ſerious conſideration; and as the opening of houſes for public entertainments not duly licenſed is among the diſorderly practices adverted to by his Majeſty, they declared their determination to diſcountenance all places of that deſcription; and, conceiving that *Mr. Palmer's Royalty-Theatre* falls within the number of unlicenſed playhouſes, (no number of magiſtrates having authority to licenſe a theatre for plays) they determined to oppoſe the performance of ſtage-plays therein, as a nuiſance peculiarly miſchievous in that part of the metropolis.

20. A General Court of Proprietors was held at the India-Houſe in Leadenhall-ſtreet, for the purpoſe of declaring a ſtock-dividend, from Chriſtmas 1786, to Midſummer 1787, which on motion was agreed to; the dividend to be at the rate of 8l. per cent. per annum.

22. Alice Lawrence was examined at the Guildhall, for ſelling near the Stock-Exchange a counterfeit Gazette-Extraordinary, purporting as if publiſhed by authority, dated St. James's, and ſetting forth that a body of French troops, conſiſting of 20,000 infantry and

12,000

12,000 cavalry, with field-pieces, under the command of Count de Vaux, were on their march for Holland; but upon inquiry it was found to be a mere fabrication to have an effect on the funds, which effect was completely anſwered, as ſtocks immediately fell one per cent. and but for the diſcovery would probably have continued rapidly to fall.

A fire broke out in the houſe of Mr. Whealey, paper-ſtainer, in Alderſgate-ſtreet. Mrs. Whealey periſhed in the flames. Her maid-ſervant was in bed with her, and upon finding the houſe on fire, endeavoured to awake her, but was unable: She then got out of the window of the ſecond floor, and ſuſpended herſelf by her hands, till they were ſcorched, and ſhe then fell into the ſtreet.—She is in St. Bartholomew's hoſpital, and there is but little hopes of her recovery. A youth, apprentice to Mr. Whealey, by falling from the garret-window, was ſo bruiſed, that he died the next morning. A child about three years old is miſſing. Mr. Whealey is upon a journey. Three ſmall houſes behind Mr. Whealey's, and an adjoining one in front, were conſumed.

23. The Princeſſes Royal, Auguſta, and Mary, are all ill of the meaſles, but not dangerouſly.

25. Sunday being Midſummer-day, a Common-hall was held this day at Guildhall, for the election of Sheriffs and other officers for the year enſuing, when William Farringdon, Eſq. citizen and cordwainer, and James Fenn, Eſq. citizen and ſkinner, were elected ſheriffs.

27. Being the laſt day of the term, Mr. Attorney-General prayed that judgment might be paſſed upon Wilkins the printer, who had been convicted of printing the Newgate Libel, written by Lord George Gordon. Mr. Juſtice Aſhhurſt ſentenced him to two years impriſonment in Newgate. Lord George Gordon to avoid his ſentence has abſconded.

Mr. Lunardi made another experiment of his new invention for preſerving perſons from drowning. He launched himſelf in it at Weſtminſter bridge, and paſſed down the river, through Black-friars, and alſo London-bridge, at nearly the time of low-water.

28. His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales went, in his uſual ſtate, from Carlton-houſe, and was preſent, for the firſt time ſince his late ſevere illneſs, at the Levee at St. James's.

The golden bow and arrow are now the reigning ornament of the ladies in all polite circles; whether they are meant as emblems of thoſe preſented by *Penelope*, that the ſuitors might try their ſtrength, or are only intended to ſignify that love is in their boſoms,—they beſt can anſwer.

30. One of the meſſengers who arrived on Friday at the Secretary of State's office from Holland, brings an account that Lord George Gordon landed there on Thurſday ſe'nnight while he was at the water-ſide. His Lordſhip has been ſince ordered by the Burgomaſters of Amſterdam to quit the country directly, and he accordingly returned again to England on or about the 24th of July.

An arret has been publiſhed by his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, in purſuance of the late Treaty of Navigation and Commerce between Great-Britain and France, which declares, "All the ports, countries, dominions, towns, places, and rivers, of his ſaid Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty in Europe," to be henceforth open to the ſubjects of his Britannic Majeſty, reſident in Great-Britain and Ireland, conformably to the 5th article of the late Treaty.

By the mail from France, advices are received of a hurricane at the Mauritius, which has been more deſtructive in its conſequences than any which has happened for many years paſt. Property belonging to the ſubjects of France was inſured in London, on the ſhips loſt, to the amount of 250,000l. which will be a very heavy loſs to the underwriters at Lloyd's Coffee-houſe.

The preſent Greenland ſeaſon has proved the moſt diaſtrous one the adventurers in that fiſhery have experienced for many years. By accounts already received it appears, that fourteen ſhips have periſhed in the ice; and there is too much reaſon to fear that more have been loſt, of which no information has yet been obtained.

An official letter has lately been ſtuck up in the Royal-Exchange Coffee-houſe in Dublin, informing the merchants of that city that the goods of Ireland will be admitted into Portugal on the ſame footing as thoſe of Great-Britain, on the additional duties on wines, cork, lemons and oranges of the growth of Portugal, being taken off.

A few days ago came on in the Eccleſiaſtical Court, before the Biſhop of London, a cauſe, wherein a Miſs Hale, who had about fifteen years ago applied to the Commons, and got a licence for marriage to a Mr. Cook, making an affidavit that ſhe was of age, and at the ſame time ſhe was a minor; the court made an order, that the marriage was illegal, and declared that Mr. Cook was a bachelor, and Miſs Hale a ſpinſter.

The caſe of the King againſt Thompſon, which was decided laſt week in the Court of King's Bench, is of much importance to farmers, and gentlemen reſident in the country. The defendant was proſecuted on the game act. It was urged in his defence, that the affidavit merely ſtated, "That he kept a gun in his poſſeſſion for the purpoſe of killing game," without mentioning particulars, or ſpecifying what kind of game was meant. Juſtice Groſe, at firſt, doubted whether this looſe and general charge ſhould be admitted; but after a conſultation with the other Judges, and a reference to the ſeveral precedents, the affidavit was held to be ſufficient.

The

The following humorous circumſtance may be depended upon as a fact.—A waterman, whoſe name is Holmes, and who has acquired ſome property, to ſhew his diſguſt againſt our rulers, and the accumulation of taxes, has hit upon a ſingular expedient. He has diſpoſed of a ſmall freehold which he poſſeſſed in the vicinity of the Thames, and purchaſed a well-country barge, in which, with his wife and a large family of children, he reſides in the moſt comfortable manner. He thus prides himſelf on eluding all the taxes, and changes his ſituation as the weather, or other circumſtances, makes this or that ſituation more agreeable.—He at preſent is moored off York-buildings, where the neatneſs of his floating habitation, the reſpectable appearance of his wife and children, and the facetious character of the man himſelf, attract no ſmall number of curious viſitors.

There is at preſent living in Charles ſtreet, Weſtminſter, a young man, about ſeventeen years of age, who was born without either legs or arms; and, what is very extraordinary, he is eſteemed, by profeſſors of the greateſt ability, to be a perfect adept in the art of miniature painting, ſeveral of his productions being ſold at a high price. His want of thoſe external eſſentials is accounted for by the following remarkable circumſtance:——About ſeven or eight months previous to this young man's birth, his mother being confined to her bed with ſickneſs, was alarmed by the intelligence of her child, about three years old, being drowned in a pond near the houſe in which ſhe at that time reſided, and getting haſtily out of bed, the unhappy woman plunged into the water, dragging up to her knees and elbows in ſearch of the infant, who by this time was diſcovered to be ſafe and well, having only ſtrayed a little from home. The conſequence of the mother's ſudden fright was, that the offspring of her ſubſequent travail experienced a deprivation of his limbs.

JULY 2. A very ſhocking accident happened to a number of paſſengers going from Bangor to Beaumaris; thirty-two perſons had embarked, from the above place, in an open boat, which foundered within a little way of the latter place, when twenty-ſix were unfortunately drowned.

The journeymen carpenters and joyners in and about the metropolis, to the number of 4000, left their different jobs. They demand 1l. 1s. for ſix days, or 1l. 4s. 6d. for ſeven days, that is from 5 to 7.

3. On the 11th of May his Royal Highneſs Prince William Henry made his public landing at Grenada, under a diſcharge of the artillery in the fort, and was received upon the wharf by his Honour the Preſident, the Members of the Council and Aſſembly (who had been called together on purpoſe by Proclamation), and the principal gentlemen of the Iſland. From thence he was conducted through a ſtreet lined by the 45th regiment, under the command of Major Daly, to the place appointed for his reception; where he received the joint addreſs of both branches of the Legiſlature. His Royal Highneſs afterwards proceeded to the Council Chamber, and partook of an elegant entertainment. In the evening the inhabitants of every rank teſtified the ſenſation they felt by illuminations, bonfires, and other demonſtrations of joy.

6. The following thirteen priſoners were executed on the ſcaffold oppoſite the debtors door, Newgate; William Wilſon, James Thompſon, alias Robinſon, alias Robertſon, James Brown, Benjamin Gregſon, John Deary, Samuel Toomſ, William Ellicott, Chriſtopher Couſins, Daniel Brown, James Thomas, John Lawſon, and James Cunningham.

The Directors of the Eaſt-India Company have lately made an alteration in the uniforms of the commanders and officers of their ſhips, which will entirely prevent them from being miſtaken for thoſe of his Majeſty's naval officers:

A commander's dreſs ſuit is to be—blue coat, without lapells—with a light gold embroidery—crimſon waiſtcoat, and blue breeches—yellow buttons, with the company's creſt, engraved. Undreſs—blue coat—without lapells or embroidery—crimſon waiſtcoat—blue breeches, and yellow buttons, with creſt.

The officers are to wear blue coats, without lapells—crimſon waiſtcoats—blue breeches, and yellow buttons.

7. A gentleman, led by curioſity, has made, with ſucceſs, the following diſcoveries in tanning:——

He tanned goat-ſkins and calf-ſkins for book-binding, and baſils, in the warm ooze wherein artichokes were boiled, as effectually as if tanned with white galls, or the bark of the willow.

The ſloe leaf, boiled to a decoction in water, wherein barley was ſteeped for malting, he found equally ſucceſsful in penetrating ſkins with the vegetable matter neceſſary to render them ſerviceable.

And in the experiment he made on the root of the flag, or yellow Iris, he found it anſwer all the purpoſes of the beſt white gall, which is far ſuperior in ſtrength and beauty of effect to the beſt of all the barks.

Some of theſe ſkins are ſtained red, yellow and blue, and they anſwered nearly as well as the Morocco, and little inferior to the Lisbon leather.

13. This

13. This afternoon, about a quarter before ſix, Mr Bacon, clerk in the Salt-office, was ſtruck dead by a flaſh of lightning, at his houſe very near the Palace, Lambeth. It ſeems, at the beginning of the ſtorm he was drinking tea with his wife; the back windows of the one pair of ſtairs to the ſouth having been open all day, he went up for the purpoſe of ſhutting them; and in the action of lifting up his right arm, received the ſtroke, which tore his coat eight inches in length and four in breadth; from whence it entered his right ſide nearly oppoſite his heart, went through his body, and out at the left hip, and down his left leg to his buckle (which melted), and tore the upper leather of his ſhoe from the ſole. His dog being at that foot, was alſo ſtruck dead; after which, the lightning penetrated the wainſcot and floor of the one pair of ſtairs, and made its way into the front parlour north, where it tore the wainſcot in a ſingular manner, and went off with an exploſion louder than any piece of ordnance.

Mr. Bacon is ſaid to have owed his death to a gun being laid acroſs the window, placed there to prevent thieves from breaking into the houſe, which on this occaſion operated as a conductor for the lightning; for at the inſtant that he was ſhutting the window he received the electrical fire from the barrel of the gun, which he accidentally touched, and was immediately ſtruck dead. The violence of the ſtroke was ſuch that it tore out his inteſtines, and made his body a moſt ſhocking ſpectacle.

Mr. Bowes's ſecond indictment againſt the Counteſs of Strathmore, for periury, came on to be tried at Guildhall, London, before a ſpecial jury, by appointment of the Court; when no perſon appearing in ſupport of the proſecution, her Ladyſhip was acquitted.

17. Mr. Banniſter, ſen. of the Royalty Theatre, Wellcloſe-ſquare, was apprehended by ſome of Juſtice Staples's runners, in conſequence of an inſormation exhibited againſt him as a rogue, vagabond, ſtroller, and ſturdy beggar; and for having acted and ſung in various illegal entertainments exhibited at the ſaid Theatre. Bail to the amount of 10,000l. was offered, but the Juſtice refuſed to accept of it, unleſs Mr. Banniſter would engage never to appear again on that ſtage; this Mr. Banniſter refuſed to comply with, and he was accordingly committed to priſon. In a very ſhort time afterwards, three Juſtices of the ſame diſtrict accepted of his bail, and Mr. Banniſter was liberated in time to appear in the entertainments of that evening.

19. The Stock Exchange has not exhibited for theſe many years, ſuch a ſcene as took place there this day, on the ſettling of accounts; there were no leſs than *twenty-nine lame Ducks* waddled out of the Alley! Their deficiencies amount to *two hundred and fifty thouſand pounds*.

This morning, about one o'clock, as Dr. Smith, of Bridge-ſtreet, Black-friars, was returning from Leiceſter-fields, through Hemming's-row, in a hackney-coach, he was attacked by two footpads, who opened both doors of the coach, and preſenting each a piſtol at the Doctor, with oaths and imprecations demanded his money. The Doctor took four guineas out of his pocket, and aſked them to which he ſhould give the money? Upon which they both demanded it. The Doctor then ſeized the piſtol of one of them, and jumping out of the coach, knocked him down. The other coming to the aſſiſtance of his companion, was alſo knocked down by the Doctor, who immediately alarmed the watch, when they were purſued, and one of them (after ſnapping his piſtol at the watchman) was taken, and ſecured in St. Martin's Watch-houſe.

21. This morning about half paſt two o'clock a fire broke out at Mr. Worboys', jeweller, near Bride-lane, Fleet ſtreet, which conſumed the ſame, and greatly damaged the houſes of Meſſrs. Kempſon, linen-draper, and Mr. Sangſter, ſtickmaker, adjoining to it. Mr. Worboys periſhed in the flames, but a boy, who was the only perſon with him in the houſe, fortunately eſcaped.

On the Monday following Mr. Worboys' body was found, very much mangled.

Copy of Lord Sydney's circular Letter to the ſeveral High Sheriffs of England, inforcing his Majeſty's Proclamation for the ſuppreſſion of Vice and Immorality.

"Sir, Whitehall, June 23.

"In conſequence of the depredations which have been committed in every part of the kingdom, and which have of late been carried to ſuch an extent, as to be even a diſgrace to a civilized nation, his Majeſty has thought it expedient again to iſſue his royal proclamation, directing the ſtrict execution of the laws which have been made, and are ſtill in force, againſt the profanation of the Lord's Day, drunkenneſs, ſwearing and curſing, and other diſorderly practices.

"I tranſmit you herewith ſix copies of the ſaid proclamation; and I am commanded to ſignify to you his Majeſty's pleaſure, that you do take the moſt early opportunity of convening the Magiſtrates within your county, and enjoining them, in the ſtrongeſt terms, to purſue the moſt effectual methods for putting the laws into execution, and for encouraging all officers and perſons to exert their utmoſt diligence in their ſeveral ſtations,

for

for the prevention of fuch dangerous offences.

"The inattention which ſeems of late to have been ſhewn in the granting licences to public houſes, and other houſes, and other places of entertainment, without paying the leaſt regard to their ſituation, or even the characters of the perſons who undertake their management, is, amongſt others, a matter which requires an immediate conſideration, not only for remedying the evil upon future occaſions, but for diminiſhing the number of thoſe public-houſes which do not evidently appear to be calculated for public utility and convenience.

"I am perſuaded that I need not call upon you for your active aſſiſtance in the purſuit of meaſures ſo evidently calculated for the public good, as you muſt be convinced that the exertions of all perſons in authority are now become abſolutely and indiſpenſibly neceſſary, even for the preſervation of the lives and properties of his Majeſty's ſubjects.

I am, Sir,
Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,
SYDNEY."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Peterſburgh, May 8.

THE Empreſs is at preſent engaged in a project of a very mighty and grand nature. It is to form three great canals. The firſt is deſigned to unite the Caſpian and White Seas together, by means of a junction of the ſouth and north rivers called Kultma. The ſecond canal is to unite the Baltic and Caſpian Seas together, by means of the rivers Wyrega and Hoſcha, which communicate with the lake of Onega and the White Lake. The third object is to unite the Baltic and Black Seas together, by a double canal, in White Ruſſia, which will open a communication between Cherſon, Peterſburgh and Riga. This double canal, if executed, will make one of the moſt uſeful and memorable enterpriſes in the reign of the Empreſs.

Letters from Bruſſels, dated June the 6th, mention, that the Province of Brabant and the whole Auſtrian Flanders were in the greateſt fermentation and uproar, by reaſon of the delays of the Emperor's categoric anſwer, on their repreſentations of refuſing his new laws and edicts. The States had ordered that all the troops quartered in that Province were neither to leave or change their garriſons without their particular orders and conſent, and prohibited the inhabitants, upon penalty of death, from providing them with any proviſions or ammunition. They had alſo ſettled their own Commiſſioners to provide them with the neceſſaries of life and their pay. They prepared themſelves to ſtand on the defenſive (if his Majeſty did not accept their propoſitions), and had already proviſions and ammunition for 20,0000 men ready in that town. A ſubſcription of 2000 volunteers of their own townſmen and youth, and an army of 40,000, men are nearly ready to aſſemble. They had alſo arreſted the cheſt of religion, of all eccleſiaſtical incomes provided from the ſuppreſſion, and all the Emperor's public revenues and taxes. How theſe bold ſteps will end will be ſoon decided, the people in general being prepared rather to die, than ſubmit to ſlavery. What moſt provoked them is not only the reformation in Church and State, but the new and enormous tax of 40 per cent. upon all property and induſtry. In ſhort, they refuſe to obey any of his edicts, or ſuffer any reformation in their laws, &c.

Bruſſels, June 26. Their Royal Highneſſes received early this morning a meſſenger from Vienna, with the ratification of the Count Kaunitz, firſt Miniſter of the foreign department, ſigned in the name of the Emperor, of all that was agreed and ſigned between our States and Governors the 30th of May laſt. A few minutes after his arrival their Royal Highneſſes came into the Balcony of their Palace, and waved their handkerchiefs to demonſtrate their joy to the people, and to announce to them this good news, which was anſwered with loud applauſes. This ſudden change may perhaps make this country one of the moſt flouriſhing in Europe for the future.

The States of Holland have iſſued a declaration, dated the 3d of July, whereby they pledge themſelves to guard and maintain, for ever, the wives, children, and heirs, of all Burgeſſes who may be killed or wounded in defence of that province.

They have likewiſe iſſued orders, that no perſons whatever ſhall ſing ſongs in their ſtreets, or do any act naming the Houſe of Orange, on pain of being ſeverely puniſhed.

Authentic Account of the Capture of the Princeſs of ORANGE.

The Secret Commiſſaries of the States of Holland, who reſide at Woerden * were informed about one o'clock on the 28th of June, that a number of horſes had been privately placed as relays on the road to Gouda,

* Woerden is a fortified town on the boundary that divides the province of Holland from the province of Utrecht.

and

and ſuſpecting therefrom, that ſomething extraordinary was intended, they reſolved to ſend Lieutenant Marle, with a detachment of 20 horſe of the regiment of Heſſe Philipſtal, (who had already given a faithful proof of their duty, in abandoning their Chief, the Baron Van Spaan, when he deſerted) to take poſt at a place called le Boerenpas, at a ſmall diſtance from Haeſtrecht, with orders to watch all that paſſed, to ſtop all thoſe ſuſpected of any hoſtile deſign againſt the province, and to inform the States of Holland immediately of every event that happened. At half paſt five the Commiſſaries received advice, that the Princeſs of Orange, accompanied by Meſſrs. Randwyck and Bentinck, and the Baroneſs of Waſſenaer, her Lady in waiting, having appeared near Haeſtrecht, coming from Nimeguen, after being informed of the orders given for the ſecurity of the Province, had been conducted by the military detachment to a place named Goejanverwelle-Sluis, where they then remained. The Commiſſaries immediately waited on the Princeſs, and repreſented to her, "That the "Commiſſion had not power to be indifferent to the unexpected appearance which "her Royal Highneſs had judged proper to "make in Holland, after having been ſo long "abſent from the province; and that at a "time, when the Prince, her ſpouſe, was "poſted at the head of a number of troops "near the town of Utrecht, whilſt all the "country was in tumult. That one of the "articles of their inſtructions being to authorize them to prevent all projects, public or ſecret, that the enemies of that Province and of its allies attempted to excite, and to oppoſe and render them abortive—they were obliged to aſk her "Highneſs, what were her views which "ſhe wiſhed to execute in that Province?"

Her Highneſs anſwered, "That in the "unfortunate ſituation which the country "was in, ſhe was come to Holland, in order to effect a mode of reconciliation; "that immediately after her arrival at the "Maiſon du Bois, (the Houſe in the Wood, "at the Hague) ſhe had intended to acquaint "the Counſellor Van Bleiſwick with it, "and that, for this reaſon, ſhe had kept "her journey as ſecret as poſſible."

The Commiſſaries replied, "That this "ſame ſituation, which her Highneſs had "deſcribed, forced them to interrupt, at "preſent, her journey, until they were informed of the intentions of their Noble "and Great Mightineſſes, the States of "Holland, on the ſubject;"—propoſing at the ſame time to her Highneſs, to go and ſtay at Schoonhoven, offering to give her a guard of ſuch troops as ſhe might herſelf chooſe to eſcort her perſon, agreeable to her rank, and to ſecure her againſt inſults. The Princeſs accepted the offer, and two of the Commiſſaries had the honour to accompany her to Schoonhoven, under an eſcort of a detachment of cavalry.

Hague, July 1. The day before yeſterday an extraordinary aſſembly of the States-General was held, on account of their having received advice that morning that her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Orange, who was expected at her houſe of Bois (called Oranjezaal), had been ſtopped at Haeſtrecht, three miles from the town of Gouda, by a detachment of auxiliary burgeſſes.

Letter from her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Orange to the Penſionary of Holland.

"The moſt ardent wiſhes of my heart, at this moment of danger and alarm to the Republic, (the Prince being hindered from coming himſelf) to contribute by my intervention, if any way poſſible, to prevent a civil war which is threatened, and compoſe the preſent differences upon the principles of the eſtabliſhed conſtitution, were the only motives of my journey towards the Hague, which I flatter myſelf would have remained a ſecret, until my arrival at the houſe of Oranjezaal, from whence I would have immediately communicated my deſign to their Noble and Grand Mightineſſes, as well as to the States-General. I never could have believed that I ſhould ſee this ſalutary aim miſcarry before I was enabled to uſe and employ my beſt efforts for this purpoſe. You will be informed by this time how I am prevented from continuing my journey; I nevertheleſs truſt this delay will not totally defeat the object in view; and I have thought proper to make you acquainted with the real motives of my journey into Holland, requeſting you to communicate them to their Noble and Grand Powers. I am, &c.

(Signed) WILHELMINA."

Schoonhoven, June 28, 1787.

Letter from the Prince Stadtholder to the States General, on the Princeſs of Orange having been made priſoner.

"High and Mighty Lords, We have this inſtant received certain intelligence, that her Royal Highneſs, our dear Conſort, was ſtopt in her way from Nimeguen to the Hague, near the town of Schoonhoven, by a party of burghers and military, and brought back to that town, and there detained in the name of the Committee of the States of Holland. We need not repreſent to you how ſenſibly we are hurt at ſuch an act of violence againſt an illuſtrious perſonage ſo nearly and dearly allied to Us. Your High Mightineſſes will eaſily imagine that we cannot but feel for ſuch an indignity offered to our Houſe, and to the

perſon of a Royal Princeſs; and we expect that your High Mightineſſes will take ſuch immediate meaſures as may liberate her Royal Highneſs from her detention.

"We alſo expect that your High Mightineſſes, who cannot but be concerned for the honour of us, our Royal Conſort, and our children, will obtain an immediate ſatisfaction to be made for the indignity offered to her Royal Highneſs our Conſort; as it cannot be expected that the Royal Houſe, to which our Conſort and us are ſo nearly allied, will paſs over ſuch an act of violence unnoticed. We, remain &c.

WILLIAM, Prince of Orange."

Their Noble and Great Mightineſſes having deliberated on this extraordinary, unexpected, and diſagreeable affair, approved the conduct of their Commiſſaries; and it was generally remarked in the aſſembly, "That after the public declaration which the Prince of Orange lately made of his ſentiments, relative to the Sovereign Aſſembly of the Provinces; and in the midſt of the means, put in force on his part, as well to debauch the troops in their pay, as to excite diſturbances in the military and populace, of which he gave another recent example at Helveotſluys, they could not think the ſudden appearance of the Princeſs of Orange in Holland, without having acquainted the States of her intentions, otherwiſe than dangerous; eſpecially as ſhe had declared to the Commiſſaries, it was to effect a reconciliation; but if that had really been her intentions, ſhe ought to have informed the Government, that the people might have been apprized to receive her properly. The States came to no deciſive reſolution further on the ſubject.

Hague, July 10. In the evening of Thurſday laſt, his Serene Highneſs the Prince of Orange ſecretly marched a detachment of his troops, and by a coup de main ſurpriſed the fortified town of Wyck. He has placed a garriſon of 1000 men in the place, and is now ſtrengthening the fortifications.

As ſoon as Wyck was taken, Middleburgh and Zealand immediately declared for the Stadtholder. Wyck is ſituated 24 miles from Amſterdam, and ſo great was the conſternation in that city, that the country adjacent was laid under water.

Memorial preſented to their Noble and Grand Powers, their Lordſhips the States of Holland and Weſt Frieſland, by his Excellency M. Le Baron de Thulemeyer, Envoy Extraordinary of his Majeſty the King of Pruſſia.

"*Noble, Great, and Mighty Lords,*

"His Majeſty could not but hear, with great concern, of the ſtep taken againſt the perſon of his auguſt ſiſter, who was induced to go to the Hague with the moſt ſalutary intentions. Her Royal Highneſs was detained in her journey, ſurrounded with guards, and even armed men were placed in her apartments.

"It is by the expreſs order of his Pruſſian Majeſty, that the under-ſigned, his Envoy Extraordinary, has the honour to addreſs your Noble and Great Powers, to inſiſt, in the moſt earneſt and firm manner, on ſatisfaction for this injury, and on the puniſhment of thoſe who committed it. He waits to inform the King, his maſter, of the effects which this repreſentation ſhall produce in the Sovereign Aſſembly of Holland. His Majeſty will, by the reſult of the determination of your Noble and Great Powers on this ſubject, know how far they value his friendſhip and good-will.

(Signed) DE THULEMEYER."

Hague, July 10, 1787.

Utrecht, July 20. The hopes of the province of Holland in the King of France have not been diſappointed, Monſ. de Verac having on the 18th delivered to the Greffier of their High Mightineſſes the following memorial:

"The King, being informed that the States of the province of Holland had propoſed to their High Mightineſſes to have recourſe to his Majeſty as a mediator for conciliating the differences which ſubſiſt between the Members of the Republic, is ſenſible of this mark of their confidence, and orders his Ambaſſador to declare, that he not only accepts of the office of Mediator, but will uſe his beſt endeavours to re-eſtabliſh peace in the Republic, and harmony among the different members of the Union; and his Majeſty takes this occaſion of expreſſing his ſincere concern for the troubles which exiſt in the United Provinces, and of recalling to their attention what muſt be the conſequences if they are not ſpeedily put an end to: to attain which ſalutary purpoſe, it is neceſſary their High Mightineſſes ſhould take inſtant and efficacious meaſures to put a ſtop to the hoſtile proceedings of ſeveral of the Provinces, which will not only prevent a civil war, but facilitate the reconciliation which it is ſo deſirable ſhould be effected. This advice of his Majeſty is dictated by the ſincere friendſhip he has for the Republic, the intereſt he feels for its preſervation and proſperity, and the particular affection he bears to each member of its conſtitution.

(Signed)

LE MARQUIS DE VERAC."

TRANSLATION

TRANSLATION *of the* EDICT *published by the* EMPEROR *at* Vienna, *July* 3, 1787.

We the EMPEROR *and* KING.

Moſt Reverend and Reverend Fathers in God, Noble, Dear, and Well-beloved,

My Chancellor of State has preſented me your remonſtrances dated the 22d of June laſt, and I wiſh, in anſwer to its contents, to acquaint you, by theſe preſents, that it never was my intention to overturn the conſtitution of my Provinces in Flanders, and that all the inſtructions with which I have charged my Government-General, have invariably tended, and without even the ſhadow of any perſonal intereſt, to the advantage of my faithful ſubjects in the Low Countries; at the ſame time, that I would not deprive the body of the nation of any of their ancient rights, privileges, and liberties enjoyed by them. Every ſtep I have taken ought to convince you of the truth of this aſſertion, if you yet remain willing to render them the juſtice which is their due.

I occupied myſelf on ſome reforms in the adminiſtration of juſtice, only at the inſtance of numerous and repeated requeſts that were made me, praying to obtain a ſhorter and leſs difficult mode of proceedings in law; and the ſuperintendants appointed in conſequence, had no other aim, than to ſee that the laws were put in force, and that thoſe who were amenable to them ſhould pay them proper regard.

In regard to many ancient privileges, I only wiſh to reform, at the deſire of thoſe concerned, the abuſes that were become hurtful, and which had crept in by the lapſe of time, contrary to the intent of their original purpoſes.

Far then from foreſeeing any oppoſition, and eſpecially one ſo criminal and bold, I expected that the States of my Provinces in Flanders would have entered on the new regulations with as much alacrity as gratitude; and I ſtill am willing, as a kind guardian, and as a man who knows how to commiſerate the ill-adviſed, and who wiſhes to forgive, to attribute what has yet been done, and what you have dared to do, to a miſinterpretation of my intentions, made and ſpread abroad by perſons more attached to their private intereſt than to the general good, and who have no eſtate to loſe.

Be it as it may, it is my pleaſure that the execution of the new ordonnances in queſtion ſhould remain for the preſent ſuſpended; and when their Royal Highneſſes, my Lieutenants, and Governors General, agreeable to the intentions which I have lately communicated to them, ſhall be aſſembled at Vienna with the Deputies of the different States, to repreſent before me their grievances aloud, and to learn my intentions, which they will always find calculated on the principles of the ſtricteſt juſtice, and tending ſolely to the benefit of my ſubjects; we will then agree on ſome regulations to be made for the general good, according to the eſtabliſhed laws of the land.

But if, contrary to every intent, this laſt token of my goodneſs towards you ſhould be diſregarded, inaſmuch as you ſhall refuſe to come and lay before me your complaints, your fears, your doubts, and to liſten to me with confidence, and that you continue your ſhameful exceſſes and unpardonable proceedings, then you will draw on yourſelves all the unhappy conſequences which muſt reſult from them, and which I pray God may never come to paſs.

To the Right Rev. and Rev. Fathers in God, Noble, Dear, and Well-beloved. May God preſerve you in his gracious favour.

(Signed) JOSEPH.

(Counter-ſigned) A. G. DE LEDERER.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY-LANE.

June.

1. THE Plain Dealer—The Deſerter.
2. Macbeth—The Firſt Floor.
4. The Tempeſt—The Humouriſt.
5. The Heireſs—Harlequin's Invaſion.
6. The Jealous Wife—Double Diſguiſe.
7. Every Man in his Humour—Iriſh Widow.
8. The Chances—The Quaker.
9. Venice Preſerv'd—The Firſt Floor.

June. COVENT-GARDEN.

1. Midnight Hour—Nina—Bonds without Judgment.
2. Merry Wives of Windſor—Love and War.
4. The Duenna—Bonds without Judgment.
5. Jane Shore—Love in a Camp.
6. Midnight Hour—Nina—Bonds without Judgment.
7. Such Things Are—Roſina.
8. Midnight Hour—Poor Soldier—Cheats of Scapin.
9. Ditto—Nina—Devil to Pay.
11. Cymon—Devil upon Two Sticks.
12. Midnight Hour—Nina—Bonds without Judgment.
13. The Man of the World—Midnight Hour.
15. Midnight Hour—Nina—Love a-la-Mode.

June. HAY-MARKET.

11. I'll tell You What—Harveſt Home.
13. The Spaniſh Barber—Polly Honeycomb.
14. Engliſh Merchant—Agreeable Surpriſe.

16. Summer Amuſement—Polly Honeycomb
18. Separate Maintenance—Agreeable Surprife.
19. I'll tell You What!—Harveſt Home.
20. Two to One—A Mogul Tale.
21. The Young Quaker—Peeping Tom.
22. Diſbanded Officer—Virgin Unmaſk'd.
23. Two Connoiſſeurs—Agreeable Surprife.
25. The Son-in-Law—Peeping Tom.
26. The Young Quaker—The Romp.
27. The Suicide—Agreeable Surprife.
28. The Jealous Wife—The Son-in-Law.
29. Summer Amuſement—The Romp.
30. Separate Maintenance—Peeping Tom.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

June 20. As You like It—Miſs in her Teens

PREFERMENTS, JULY 1787.

HENRY Partridge, of the Middle-Temple, Foſter Bower, of the Inner-Temple, and Edward Law, of the Inner-Temple, Eſqrs. to be of his Majeſty's Counſel learned in the Law.

Mathew Robert Arnott, Eſq. to be Uſher of the Moſt Ancient and Moſt Noble Order of the Thiſtle, vice Robert Quarme, Eſq. dec.

William Kempe, Eſq. Serjeant at Law, to be Recorder of the town and corporation of Seaford, Suſſex.

James Watſon, Eſq. Barriſter at Law, to be Recorder of the Borough of Bridport, vice James Kirkpatrick, Eſq. dec.

James Fitzgerald, Eſq. to the office and place of his Majeſty's Prime Serjeant at Law in Ireland.

The Hon. Capt. Berkley, to the command of the Magnificent of 74 guns.

The Hon. and Rev. Wm. Anneſley, A. B. to the Deanery of Down Cathedral.

Major H. Burrard, of the 14th reg. of foot, to be Governor of Calſhot-caſtle.

Samuel Worrall, jun. Eſq. to be Town-Clerk of Briſtol.

Mr. Robert Hindmarſh, to be printer extraordinary to the Prince of Wales.

Major-General Patrick Tonyn, to be Colonel of the 48th reg. of foot, in the room of Lieutenant-General Skene, dec.

5th reg. of dragoons. Lieutenant-General Robert Cuninghame to be Colonel, vice Sir Joſeph Yorke, K. B. promoted.

58th reg. of foot. Major-General George Scott, to be colonel, vice Lieutenant-General Baugh, promoted.

William Fawcett, Eſq. from the 3d regiment of foot-guards, to be Adjutant-General in Ireland, vice Pigott, exchanged.

Sir George Baker, Bart. to be Phyſician in Ordinary to his Majeſty.

Dr. Richard Warren and Dr. Robert Halifax to be Phyſicians in Ordinary to his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales.

Sir George Auguſtus Eliott, K. B. created Lord Heathfield, Baron Heathfield of Gibraltar, and his iſſue, his Majeſty's Royal Licence to bear as an honorable augmentation to his family arms of Eliott of Stobbs, the arms of Gibraltar, in conſideration of his eminent ſervices.

Dr. John Mayo, fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, to be phyſician to the Foundling-Hoſpital, vice Sir William Watſon, dec.

Mr. Broughton, to be King's Meſſenger, vice Mr. Wilſon, dec.

Samuel Swaine, Eſq. Upholder in Moorfields, to be Alderman of Biſhopſgate-ward, vice James Townſend, Eſq. dec.

Matthew Bloxam, Eſq. ſtationer, to be joint Sheriff of London, with the late elected James Fenn, Eſq. vice Mr. Farringdon, who has been excuſed, from inſufficiency of wealth.

Anthony Merry, Eſq. to be his Majeſty's Conſul at Madrid.

Francis Cooke, Eſq. to be Caſhier of the Navy, vice John Slade, Eſq. reſigned.

Mr. Charles Blicke, of Billiter-ſquare, to be Surgeon of St. Bartholemew's Hoſpital, vice Percival Pott, Eſq. reſigned.

Charles Poole, Eſq. Alderman of Hull, to be a Commiſſioner of Hawkers and Pedlars, vice Percival Beaumont, Eſq. deceaſed.

MARRIAGES, JULY 1787.

LATELY at Ludſworth, Suſſex, Edward Pemberton, Eſq. captain in the firſt regiment of foot, to Miſs Yaldwyn, eldeſt daughter of the late Rev. Mr. John Yaldwyn, of Blackdown.

Captain Whiteſide, in the Straits-trade, to Miſs Walker, only daughter of the late Mr. Walker, of Houndſditch.

William Richardſon, Eſq. of Oxford-ſtreet, to Miſs Smith, daughter of the late Benjamin Smith, eſq. of his Majeſty's Kitchen.

Colonel Goreham to Mrs. Hunter, widow of —— Hunter, Eſq.

At Childwell, near Liverpool, William Evans James, eſq. to Miſs Aſhton, daughter of Nicholas Aſhton, Eſq. of Woolton.

At

At the Countess-dowager of Hopetoun's, in Edinburgh, John Rutherford, Esq. of Edgerton, to Miss Leslie, only daughter of the Hon. Major-general Leslie.

Mr. Wooton Isaacson, of Mildenhall, near Newmarket, to Miss Prick, of Wickhambrooke.

At Hatfield Broad Oak, Mr. Joseph Matthews, of High Easter, to Miss Nicholas.

At Plymouth, R. P. Remmett, M. D. to Miss Carver, eldest daughter of the late R. Carver, Esq. of that place.

Mr. Thomas Seddon, upholder, to Miss Mary Pollard, of Mitcham.

Lieutenant Gretton, of the West-Essex militia, to Miss Johnson, of Metling.

George Martin, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Miss Breton, only daughter of Harvey Breton, Esq. of Norton, Northamptonshire, eldest son and heir of the late Elisb Breton, Esq. of Forty-hall, Enfield.

—— Griffiths, Esq. of Cleveland-row, to the Hon. Miss Hart, of the Queen's palace.

Rev. Benjamin Davies, D. D. to Miss Baller of Islington, niece to Geo. Brough, Esq. late Treasurer of Guy's Hospital.

The Rev. Frederick-William Blomberg, Rector of Shepton-Mallet, and chaplain and private secretary to the Prince of Wales, to Miss Maria Floyer, of Bath.

The Rev. David James, Pastor of the congregation of Protestant Dissenters at Newbury, to Miss Maundy, heiress of the late Mr. Maundy, of Crown-court, Cheapside, with a considerable fortune.

James Forbes, Esq. of Stanmore, to Miss Gaylard, of Stratford-place.

At the Abbey-church, Bath, Geo. Scott, Esq. of Paddington; and on the 16th both he and his Lady were found dead.

William Egerton, Esq. of Tatton-park, Cheshire, to Miss Armytage, eldest daughter of the late Sir George Armytage, Bart. of Kirklees, Yorkshire.

At Romsey, John Harrington, Esq. son of Dr. Harrington, of Bath, to Miss Sarah Way, daughter of the late Mr. Way, attorney at Sherborne.

Mr. George Wren Legrand, brewer at Hampstead, to Miss Lydia White, of Newgate-street.

Mr. Edward Bocket, of New Bridge-street, to Miss Folgham, daughter of Mr. Folgham, cabinet-maker, in Fleet-street.

Mr. Garland, late Harlequin at Covent-Garden-Theatre, to Miss Riley, of Mile-End.

At Stepney, Mr. John Busch, head gardener to the Empress of Russia, to Mrs. Applegarth, widow of Captain Applegarth, of the Europa East Indiaman.

At Painswick, Mr. William Page, clothier, of Pitchford, to Miss Mill, of Rudge.

Rev. Joseph Lodington, M. A. Prebendary of Lincoln, to Miss Smith, of Bucklersbury.

At Haddington, Edward Place, Esq. to Lady Anne Gordon, daughter to the Earl of Aberdeen.

Henry Halsey, of Henley Park, Surrey, to Miss Glover, of Albemarle-street.

At Screveton, Francis Dawson, Esq. of York, to Miss Thoroton, daughter of Thomas Thoroton, Esq. of Screveton, Nottinghamshire.

At Bath, Thomas Williams, Esq. of Chepstow, Monmouthshire, to Miss Harford, of Bath.

At Mary-le-bone church, Charles Gregory, Esq. Captain of the Manship East Indiaman, to Miss Macaulay, daughter and heiress of the late Dr. Geo. Macaulay, and of the female historian of England.

William Sandby, sen. Esq. of the Strand, banker, to Miss Fellows, of Walton-upon-Thames, his third wife.

At Tottenham, by the Bishop of Durham, Richard Boucher, rector of Bright Walton, Berks, and one of his Lordship's chaplains, to Miss Coney, daughter of Brickwell Coney, Esq.

Mr. James Robinson, bookseller, of Paternoster-row, to Miss Blackburn of Hackney.

At Norwich, Rev. Mr. John Jennings, to Miss Lincoln, of the same place.

Rev. Mr. Edwards, rector of Ongar, Essex, to Miss Venn, of Dover.

Capt. William Hurst, of the garrison of Plymouth, to Miss Sarah Davis.

Richard Shawe, Esq. of Bridge-street, to Miss Croughton, of St. Swithin's-lane.

Captain Robert Anderson, of the Swallow East India packet, to Miss Cox, of Fenchurch-street.

George Ward, Esq. to Miss Frances Amy Balch, second sister of Robert Everend Balch, Esq. of St. Audries in Somersetshire.

At Thirsk, Edward Buckle, of Sowerby-park, Esq. to Miss Frances Bentley, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Bentley, of Thirsk.

Mr. Francis Dighton, sadler, of Piccadilly, to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Bunning, eldest daughter of Mr. Bunning, an eminent builder in Shepherds-market.

Mr. Zomlin, of Devonshire-square, merchant, to Miss Alleger, of Newington, Surry.

At Cranford, Middlesex, Rev. William Moreton, of Lewes, Sussex, to Miss Louisa Board, second daughter of William Board, Esq. of Pax-hill.

Nathaniel Kibmery, Esq. of Charlotte-street, to Miss Richards.

Robert Wigram, Esq. of Crosby-square, to Miss Watts, of the Victualling-office.

At

At Stanmore, Mr. Jelly, ſurgeon, of Edgware, to Miſs Mary Walford, of Stanmore.

At Walcot-church, Bath, Henry Barwell, Eſq. of St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter, to Miſs Rye, of Rivers-ſtreet.

At Rougham, Mr. Ireland, of Staples-inn, to Miſs Hand, of Rougham-hall, Norfolk.

Mr. Campbell, jun. of Carey ſtreet, to Miſs Keylock, of Hatton-garden.

At the chapel in the ſquare, Bath, Edward Wools, Eſq. of Hants, to Miſs Lætitia Floyer, of New King-ſtreet, Bath.

Mr. James Whitelock, ſurgeon, of Ramſbury, Wilts, to Mrs. Kent, widow of the late William Kent, Eſq. of Little Bedwin, Wilts.

At Strood church, near Rocheſter, Mr. Gideon Davis, ſecond Clerk in Commiſſioner Proby's office, to Miſs Morſon, daughter of Captain Morſon, of Strood.

William Evans James, Eſq. to Miſs Aſhton, daughter of Nicholas Aſhton, Eſq. both of Liverpool.

The Right Hon. Lord Mulgrave to Miſs Cholmley, daughter of Nathaniel Cholmley, Eſq. of Howſham, Yorkſhire.

At Haverfordweſt, George Graves, Eſq. to Miſs Hunt, daughter of John Hunt, Eſq Late Maſter of the Ceremonies at the Hotwells.

The Rev. Edward Newton Walter, of Crowcombe, to Miſs Mary Axe, of Wood, near Stogumber.

The Rev. Thomas Woodroffe, B. D. Rector of Oakley, in Surry, to Miſs Catherine Barber, of Wandſworth.

Mr. James Backhouſe, jun. banker in Darlington, to Miſs Mary Deaman, of Thorne.

George Auguſtus Rogers, Eſq. Secretary to the Ordnance Board, to Miſs Hammet, daughter of Sir Benjamin Hammet.

James Dorant, Eſq. of Wellhouſe, Berks, to Miſs Goddard, of Stirgroves, Hants.

S. C. Carne, Eſq of Sandon, Eſſex, to Miſs M. Raſch, ſecond daughter of Frederick Raſch, an Hambro' merchant.

The Rev. J. Barton, rector of Parkham, in Devon, to Miſs Parr.

Samuel Compton Cox, Eſq. of Lincoln's-Inn, to Miſs Pott, daughter of Percival Pott, Eſq. of Hanover-ſquare.

The Rev. Martin Barry, to Miſs Rooke, ſiſter of James Rooke, Eſq. Member for Monmouthſhire.

The Rev. Mr. R. Ravenhill, to Miſs Hoey, daughter of the late Robert Hoey, Eſq. of Wicklow in Ireland.

George Carter, Eſq. Captain of the Stormont Indiaman, to Miſs Windſor, of Chinkford, Eſſex.

At Winterbourne, the Rev. D. Evans, (Author of the "Eſſay on the Gift of Tongues") to Miſs Oliver, of Frenchay.

The Rev. Mr. Cox, vicar of Leeke Wootton, to Miſs Clarke, of Birmingham.

The Rev. Mr. Cromleholme, rector of Sherrington, in Bucks, to Miſs Draper, of Wincheſter.

At Penn, near Wolverhampton, Mr. Tho. Bagnall, aged 74, to Miſs Bagley, aged 14.

Sir John Ramſden, Bart. of Byram, Yorkſhire, to the Hon. Louiſa Suſanna Ingram Shepheard, fifth daughter of the late Lord Viſcount Irwin.

William Errington, Eſq. of Cheſters, in Northumberland, to Miſs Eleanor O'Connor, daughter to Mr. Hugh O'Connor, merchant, of London.

Sir John W. S. Gardiner, Bart. of Tackley-park, Oxfordſhire, to Miſs Martha Newcombe, daughter of the late Dr. Newcombe, Dean of Rocheſter.

Lord Ballenden to Mrs. Sarah Cuming, a widow lady from Jamaica.

Sir John Swinburne, of Capheaton, in Northumberland, to Miſs Emilia-Elizabeth Bennet, of St. James's, Weſtminſter.

Lieutenant Rankin, of the 44th regiment of foot, to Miſs Morland.

John Griffiths, Eſq. to Miſs Price, eldeſt daughter of Hugh Price, Eſq. of Angleſey.

Lately at Bengal, George Drake, Eſq. ſon of the late Governor Drake, to Miſs Charlotte Green, ſiſter-in-law to Sir Digby Dent.

Griffin Wilſon, Eſq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Miſs Jouvencel, only daughter of the late Peter-Couchet Jouvencel, Eſq. of the Privy ſeal-office.

The Rev. Mr. Waters to Miſs Walford, of Colcheſter.

William Wrightſon, Eſq. Member for Aylesbury, to Miſs H. Heber, of Lower Grosvenor-ſtreet.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, JULY 1787.

MAY.

AT Naples, George Tierney, eſq.

JUNE 23. At Hornſey, Samuel Goodman, eſq. of Pall mall.

24. At Margate, Mr. Gribble, of Glouceſter-ſtreet, Queen's-ſquare.

Major George Henderſon, late of the 13th regiment of foot.

23. Arthur

25. Arthur Heigham, esq. of Huston, Norfolk, in the 81st year of his age.

At Tadcaster, Edward Whatmore, esq. of Marshwood, in the county of Wilts.

Mr. Gambier, brother to Admiral Gambier.

26. Mr. Charles Hodder, sen. of Tooley-street, Broker and Auctioneer.

27. Mr. Deputy Joseph Partridge, in Fenchurch-street.

Sir Thomas Heathcote, bart. at Hursley, near Winchester.

28. John Sheridan, esq. Barrister at Law.

The Rev. Mr. Woodgate, many years Minister of the meeting-house in Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street.

At Phœnix-park, near Dublin, the right hon. Lady Henrietta Gore.

At Helston, Cornwal, Mr. W. Rogers, one of the freemen of that borough under the old charter. One other only is now remaining.

29. At Hammersmith, James Duke Bailey, esq.

The Rev. B. Newton, Rector of St. John's in Gloucester, of Sandhurst in the same county, and Chaplain to the Bishop of the diocese.

Lately in Gresse-street, Rathbone-place, lieutenant-colonel Edward Hicks, formerly of the 70th regiment.

30. Mr. Robert Reynolds, brother of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and formerly an eminent Ironmonger at Exeter.

Mr. Thornton, King's-road, Chelsea.

Lately at Repton, near Derby, Francis Every, Gentleman, uncle to the late Sir Edward Every.

JULY 1. At Harrogate, Sir James Hunter Blair, of Dunskey, bart. late Member of Parliament, and Lord-Provost of Edinburgh.

James Hooper, esq. of Yeovil, in Somersetshire.

James Townsend, esq. Member for Calne, Wiltshire, and Alderman for Bishopsgate ward, to which he was elected in 1769. In the same year he served the office of Sheriff, and that of Lord-Mayor in 1772.

The Rev. Mr. Butler, Rector of Chewstoke and Norton, in the county of Somerset.

2. Mrs. Isabella Chauncy, at Canterbury.

George Conyers, esq. youngest son of the late John Conyers, Member for Essex.

Lately at Kilcullen in Ireland, Mr. Dennis Lynet, aged 101.

3. Alexander Forrester, esq. formerly an eminent Barrister at Law, aged 82. He published a volume of Reports, called "Cases," in the time of Lord Talbot.

Miss Harriet Brown, aged 18, second daughter of Mr. Brown, Wholesale Linendraper, in Cheapside.

Mr. Haydon, Barge-builder, Bankside.

4. Sir Richard Jebb, bart. Physician to their Majesties, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family.

Mrs Deane, relict of Austin Deane, esq. late of Reading, and eldest daughter of the late Dr. Merrick.

At Eckington, in Derbyshire, the Rev. John Coupland, Curate to the Rev. Christopher Alderson, Rector of that place.

At the Black Rock, near Dublin, Admiral Moore.

5. The Lady of Lord Chief Baron Eyre, formerly Miss Peacock.

Nathaniel Hancock, esq. formerly Commander of the Norfolk, in the East-India Company's service.

George Grant, esq. of Tulligorum, aged 85.

The Rev. Richard Scrope, D. D. Rector of Castle-Combe. He was the editor of one of the volumes of Lord Clarendon's state-papers.

6. Captain Michael Shelley, aged 98.

John Mumford, esq. of Sutton-place, Kent.

Drewry Wake, esq. brother to the late Sir William Wake, bart. Member for Bedford.

7. Mr. Anthony Batger, Broker and Auctioneer, of Ratcliffe-highway.

At Bracondal, Norwich, Mrs. Moore, relict of the late Dr. Moore.

Lately at Schawby, near Briggs in Lincolnshire, the Rev. John Empion, Vicar of that place.

Lately at Warrington, the Rev. Joseph Blackburn, Rector of Darthberry in Cheshire.

Lately at Abergavenny, Philip Bowler, esq.

10. Mr. Kidwell, Attorney at Law, in St. George's-row, Tyburn.

Mr. John Streaton, of Cateaton-street.

Lately the Rev. Jasper Selwyn, Vicar of Wheatenfield.

11. Nathaniel Read, esq. Sculptor, successor to Mr. Roubiliac.

John Macklin, esq. at Holland-house, Kensington.

13. At Hoor, in Sussex, Mr. Edward Fuller.

Mr. Pepperel, Attorney at Law, in Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn fields.

Mr. Baffett, formerly one of the band of Musicians at Drury Lane Theatre.

Mr. Thomas Simpton, Cumberland row, Kennington lane.

Mr. William Francis, at Start Hill, near Bishop Stortford, aged 100.

14. Captain Keytock Rufden, many years in the Jamaica trade.

15. Mr. Daniel Hill, wax bleacher, at Barnes, in Surry.

Mr. James Fisher, sen. attorney, of the Minories.

Lately in Rivers street, Bath, Governor Donnellan, in his 82d year.

Lately, Dr. William Irwine, professor of chemistry, and Materia Medica, at Glasgow.

16. Mr. Thorp, in Cockspur street, Charing Cross.

At Bromley, Mr. Ambrose Lloyd, merchant, in the City.

At Shrewsbury, Gen. Severne, Colonel of the 8th regiment, or King's Royal Irish Light Dragoons.

Thomas

Thomas Mytton, esq. of Shipton, Shropshire.

17. Mr. Thomas Richards, fishmonger, in St. John street.

18. At Kinsey, Oxfordshire, aged upwards of 70, the Lady Dowager Wenman.

21. At Heythorp, in Oxfordshire, in the 68th year of his age, George Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury. His Lordship married Elizabeth, sister to the present Lord Dormer, and died without issue.

John Gay, esq. senior Alderman of the City of Norwich, and late receiver of the Stamp duties for the County of Norfolk.

22. In Newgate, Mr. Elliot, lately tried at the Old Bailey, for shooting at Miss Boydell. (See an account of him in our Magazine, for July 1782, p. 44.)

BANKRUPTS.

STEPHEN Gray, of Brewer-street, Westminster, cabinet-maker. Thomas Oldfield, of Newbury, Berks, draper. John Barker, of Brentwood, currier. John Howell, of Cattle-street, Leicester-fields, victualler. William Gardiner, of Colchester, corn-chandler. Thomas Shawe, of Billinge, Lancashire, woollen-draper. Abraham Gibson, and James Gibson, of Skircoat, Halifax, Yorkshire, dyers. John Peterswald, of Bath, tobacconist. Joseph Cane, of Manchester, fustian-manufacturer. John Eagles, of Lewisham, brewer. Kennet Dixon and William-Walter Viney, of Mincing-lane, merchants. Henry Holroyd, of Greenwich, hoop-bender. William Peacock, of Barrow, Suffolk, yarn-maker. John Constantine, of Settle, Yorkshire, currier. Joseph Cooper, of St. Agnes le Clair, Middlesex, victualler. Charles Hendrie, of Lechlade, corn-dealer. William Chipchase, of Chester-le-street, Durham, butcher. Daniel Winwood, of Halesowen, chape-maker. John Harris, of Worcester, grocer. William Kirk, of Lambeth Terrace, Surrey, painter. Charles Senols, of Fenchurch-street, upholder. Sampson Levy, of Gloucester, goldsmith. Edward Pasco, of Chichester, cabinet-maker. Charles Smith, of Bristol, mariner. Thomas Prucn, of Gloucester, wine-merchant. John Pearsall and Benjamin Pearsall, of London, hardwaremen. George Wadsworth, of Scholes, Kirkburton, Yorkshire, clothier. Joseph Rann, jun. of Birmingham, butcher. Jacob Thompson, of Sunderland, master mariner. John Cox and Joseph Cox, of Bridport, Dorsetshire, woolstaplers. William Cruikshank, of Coleman-street, indico blue-maker. John Stribblehill, of Deptford, Kent, brazier. James Bossey, of Deptford, Kent, taylor. Richard Mangnall, and Richard Faulkner, both of Sheffield, Yorkshire, hardwaremen. Thomas Cannon, of Sheffield, and Thomas Harrison, of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, cutlers. William Williams, of Liverpool, cowkeeper. George Palmer, of Bristol, woollen-draper. Thomas Days, of Gotwell-street, brewer. John Gatfee, of Brick-lane, Spital-fields, silk and gauze-dresser. William Wolfencroft and James Andrew, of Manchester, hatters. George Rapalje, of Petty-France, merchant. John Platt, of Market-Harborough, builder. Francis Woodhouse, of Devereux court, Temple, coffeeman. Stephen Butler, of Brompton, Middlesex, wholesale perfumer. Shadrach Jones, of Bartholemew-close, merchant. George Wilkinson, of Leeds, mercer. Richard Gwalter, of Twickenham, clothier. Edward Parker, of Pershore, taylor. Edward Aldridge, of Bisley, Glouc. dealer. Tobias Atkins the elder, late of Helston, in Cornwall, flay-maker. William Lowndes, of Norton in the Moors, Staffordsh. carrier. George Humphreys, of Bow-street, Covent-garden, watch-glass-manufacturer. Robert Fogarty and Joseph Gray, of Compton-street, hair-manufacturers. Gabriel Bouffe Vanyiaag, of Leicester-square, merchant. William Perchard and William Warner, of Greenwich, coal-merchants. Edward Barman, of Beverly, butcher. Thomas Brett, of Badwell Ash, Suffolk, butcher. William Webb, late of Horsebrook, Staffordshire, maltster. Isaac Cook, of Worcester, glover. Thomas Dempsey, of Liverpool, flour-seller. William Neale, of Liverpool, block maker. Wm. Brown, of Threadneedle-street, stock and insurance broker. Samuel Thompson, of Greenwich, coal-merchant. Andrew Lane, of Ipstones, Staffordshire, grocer. Sail Banks Broughton, of Fillingham, Lincolnshire, jobber. Thomas Forsyth, of Honey-Lane Market, warehouseman. John Finnis, of Dover, Kent, grazier. Ralph Hotchkin, of Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, linendraper. Samuel Nicholls, of St. Giles's, Middlesex, victualler. James Senols and William Daniel, of Fenchurch-street, upholsterers. Robert Haynes, of Bristol, druggist. James Chappell, jun. of Exeter, linendraper. Nathaniel Hall, of Parliament-street, linendraper. John Hamilton, of Southampton, shopkeeper. Samuel Durand, of Queen-street, Southwark, office-weaver. James Webb, of New-street, Westminster, hardwareman. Henry Hammond, of Worcester, hop-merchant. John Shakeshaft and Hugh Stirrup, of Cateaton-street, linendrapers. Caleb Crookenden and Mich. Taylor, of Itchenor, Sussex, ship-builders. Wm. Phillips, of Walworth, hatter. Thomas Adams, of Holborn-bridge, grocer. Jos. Scarratt, of Liverpool, oilman. Robert Hoyland, of York, linen-draper. David Prichard, of Shrewsbury, mercer. Samuel Rogers, of Newport-street, silk mercer.